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**THE REMAINS OF JOHN BRIGGS.**



THE  
**Remains**  
OF  
**JOHN BRIGGS:**

LATE EDITOR OF  
*"The Lonsdale Magazine, and of "The Westmorland Gazette:"*

CONTAINING  
**Letters from the Lakes;  
WESTMORLAND AS IT WAS;  
THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS;  
TALES;  
REMARKS ON THE NEWTONIAN THEORY OF LIGHT;  
AND  
FUGITIVE PIECES.**

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TO WHICH IS ADDED,  
**A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.**

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Published for the benefit of his Widow and Children.

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**KIRKBY LONSDALE:  
PRINTED AND SOLD BY ARTHUR FOSTER.  
MDCCLXXV.**





*A few supernumerary copies of "The Letters from the Lakes," "Westmorland as it was," and the "Sketch of the life of John Briggs," are printed, and may be had separately. "The Letters," at 4s. 6d. in extra boards ; and "Westmorland" and the "Sketch," at 1s. each.*

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# LETTERS FROM THE LAKES.

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## LETTER I.

THE STARTING—GREENALPH CASTLE—GALGATE—  
LANCASTER—TOWN HALL—DALTON SQUARE—  
CASTLE.

DEAR TOM,—According to my grandfather's usual adage, "Long looked for 's come at last;" we have actually left the *boom* town of "Proud Preston," and are hurrying with the most astonishing impetuosity to bury ourselves in the seclusion of the Lake mountains—to use my uncle's warm phraseology. Oh, Tom! what it is to be a traveller! What a world of curiosity and variety bursts upon the enraptured eye, the moment one steps beyond the verge of that prospect which has bounded one's infant years!

My uncle, this morning at breakfast, gave us a lecture on the utility of travelling, of which your own Cicero need not have been ashamed; except that the thread of his discourse was occasionally broken by his toast, and that he was once under the

necessity of suspending his judgment upon the comparative merits of Newby Bridge and Avenham Bridge, while he scooped a whole egg. According to my uncle's theory, (and he asserts that it is the only true one,) the powers of a man's mind cannot possibly expand among the smoke, vapour, and gas, of a town like Preston; and that a tour to the lakes is absolutely indispensable for bringing the germs of thought to perfection. My sister, (I think she is the greatest Marplot that ever lived,) when my uncle had got thus far, turned up her sweet blue eyes, waved her ringlets aside, set down her coffee; and, with all that naïveté of which you know she is so much the master—I should perhaps say mistress—asked my uncle, if he did not think the great smoke burner which Mr. Horrocks was building, would have a salutary effect upon the mental faculties of the Preston people, by consuming that smoke of which he complained, and thus render excursions to the lakes less indispensable in future? I don't believe my uncle comprehended her, for he proceeded with his panegyric upon travelling, without once stopping to discuss the utility of a public smoke burner.

I must confess to you, Tom, that the farther my uncle proceeded with his theory of travelling, the less I comprehended it. He stated, that by this means we learned that people more nearly resembled each other in their passions, propensities, and dispositions, (for he loves trios,) than we could have supposed; had we always been lulled to sleep by the

rattle of a cotton mill. And went on to prove this, by asserting that the inhabitants of the LAKING COUNTRY bore *no similitude whatever* to those of larger towns. I did expect that my lovely lively sister would have brought the two members of my uncle's argument together, as she commonly does in such paradoxical cases, but I observed that my uncle's ratiocinations had been "preached to deaf ears;" for she was at that moment busily engaged with watching the manoeuvres of a gentleman who was standing up to the middle in the river, *indulging in the diversion of fly-fishing*.

I suspect, Tom, that you are looking to the end of the letter, to see how much more of my uncle's metaphysics you are likely to be edified with; but I can satisfy you upon that head, for it closed upon my uncle's observing, that more might be learned during one month's tour to the lakes, than by a twelve months' residence in Preston. You know my father's cynical remarks often form the peroration of my uncle's arguments; and so it happened this time. At that moment, five or six woodcutters and charcoal colliers came past the window into the inn. "Will you pull the bell?" said my father, just as my uncle was pausing to give emphasis to his last assertion. "What were you wanting?" said my uncle. "I only want to call the landlord," said my father; "I observed half a dozen *Professors of Mountain Politeness* come into the inn just now, and I want to call them in; for if we have so much to learn in a month, the sooner we enter upon

a course of instruction, the better." My uncle "looked unutterable things;" and my sister, smiling at them both, observed, that she believed they were real philosophers from their contempt of dress, and the absence of every thing like that finical dandyism one meets with every day at home. But perceiving something like a cloud gather upon my uncle's brow, indicative of those feelings which scarcely "the firm philosopher" can suppress, she restored tranquillity to every breast by laying her hand on my uncle's arm, and saying, "I think, uncle you have not been educated in this school, as much as you praise it. You possess too much of that sweet complacency which renders human nature amiable under every form; to have been reared under the guardianship of these rude uncultured sons of the lakes." "It is that amiability so pleasing under the rudest forms, that makes me so lavish in my praise of the mountain natives," replied my uncle—and another assenting smile from my sister brushed all to peace.

My uncle, you know, is no admirer of flattery; but my sister throws it in so archly and properly timed, that it is generally accepted as an agreeable truth. And I do not believe that my uncle is the only man who is capable of being deluded by female flattery. We all wish to stand high in the opinion of the fair sex; and to find that we do so, is so consentant to our wishes, that we never stop to examine what a beautiful woman says, provided it be any thing complimentary to our opinions, our sentiments, or our principles.

Thus far, I have copied the plan of our modern novelists, who constantly open the first volume about the middle of the story, and then write both ways. My motive, however, I assure you, was not to attempt any mystery; but to inform you, at the beginning of my letter, that we had reached Newby Bridge—a truth, which, in the common way of writing, you would not have discovered till the conclusion of this epistle.

You would have been delighted, had you been at home, with the numerous consultations which were held upon our intended excursion. There could not have been more pros and cons, if we had been contemplating a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. My sister, partly because she is an inveterate pedestrian, and partly for the sake of teasing the rest of us, proposed making the tour entirely on foot—my father preferred taking the coach or packet-boat to Lancaster, because it was most economical—my uncle, though he would have had no objection to any thing economical, thought a post-chaise would be best, as we should then escape the disagreeable vicinage of promiscuous company. My father consented to this proposal; “because,” he observed, in his usual sarcastic manner, “that one should always avoid society as much as possible, when one went to see the world, learn its manners, and gain acquaintance with its customs.”

I know that I stepped into the chaise with the utmost alacrity; but, never having been in one before, I knew not where I was, or whither we were

driving, till we reached Garstang. I heard my sister admiring the windmills as they receded from our view; but, for my part, I saw nothing but houses, mills, trees, hedges, cottages, carts, men, and cattle, dancing on either side of the chaise, as we rolled along, as if they were all gone mad. As we had to change horses at Garstang, my uncle proposed a visit to the ruins of GREENALPH CASTLE, which he had observed as we approached the town.

"I think," said my uncle as we left the inn, "every man living has a taste for antiquarian researches."—"Yes," said my father; "unless it be a Lancashire man. He has a taste for nothing that I know of."—"You have forgot," said my uncle, "that you are one yourself." But it drew no reply from my father. He is a man, you know, who seldom enters into any argument. He deals out his sarcasms against all who come in his way, without any regard to what remarks may be made upon him. I have often thought that the conclusive nature of my father's arguments is chiefly attributable to this particular property. For I have often known my uncle lose a very tenable position, merely by his too great caution in securing it. While my father never loses an argument; for if you attack any of his propositions, he makes no reply to your observations; but, if in attacking him, you make a slip, he instantly reminds you of it. Thus five sentences of my father's will make more impression on a company, and will be longer remembered than five hours of my uncle's arguments; though my father has not

perhaps uttered one rational sentiment all the time, and my uncle's arguments shall have been all axioms.

We at length arrived at the ruins. The Castle is situated on a gentle eminence, commanding a tolerably extensive prospect over the uninteresting level country to the south west. The Filde, as it is called, has all the appearance of an extensive forest, though my father assured me it was entirely a deception; and what I took to be a forest, was nothing but hedges. My uncle has much of the antiquarian in his composition; and, I believe, had rather a wish to display a little of that sagacity so inherent in the fraternity over the scanty remains of Greenalph Castle. He skipped more nimbly, my sister observed, over the fragments of the old towers, than she had ever seen him do over the smooth carpet in the front parlour. He appeared to be quite young again. He took my father by the arm. "Look now," said he, "how securely the old baron was seated here. . . No enemy could surprise him in his castle; for this elevated situation would expose an enemy to entire destruction during his ascent to the walls. Indeed I think nothing but treachery could ever have ousted the old baron——" "Pray," said my father, "who might the old baron be, of whom you are speaking?"—"The Old English Baron," to be sure," said my sister. This untimed question of my father's, completely dispersed the train of my uncle's ideas. It was not the inhabitants that he was attempting to describe, but the impregnable nature of the habitation; and the word 'baron' had

only been substituted for the word 'inmate,' because it sounded better.

My uncle did not resume his learned remarks till we reached the opposite corner of the remaining tower; when he exclaimed, "where, in the name of antiquity, did they get water to fill this trench?"—"Where Jonathan Oldbuck got water to fill his, at Monkarns," replied my father.—"O, Eddie Ochiltree!" whispered my sister. This was too keen: the very name of Oldbuck has something in the sound of it, which grates harshly on the tympanum of an Antiquary. It brings with it such a train of disagreeable images. It pictures the fallibility of human judgment in such vivid colours. It is such a caricature of wisdom, that few men could have heard it, as my uncle did, with composure. He turned him round, strode back to the inn, with a step thirty years older than that with which he had perambulated the ruined Castle.

My father, you know, has one amiable quality about him which only few men can boast of. He never follows up a triumph. He may wound, but he never lacerates. Some men, when circumstances give them a transient victory, cannot, for their souls, avoid following it up; and, like a cat, feel a peculiar pleasure in teasing the animal they have conquered. My father, on the contrary, never strikes more than one blow. He generally contrives that this one shall be decisive; but whether it succeed or fail, he never attempts to improve it by a second. Hence, it is that my father was never known to be engaged



in a quarrel ; for his friends know that the storm is past, the moment he closes his lips ; and strangers wait for a second attack, before they think themselves intitled to be offended. And as this second attack never comes, they never find cause to quarrel with him. Indeed, it would be no easy task to fix a quarrel on my father, for he never does reply to any thing that may be advanced against him ; he never attempts to maintain his ground. While his antagonist is parrying the attack of my father, and proving to the satisfaction of every one present, that my father's remarks bear no allusion whatever to the case in point, my father gives him a stroke on some other side, by some ludicrous observation ; and when his opponent thinks my father nearly vanquished, finds himself under the necessity of commencing a new series of arguments in his own defence ; in the midst of which he is probably confounded by another side stroke, upon an entirely new subject. So that he is far too busy to be angry.

As we proceeded to Lancaster, we passed through the neat little village of Galgate, just as the Silk mill was pouring out its numerous inhabitants, for dinner. And I could not help remarking the pleasing contrast which these healthy, well-looking individuals make with the pale, emaciated manufacturers of Preston. So much more wholesome, it appears, is the preparation of silk, than of cotton.

As we slowly ascended the steep hill which leads from the village, our driver informed us of a very excellent regulation which prevailed in this mill,

some few years ago. Before the conclusion of the war, when trade was brisk, and the labourers could earn the most extravagant wages, Mr. Thompson, the owner of the mill, established a rule, that the workmen should forfeit ten shillings for every day they spent in drinking; and that he believed it had a very salutary effect in preventing the extravagant waste of money which had prevailed previous to this regulation.

My uncle pointed out to us the highly cultivated state of the country about this village—the pleasing inequalities of the ground—and the healthy verdure that graced the fields. I was quite astonished to observe the different aspect which the ground in this part presented, from that which we had passed a few miles behind. This exuberance of cultivation continued to accompany us all the way to Lancaster. “This,” said my uncle, “is really charming. I know of nothing in the universe, that delights me so much as well cultivated fields. This certainly must be excellent land.”——“We are now,” said my father, “within the precincts of the Lancaster Agricultural Society.”——“What!” exclaimed my uncle, “does my brother pay a compliment to any man?”——“He did not intend to compliment the Agricultural Society of Lancaster,” replied my sister, with her usual captivating smile, “but he meant to throw out a reflection on those places where they have no such societies, or where the societies are more remiss in their duties.” For my part, I know not what my father meant by his remark, for he

deigned no explanation; we might consider it as a compliment or a censure, just as it pleased us—it was all the same to him.

Some more conversation of this nature brought us in view of Lancaster—but I can find no words capable of conveying the ideas I felt when I first came in sight of the town. The Castle and Church crowning a beautiful eminence to the west—the rest of the town spread like a map below us—the river serpentine beyond it—a bridge, such as I could have formed no idea of, stretched across the river—a beautiful tract of rich land, sprinkled with cots and farm houses, a little to the north—beyond that, the sea occupying a large space, beautifully indented with bays and promontories, like a chart—and, to close the delightful scene, a range of hills, whose summits appeared in contact with the skies. It was now that I first comprehended the phrase, *cloud kissing hills*. But think what was my astonishment, when my uncle told me, that we must cross that very spot which the sea then occupied, and where five or six ships were then actually under sail! that the hills which seemed to pierce the heavens, were the Lake Mountains—and that we must soon scale the tops of the most lofty of them!

As it was unanimously resolved by a committee of the whole house, that we should remain at Miss Noon's till the following morning, I had an opportunity of seeing some little of the town. As we were waiting for dinner in one of the front rooms, my uncle exclaimed, on looking out of the window at

the Town Hall, "Nothing in the universe delights me so much as the grandeur of architecture; it shows how much man can achieve, when his energies are properly directed, and his abilities concentrated to one point. Mark these noble columns!—the whole, how simply beautiful, yet how strikingly grand!"—"It was necessary," interrupted my father, "that these columns should be huge. Consider what an enormous pediment and cupola they have to support! Are you not astonished how they bear the *disproportioned* weight above them?"—"Is that all your knowledge of architecture?" inquired my uncle; but my father had done. He had *hinted* at the *disproportion*, and my uncle must establish the balance, or leave it. My uncle was not however deterred by my father's taciturnity. He turned to my sister, in whom he generally found an attentive auditor. "This fabric, my dear," said he, "is constructed on the model of the Grecians. They were a people of high and expanded ideas. All their conceptions were noble—even their fables partook of that strength which shone in every thing they did. What sublimity in the idea of Atlas supporting Olympus!—" "But this," innocently replied my sister, "is more like Atlas supporting a hen-roost."

I must not *unbethink* me, as our Lancashire people say, to tell you how I was delighted with Dalton Square. There is neither a shop, an inn, or a brick building to be seen in it. All gentlemen's houses; and all built of polished freestones. There is a large

oval area in the centre, planted with fancy trees, and surrounded with an iron palisado. When it is all built up, it will surpass the rest of the town for beauty.

"You must allow, brother," said my uncle, "that the architecture here is proportionate. Here you have all the regularity of military order—" "Yes," he replied, "but it is that kind of military order which an army displays when it retreats before a victorious enemy. You see the ranks are shockingly broken. Scarcely two men are left together."

The Castle entirely escaped his satire. My father, though a cynic, has, you know, a tender heart; and the appeals from the debtors to his purse were so frequent, that he had no time for censure. And the aggregation of crime and distress, which such a prison displays, operated so powerfully on his feelings, that, more than once, I caught the handkerchief travelling to his eyes.

LEONARD ATKINS.

*Newby Bridge, August, 1820.*

## LETTER II.

THOUGHTS ON DROWNING, WITH A SPECIMEN—LUCY  
MILDING, THE WYERSDALE BEAUTY—THE SANDS  
—COCKLE-GETTERS—SUBJECT FOR PAINTERS—  
CRISPIN AND THE CASK—THE CARTER—COCKLES  
LOVE PEACE—CARTLANE CONQUERORS.

DEAR TOM,—I cannot pretend to say what amusement you may find, at Cambridge, in the *necessary* preparation of arguing to four bare walls ; or in the still more necessary duty of being lulled to sleep, for a couple of hours, by the learned lullaby of a logical Professor. But I suspect that a voyage as far as Mr. Townley's, on a bright summer evening, is the finest syllogism you ever drew—that a stroll by the river side, as far as Backbarrow cotton works, would teach more of perception than all Aristotle's works put together—and that a lounge through Fins-thwaite woods in the morning dawn, when the gems of dew are adorning every branch and blade of grass, and the feathered music is bursting from every bush, in one delightful anthem of joyous melody—would inspire you with sublimer sentiments of God and nature, than you can possibly derive from all the studied harangues of Professor \*\*\*.

But I recollect that the conclusion of the letter, I sent off the day before yesterday, left us preparing to quit Lancaster. And you are anxiously looking for the description of that part of our journey which reaches forward to Newby Bridge.—You shall have it.

I was aroused, by the bustle of preparation, about five o'clock, on one of the finest mornings my eyes ever opened. I hastened down into the travellers' room, where I found my father, uncle, and sister already assembled. I was regaling my senses with the fumés of the coffee, when the driver unceremoniously burst into the room:—"For God's sake," said he, "make haste. The tide is down, and we should have been, by this time, at Hest Bank. If you delay, we shall all be drowned." He waited for no reply; but retired as abruptly as he entered. My uncle drank off his coffee without appearing to taste it: he then pushed away his cup—"I do not relish the idea of drowning," said my uncle; "it would form a very disagreeable opening to our adventures." "I think," rejoined my sister, "it would be the most disagreeable prospect the lakes could afford."—"If," said my father, "you only disturb yourself, brother, with the idea that drowning would be an awkward commencement to our adventures, you may console yourself with the assurance, that it will actually be our last." My father's assurance seemed by no means to cheer my uncle's despondency. Indeed we might, all, except my father, be rather said to break our fast, than sate our appetites.

At half past five we found ourselves rattling over the pavement of Lancaster streets. "What a solitude," said my uncle, "is a busy town at sun-rise in summer! All that gave life and activity to the scene twelve hours since, has disappeared—the gay variegation of the windows has vanished—and nothing now occupies the causeway but a few straggling quarry-men repairing to the adjacent moor, to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows!" Here my uncle concluded or suspended his oration, to admire the elegant proportions of the New Bridge, to which we now approached. "See, uncle," said my sister, "what a noble range of warehouses adorns the quay; but we are rather unfortunate, as we happen to come, I observe, when there are so few ships in the river." "You would generally be unfortunate in that respect," said my father; "for it *always happens* that there are only few ships in the river ——" a sudden shriek from a female voice broke the edge of my father's satire. I had observed, as we drove along the open street towards the bridge, a young female, loosely dressed, pacing with a hesitating step on the farther bank of the river. And just as we turned the corner of the parapet, she took a desperate spring and plunged into a deep hole near the edge of the shore. The chaise instantly stopped; and my father with the agility of a fox-hunter was at the spot in a moment. He waded into the water, and luckily caught her hand as she rose the third, and what probably might have been the last time. She was quite alive, though weakened



by struggling with the water. We assisted her to the Black Bull, the inmates of which had just risen. After swallowing a glass of punch (the only cordial we could obtain her) she appeared much revived; and with some kind solicitation, my sister, being left alone with her, obtained the following account of her sorrows:—

### STORY OF LUCY MILDING:

#### THE WYERSDALE BEAUTY.

Her father, she told my sister, was an honest day-labourer, near Ortnor, in Wyersdale; and Lucy had been from her early years, a servant in a farm-house in that neighbourhood. She dwelt at considerable length on the happiness of her infant years, and, though her dialect was by no means elegant, there was much natural pathos in the narration. When she was about thirteen, she first became acquainted with Henry Wilson, who was ploughman at the house where she lived. She expatiated largely on the person and accomplishments of her dear Harry. Though only sixteen when her master hired him, she said, he was tall and well made. He told the best story of any body round the kitchen fire of a winter's night. He could sing a hunting song most delightfully, and for a love song, she never heard his equal. He was allowed to be the best dancer that ever set foot in the Old Hollings' dancing room. He could lead all the shearers on the harvest field. He could mow an acre of thick grass with up sun, before he was eighteen. And she believed he would clip or save three sheep, while any other man in Wyersdale would do two. In short, according to her account, there was not another person in all the country able to compete with Harry Wilson. But, you will recollect, that Harry was her lover, or at least had been.

Harry, she told my sister, was a steady quiet lad, till he got acquainted with some wild *ne'er-do-goods* of lads from

besides Marshaw ; who got him out two or three nights a week to snare hares in Mr. Cawthorne's woods ; and then they spent the money in drink. Often, she said, he would come home late on the cold winter nights ; and as the master always locked the door at bedtime, she could not find in her heart to let him sleep on the hay mow till morning. She therefore always got up to let him in. It was in consequence of this generosity that she at length fell a victim to her own good nature, and Harry's *new principles*. Then, she said, (and tears for the first time found an outlet at her eyes,) he grew more and more remiss in his attention to her, after he knew her situation. Nor did he appear to be making those preparations for their wedding, which she thought he should have done. Still she thought he was honourable, and she did not doubt but he would be faithful.

One night, she said, she had waited in anxious expectation for his return from looking after his snares. She had often attempted to persuade him to relinquish a practice which she considered so very dangerous ; and she resolved to talk very hard when he came in. But that night Harry never returned. The next morning the news arrived, that Harry and three of his companions had been caught poaching ; and there was no doubt but Mr. Cawthorne would either hang them or transport them ! Harry however had fled ; and the first intelligence that she heard, was, that he had met with some soldiers at Lancaster, and had enlisted ; and that he would be marched away directly.

She had saved twenty pounds of her wages, while she had been in service, and set off immediately to Lancaster, to buy Harry from the soldiers. She then thought she would run away with him into some other part of the country, where they could live comfortably out of Harry's earnings and her own ; and if he behaved himself, as she hoped he would do, Mr. Cawthorne perhaps would not follow him.

She reached Lancaster late last night, she said, and found Harry so drunk that he could scarcely walk. He pretended

at first not to know her, and when he could no longer bear this out, he plainly told her, he was now one of the king's gentlemen; and, as he could get a wife in any town, he was determined not to have a dirty trull trailing at his heels wherever he went. She left the town in a state of distraction. She could not bear the idea of returning to her friends in Wyersdale, where she had always borne a good character, for every body to laugh at.

Towards morning, she had walked down to the river side, determined to end her life and disgrace at once. But she felt happy now that we had prevented her; as she was not sure that she was prepared to die—a thought which never occurred to her, till she found herself sinking in the water.

I have dwelt at some length, Tom, on this poor girl's story; because I am confident it will give you a better idea of the manners of the country through which we are travelling, than all the books in the college library put together.

After seeing that she was safe and well attended to, and exacting a promise from her, that she would not again attempt to do violence to herself, we drove from the inn; with the driver's very comfortable assurance, that we should all be drowned without possibility of escape, owing to our delay at Skerton.

"This is one specimen of the happiness of rural life, which is the perpetual subject of your eulogium, brother," said my father, as we hurried along the heavy road towards Hest Bank. "It is a specimen," said my uncle, emphatically. "That charming girl's devoted attachment to her lover, is a specimen to which you can find only few parallels in large towns. It is a specimen, and deserves to

be a model." On arriving at Hest Bank, I was much surprised to find that the sea had retired and left a desert of sand, of almost immeasurable breadth behind it. Carts, chaises, and gigs, were scattered over it in all directions. The landlord revived our spirits by telling us, we had quite tide time enough—that there was no danger whatever. We therefore took a slight refreshment, and entered upon the sand. What a strange transition! The wheels now ran so smoothly, we could not hear them. The land seemed to recede behind us, though we did not seem an inch nearer the other side.

The first thing that caught my attention was a party of men and women whom we passed on a bank. They had little rakes in their hands, with which they gathered something into a basket. "These people," said my uncle, "are gathering cockles." My sister would have gone to them, but the driver resumed his essay on drowning, assuring us that he had no inclination for any such a death.

After crossing several very fine streams, we arrived at what the driver called the Channel—a river about ten times as wide as Ribble. "Now," said my sister, "we must either go back or swim over." But judge my surprise, when we drove right into the stream; I own I felt afraid, for a moment. But my sister's vivacity soon dissipated my fears. A more picturesque, grotesque, *touresque*, or whatever other *esque* scene you may think fit to call it, I think I never saw. There could not be fewer than forty carts, gigs, horses, chaises, etc. with men, wo-

men, children, dogs, and I can hardly tell what beside, all in the river at once. My sister wished that Mr. Hope had been there to have taken a sketch of them. It would have been a fine model, she observed, to draw the Passage of the Red Sea from. A painter had nothing to do but transform the carts into chariots—the smock-frocks of the drivers into armour—the old slouch hats into helmets—and the whips into swords, and the picture was sketched. The waves dashing through the wheels—the horses up to the breast in water—the vehicles, some driving one way, some another, in all imaginable confusion—the carriers swearing—the drivers cracking their whips—the women and children screaming—and the apparent impossibility of any of them ever escaping—formed altogether such a coup d'œil as I never had seen nor ever expected to see.

Though I expected that we should every moment be washed down the stream, I could not help being diverted with one droll adventure:—A shoemaker, a long slender figure, who had waited at Kents Bank till the *smell* of the ale had been too much for him, had obtained permission to ride over the Channel in a cart, where there was nothing but an empty cask, lying on one side. Honest Crispin secured this as his seat, and like the skeleton of Bacchus, rode triumphant over the stream. He went on very well for some time, till he met a man on horseback, with whom he wanted to shake hands; forgetting how slippery a throne he had assumed, he stretched out his long arms to his acquaintance, the cask rolled

over, and the shoemaker was as neatly *turned off* as you can imagine. The water was little more than three feet deep; but his head was so much heavier than his heels, that he flounced about, sometimes his head up, and sometimes the reverse, till I really feared he would be drowned. The company was all nearly convulsed with laughter: and it was more than a minute before assistance could reach him, and restore him to his cart and his cask.

After driving, as I conceived, for a long time right up the stream, we found ourselves on the other side; and, without any occurrence worthy of notice, we reached Kents Bank—a solitary inn by the sand side. At this place it was our good fortune to meet with a very intelligent gentleman who lives close by. He appeared to be a man who had read much and seen more. He told us a number of anecdotes illustrative of the country we were passing through. Indeed explanations of this kind are necessary to a tourist; for, as my uncle afterwards observed, one would only see little, if one did not look through other people's eyes as well as one's own.

Our new acquaintance informed us that the danger of crossing the sands was less than might be supposed, as the king appointed a skilful person to watch by the Channel, from morning to night, when the tide is out, to guide people over the water; and that a liberal salary was allowed him for his attendance. He told us that this office had been enjoyed by a family of the name of Carter, till the country people entitled the office itself, *the Carter*. "I

should think," said my sister, "that if it be a place of emolument, that some person, either by intrigue or favour would have before now endeavoured to creep into the office." "I never knew an attempt of that kind but once," replied our friend, "and that was when the father of the present Carter attended the sands. The applicant however thought it would be prudent to inquire, what danger might attend the office; and for that purpose he one day called on the old Carter. 'I think,' said the man, 'your business must be a dangerous one. Are the Carters never lost on the sands?' 'I never knew any *lost*,' replied the sly old Carter, 'there are one or two *drowned* now and then, but we generally find them again; I do not remember any being *lost*.' The candidate was so little consoled by the idea of not being lost, that he made no further application for this place: and the same family keeps it still."

One circumstance which our acquaintance mentioned, my father said convinced him that even superstition is not without its uses. He was explaining to us the manner in which flocks and cockles were caught on these sands. There was one thing, he said, worthy of remark: though the people employed in these occupations are generally selected from the blackest of the blackguards, yet no quarrels ever take place while they are on the sands. This arises, he observed, from an opinion carefully handed down from father to son, and firmly believed by all who attend the sands, that if any quarrel should take place among the *cocklers*, the *cockles* would

all leave that place the very next tide. And many of these who in other respects are very sceptical, firmly believe this tradition—at least none dare try its efficacy.

He told us a very humorous story about the last Scotch invasion. When the news reached Cartmel that the Scots were defeated at Preston, it was confidently believed that they would cross the sands, and take to the hills on their way home through Cumberland, as their fathers had done in the time of the Romans. The whole country therefore armed themselves, some with guns or pistols, others with scithes, axes, pitch-forks, etc. and assembled by the sand side, at a place called Cartlane. They were led on by an old invalid soldier, in whose skill they placed implicit confidence. When they were drawn up in battle array, the Commander thought it necessary to instruct his troops in the use of their fire-arms. Just as the Cartmel Volunteers were enjoying in idea the defeat of the rebels, the Scots were entering the other side of the sand. The firing confounded them; and they concluded that General Wade had posted himself to meet them on their landing. They consequently retraced their steps, and retreated by Burton to Kendal—and thus were preserved the valour and the lives of the *Cartlane conquerors*.

We did not leave our loquacious friend and his favourite poet Burns, without regret; but being determined to reach Newby Bridge that night, we could not lose much time.

My paper here admonishes me to defer the rest



of our journey till tomorrow's post ; when you will hear our adventures continued. We are in excellent health ; and the mountain air has had a charming effect on your sister's cheeks and your brother's spirits.

LEONARD ATKINS.

*Newby Bridge, Aug. 1820.*

## LETTER III.

THE ART OF COCKLE-GETTING—WRAYSHOLME TOWER—THE LAST HARRINGTON—FLOOKBOROUGH—HOW TO GET SHEWN THROUGH A CHURCH—LEGEND OF CARTMEL CHURCH—HOW TO FIND GOOD ALE.

DEAR TOM,—Once when Pascal had written a long letter, he apologized to his friend, for its prolixity ; *Because*, he said, *he had not time to write a shorter*. But this is not the case with me. If I get the pen into my hand, I never think of laying it down again, till the last extremity of my “Bath” bids me stop. I will however this time, if possible, be more moderate in my demands upon your time.

On our leaving Kentsbank Inn, about twenty old women and children, without stockings, and most of them without shoes, were sweating under the weight of their cockle bags, as they ascended the steep hill which leads from the sandside. We were walking up the hill ourselves, for my uncle said, horses were only made for servants ; they were never designed for slaves. And I was much amused with the laborious manner in which the horses appeared to tug at the empty chaise. Can horses be hypocrites ? I thought to myself.

My sister had now an opportunity of inquiring how the cockles were found on the sand. And the troop, rough and rugged as they appeared, treated her with a civility, and replied with an intelligence, little to be expected from such an unflattering exterior.—These little delicate shellfish, they told her, buried themselves nearly an inch under the surface of the sand ; so as to be completely out of sight. Their places were therefore only to be found out by signs, known only to those acquainted with the trade of cockle-getting. These signs were not always the same ; but at present, they said, they found them by *eyes*—that is, as they explained it, two holes like pin-holes, in the sand immediately over the cockle. They struck a small instrument with three crooked prongs, called a *craam*, into the sand, close beside these holes, where they were sure to find a cockle. The cockles were not to be found in all parts of the sand ; only in beds, sometimes of several acres each, called *cockle shears*. After the cockles were thus picked one by one out of the sand, they were washed in open baskets, and conveyed home in bags. Some of the richer cocklers had an ass and a small cart to carry them home ; but the poorer uniformly carried them on their heads, sometimes several miles ; where they either sold them to their more opulent neighbours, or to wholesale dealers who bought them for the Kendal, Kirkby Lonsdale, Lancaster, Preston, or other more distant markets.

By the mild pity which shone in my sister's eye, I could observe that she was almost as much op-

pressed with the cockle bags, as those who bore them. She turned to my father—hung carelessly on his arm—and smiled fondly in his face.—“These poor children are hard loaded,” said she, “they will never be able to get home, I wish you would help me to put the bags into the chaise, and let the horses draw them up the hill.” “You are the strangest girl I ever knew,” said my father, as he assisted her with the bags into the chaise.

To see all we could, was our travelling maxim. We therefore took the more circuitous rout through Flookborough, for the sake of getting a peep at Wraysholme Tower and Humphrey Head Scar. In passing along from Allithwaite to Flookborough, the prospect was delightful. Nothing could exceed the perpendicular beauty of Humphrey Head. Its bold projection, and grotesque white face were enchanting. Nearly in a line with Humphrey Head stood Wraysholme Tower, dark and gloomy, sheltered by clumps of old trees, whose deep green foliage threw a sombre hue over the whole scene. “I know not whence it springs,” said my uncle, “but an object of this kind always throws a gloom over my mind. I feel as if the spirits of the dead were hovering round me, as if I was treading upon hallowed ground.” “I think,” said my sister, “this must have been the residence of some person who has retired from the bustling crowd, and who has wished only to hold communion with himself.” “If any dependance can be placed upon ancient tradition,” said my uncle, “there is an interesting history

attached to yon tower.”—“Oh! what does tradition say concerning it?” inquired my sister; “let us hear at all events. Though truth may be blended with fiction, still there will be something worthy of listening to.” “So far,” said my uncle, “as memory will allow me, I will relate all I know of

### WRAYSHOLME TOWER.

“At a remote period,” continued my uncle, “when all the hills and vales around us formed one vast forest, and yon beautiful tract of level-ground, by the sand side, was overflowed by the sea, a bold and intrepid knight, named Harrington, fixed his residence at Wraysholme. He erected the Tower which alone remains to mark the spot where he passed his days. He constructed the walls of stones, and cemented them with lime and ox blood, designing them to exist till the world itself should sink in ruins. He was a man of strange and wayward fancy, as is evident from the shape of the present structure, being considerably wider at the top than the bottom. In his days, the wolves in all the southern part of the kingdom had been destroyed; but a few still remained in the extensive forest of Cartmel. These it was his amusement to hunt, in order to exterminate the breed.

In one of those hunting excursions Harrington had been thrown off from his companions, and had ascended the top of Humphrey Head, if possible to regain a sight of his fellow sportsmen. He was traversing the rocky forest on a fleet horse, when his course was stopped by the shrieks of a female in extreme peril. Harrington, with that gallantry which distinguishes generous minds, sprung to her assistance.—A lovely and youthful female was with difficulty maintaining her position in a cleft of the rock, while an enormous wolf was endeavouring to reach her. His barking was tremendous, and death lightened from his eyes. The

knight, with that steadiness, which an active arm acquires from constant exercise, transfixe the animal with his lance, before it observed that an assailant was so near. He then dismounted from his horse, and assisted the lady from her precarious asylum. To describe her gratitude would be a fruitless task. It was such an expression of joyous feeling as a generous heart gives birth to—it was the thankful acknowledgement of a lovely maiden to the valorous preserver of her life.

The knight of Wraysholme was in the vigorous bloom of manhood. He was esteemed for his gallant and hospitable temper—he was applauded for his enthusiasm in the chace—he was honoured for his heroic deeds in the battle field—and he was admired for the eloquence of his tongue, the gracefulness of his person, and the kindness of his nature. Can it then be matter of surprise, if the young lady felt more than mere gratitude for the preserver of her life? or can we be astonished if she felt a wish to secure the protection of him who had proved himself so able to afford it.

Harrington beheld in his admiring protégé, all that his heart sighed for. He saw that she loved him, and that of itself was equivalent to a thousand charms. No long or tedious courtship was requisite to complete a union which had so strangely begun; and which, according to the opinion of the times, had already received the sanction of heaven. Their vows were exchanged at the adjoining chapel. Happiness was the result of this propitious marriage, and a numerous offspring added yet stronger links to the golden chain which bound them.

This wolf, says tradition, was the last ever seen in England; on which account the knight assumed it as his crest. And the happy pair, after a long life of uninterrupted felicity, were buried in a niche in Cartmel church. Their effigies were cut in stone, with a figure of the wolf at their feet. A few Runic knots, to mark the Celtic descent of the knight, were carved on the wall; and without a word of

inscription, their monument remains to puzzle the fertile brains of modern antiquarians."

"I see no reason," said my sister, that the sight of a place like this should fling a gloom over your spirits. When you reflect that this solitary mansion was once the scene of so much bliss, it should rather make you cheerful."—"It was not always a scene of happiness," replied my uncle. "The last Harrington who resided here, was less fortunate in his loves."—"Oh, what of him?" said my sister; "tell us all you know of this interesting place. Though I was never in love myself, I feel a particular pleasure in listening to the histories of those who may have been so unfortunate."

#### THE LAST HARRINGTON.

"The last Harrington," continued my uncle, "was introduced, at an early age, into polished life. Here he acquired a love for splendour, far beyond the scanty means, which his limited patrimony could supply. He had visited foreign countries, and there was an easy gracefulness about his person and manners, which was peculiarly attractive to the females, even in situations superior to his own. Among the many who felt ambitious to be distinguished by the gallant Harrington, was the amiable and accomplished niece of Sir ———. A sense of his inability to support her in a style equal to that in which she had hitherto moved, for a time prevented the generous youth from indulging those tender feelings which at length became too powerful for controul. Their hearts had long moved in unison. And explanation was scarcely necessary to unfold their mutual sentiments. The haughty uncle and guardian of the ill-fated maid, disdained the proposed alliance; and commanded

his niece to renounce the hand of Harrington. But it was too late. She loved him with all the fondness of a virtuous mind. And when her lover explained to her his slender resources, and the utter impossibility of maintaining an establishment suitable to her rank, she told him that Wraysholme Tower would be to her a palace. Rural life had a thousand charms ; and she would, for him, renounce all her brighter prospects, bid adieu to all the false glitter of a court, accommodate her wishes to her station, and prove that happiness might as easily be found at Wraysholme Tower as at — Hall.

Young Harrington, with a fond but aching heart, conveyed his blooming bride to the mansion of his fathers ; but the narrow sphere in which he beheld her move, was a continual source of grief to him. He cherished an honourable wish that she might rival the grandeur of her contemptuous relatives, who often crossed his grounds in their sporting excursions. The wars at that time presented a prospect of wealth and honour. There, he thought, he might procure the means of raising his amiable partner to that distinction which he conceived to be her due. In spite of all the fond remonstrances which virtuous love and conjugal affection could dictate—deaf to the soft but powerful eloquence of female tenderness, he took an affectionate leave of his tearful spouse, endeavouring to cheer her drooping spirits with the prospect of the rewards and dignities which he would earn by the destruction of his country's enemies.

But, alas ! his sunny dream of future greatness was delusive. He soon fell a victim to his love and valour. His widow survived a few years, to mourn the loss of one whom she almost idolized. Her forlorn condition, her grief, her declining health, commanded the pity of all but her relentless uncle. She died—and with her expired the gallant name of Harrington.

Her friends would have interred her remains in her husband's family vault, but the door had not been opened for more than half a century, owing to some of the family hav-



ing died in foreign countries, and the entrance could not be found. They then applied to Sir ——— but he refused her sepulture in the burying place of her fathers. She was therefore deposited between the two. A stone effigy, in a funeral dress, with a wolf's head at one shoulder, is now the only monument that marks the spot where her cold ashes sleep. And often it is said, as the youths and maidens of the vale, repair to the altar, in Cartmel church, previous to tying the indissoluble bond, they will visit this outcast tomb; and there, pointing to the Runic knot on the wall above, as emblematic of a knot that cannot be untied, breath a silent but sacred wish, that their loves may be as pure and as disinterested, as those of the unfortunate widow of the noble minded Harrington."

By the time my uncle had concluded this interesting history, we found ourselves at Flookborough—a village remarkable for nothing, except the goodness of its ale, and the extreme dirtiness of its one street. We drove up to the Crown, and were introduced into an excellent room by the attention of the landlord, whose protuberant form told us, in plain English, that we were in an excellent victualing house. We refreshed ourselves with the best the Crown could afford; and it is but justice to say, that Mr. Roberts honoured us with an excellent lunch, and that we honoured his lunch with excellent appetites.

There being nothing deserving of notice in this village, we drove forward to Cartmel, and put up at the Cavendish arms, with an intention to view the old Gothic church. In the church we found an old man, who seemed to have some connexion with the

building art, from the numerous spots of lime on various parts of his straight-breasted blue coat. My father asked him if we could see through the church? We might, for any thing he knew, he said. My father, who has a tolerable knowledge of men, immediately placed half a crown in the old man's hand. It had the desired effect. His indifference instantly vanished; and if he could have taken the church to pieces for our amusement, I believe he would.

As we were walking along the battlements, "I wonder," said my uncle, "what could induce the monks to build a church in such a low situation." "They were ordered to build it here," said the old man. "Ordered!" replied my father, "who ordered them?" Our conductor answered by repeating the following

#### LEGEND OF CARTMEL CHURCH.

"Better than six hundred years since," said our guide, "some monks came over from another country; and finding all this part of the kingdom covered with wood, resolved to build a monastery in some part of the forest. In these rambles, they found a hill, which commanded a prospect so beautiful and so extensive, that they were quite charmed with it. They marked out a piece of ground on the summit of the hill, and were preparing to build the church, when a voice spoke to them out of the air, saying, '*Not there, but in a valley, between two rivers, where the one runs north, and the other south.*' Astonished at this strange command, they marvelled where the valley could be; for they had never seen a valley where two rivers ran in contrary directions. They set out to seek this singular valley, and travelled through all the north of England, but in vain. Wearied

with their fruitless search, they were returning to the hill where they had heard the strange voice. In their way back, they had to cross the valley, at that time entirely covered with wood. They came, at length, to a small river, the stream of which ran north. They waded through it; and, in about one hundred yards, they found another, the stream of which ran south. They measured the distance between the rivers, and placed the church in the middle, upon a little island of hard ground, in the midst of a morass. The church they dedicated to St. Mary. They also built a small chapel on the hill, where they had heard the voice, which they dedicated to St. Bernard. The chapel is long since destroyed, but the hill is called Mount Bernard to this day."

Our guide then shewed us the two rivers; and after admiring the landscape, and thanking our loquacious circeroné, we left the venerable fabric, and all its grandeur. As we were walking leisurely up the market-place, my father accosted a red-faced man, with, "Pray, Sir, where can we get a glass of good ale?" "At the King's Arms," said the man. "Why did you ask that man in particular?" inquired my uncle. "Because," said my father, "when I want a glass of good drink, I always ask a red-faced man where it may be had, and I never yet found myself deceived." It was as my father expected. We found a most excellent tap.

But evening began to draw on, and we were compelled to return to our chaise at the Cavendish Arms. We travelled forward, about six miles, to Newby Bridge, along one of the most delightful roads in existence. Gentlemen's seats skirted the road on either side; while woods, groves and corn-

fields filled up the intervals. The birds were warbling on almost every bush; and before we had finished our journey, the setting sun gilded the landscape to the west, with his level beams, in a manner of which an inhabitant of Preston can form no conception. "If there be a scene," said my uncle, "which has a charm for every soul, it is one like this. The vivid colours in the west—the changing hue of the hills on the right hand—the husbandman whistling over the fresh stubble—the reaper with the sickle on his shoulder—the mild stillness of the evening, broken occasionally by the jocund laugh from the farmer's door—the smoke curling upwards from the cottage roof—all—all conspire to tune the soul to harmony; and to inspire it with sentiments of peace and joy."

LEONARD ATKINS.

*Newby Bridge, August, 1820.*

## LETTER IV.

**BLACK JACK OF GRAITHWAITE—NEWBY BRIDGE—  
CON OR SQUIRREL HUNTING—THE PROGRESS—  
WOODMEN AND THEIR HUTS—KITTY DAWSON,  
THE MANIAC OF GRAITHWAITE WOODS.**

DEAR TOM,—I never doubted it much—but if I had been rather incredulous on the subject—I should now be convinced that true genius is confined neither to country nor colour. It blooms as brightly in an African jungle, as—as—even as in your college, Tom. Opportunity may direct it to nobler ends, and education may lend it assistance; but the ethereal spark of heaven's own fire, is scattered with a generous but an indiscriminate hand wherever man has constructed a dwelling—whether that dwelling be a palace or a wigwam.

I am led into this train of reasoning by a conversation, to which I was a silent auditor, the other evening, between my uncle and a neighbouring clergyman;—a man of plain but solid information. And, what is more to our purpose, Tom, he was a man of simple manners and benevolent feelings—just such a man as you and I have often pictured to

ourselves, while reading Goldsmith's Country Clergyman.

### BLACK JACK OF GRAITHWAITE.

He told us, that a few years since, Mr. Rawlinson of Low Graithwaite had a negro servant, from his colour, called *Black Jack*. This man, though retained only in a menial situation, exhibited the most astonishing abilities. He very soon acquired a knowledge of reading and writing; he studied arithmetic and the mathematics with wonderful success; and was a proficient in music. He studied the last as a science; and many specimens of his beautiful manner of pricking tunes, are carefully preserved by the neighbouring peasantry. His progress in these useful and elegant accomplishments, was by no means attributable to the patronage of his master. For his hours of study were only casually snatched from his time of sleep or recreation. An old granary was his library, and a corn chest his writing-desk. What must the powers of this man's mind have been, to acquire a knowledge even of abstruse sciences, without any assistance or encouragement; without even the benefit of literary acquaintances? For he was shut out from the world among woods and hills. Had he been associated with cultivated society, or stimulated forward by some intelligent protector, he certainly would have left many of Britain's sluggish sons behind. What he accomplished was due to himself alone. If he had possessed the privileges of Ignatius Sancho, he would doubtlessly have surpassed him in acquirements. In his immediate neighbourhood, he was more admired for his feats of strength and agility, than for his mental excellences; because he lived in a country where the inhabitants could appreciate the former, while they *knew little and cared less* about the latter. When he had solved a difficult mathematical problem, no one knew what he had been doing. They were rather inclined to laugh at him for wasting his time over a piece of a blue slate and a few white

figures, to them without use or meaning ; but when he swum over the lake and returned again with apparent ease, every one knew that he had excelled the whole country, for they knew the strength of arm requisite for such an undertaking. Poor Jack is dead, and very few recollect any thing more about him, than that he was a good swimmer and fond of books. Adverse fortune, with him, as with many others, rendered his talents and his genius of no other use than to amuse a solitary hour. His *name* is nearly forgotten, and his *fame* was never remembered.

“ I wish,” said my uncle, “ he had been in Preston.” “ Yes,” said my father, in his usual sarcastic manner, “ every man of genius finds encouragement there.” “ I wish he had been in our service,” replied my uncle, with rather more emphasis than the sentence seemed absolutely to require. The lambent fire was instantly kindled in my sister’s countenance. She felt the full force of my uncle’s wish, and she accorded so freely with his generous sentiments, that he seemed to her only to be uttering her own words.

“ You are thinking, brother, that I might have learned that negroes were human beings, like ourselves, without rambling as far as Newby Bridge ; and that you are anxious to obtain some account of the country.—You shall have it.

When I tell you that there is a bridge over the river, close to the inn, consisting of five arches, you will instantly figure to yourself some excellent piece of architecture. You may spare yourself the trouble. You must recollect that I am in a country where *art*

has done *little*, and *nature much*. Indeed, all that art can do in such a country, is to assist nature. The province of art is little more than suffering trees to grow, and preventing them from concealing the beauties of the scene—to plant a few more where nature may have accidentally omitted them—to cut down one here and there, where they are too profuse—and to render the access to the best prospects, as easy as possible.—Above the bridge, the water is gradually narrowing from a lake to a river; the stream is scarcely perceptible—the banks are adorned with trees of various kinds, and of almost every growth—the uniformity of the forest is however occasionally broken by cornfields, meadows, pleasure grounds, and villas; below the bridge, the water is more contracted—it dashes from one crag to another with an impetuosity that forms a charming contrast with the smoothness of the lake above—the banks are very steep, and almost covered with wood—the bridge itself stands nearly in the centre of a delightful amphitheatre of majestic hills—and every thing in the vicinity has a rural aspect. What kind of a bridge would *you* erect in such a place? A rural one, I know would be your reply. Such a one has been erected. It is constructed entirely of unhewn stones, rough as they came from the quarry. And nothing could accord so well with the surrounding scene, as this simple piece of rustic architecture.

The place scarcely deserves the name of a village.—The seat of JAMES MACHELL, Esq. is the most prominent figure; a sweet retirement it is, and com-



mands an extensive view up the lake. A blacksmith's shop joins the corner of the bridge. The inn, plain but comfortable, exactly suited to the place, is close to the other end. Near this, but still nearer the water, stands a simple cottage, the only one in the neighbourhood. But why waste words, when words can convey no idea of the beauties I would describe?

I must not forget to inform you what a delightful amusement I have witnessed, or rather enjoyed. Yesterday after dinner, we were preparing for an excursion to the iron foundry and cotton works at Backbarrow, about a mile distant, when the landlord very politely informed us that some young gentlemen were going into a wood *a con hunting*, and would be very glad of our company. "Our people cannot go," replied my father, "they want to see the iron and cotton works, things which they never see in Preston; for con hunting, they know no use it can be of when they get home." "My dear satirical father," said my sister, "let us by all means see this con hunting; I never remember an exhibition of that kind coming to Preston." "Such things, I believe, are very rare in Preston," said a young gentleman, who, my father afterwards asserted, was a portrait painter, from the intent manner in which he studied my sister's features.

We left the inn, all apparently in high spirits; but curiosity, rather than enthusiasm in the sport, was the stimulus with some of us. We were about twelve in number, exclusive of the dogs. The most

prominent in the group, was the blacksmith, without his coat, and his hands and face indicating the nature of his useful but laborious occupation.

My sister, anxious, I believe, for her uncle rather than herself, asked if there was no danger in the sport? "Yes," said the landlord, "the ground is rough, and without care, you may get *hankled* among the bushes." "But the animal," answered my sister; "is there no danger from it? for my uncle is old, and cannot easily escape out of its way." I confess, I had felt some fears, (entirely for my uncle, recollect,) but our young friend dissipated them all, by telling us that a *con* was only the provincial name for a *squirrel*. My father remarked that if we caught one it would be nothing among so many. We had a low hedge to scale before we got into the wood; and a *Laker*, a banker's son, from London, in an elegant, thin lounge coat, and nankin trowsers, proposed to help my sister over the fence. "Thank you," said she; and stepped over the bending boughs like a wood nymph. Either fear of breaking the hedge, or some equivalent fear, detained the young banker till the company was fairly under cover, as the sportsmen termed it. He then began to climb the hedge, trying the strength of each bough, as he ascended. "Never fear them," said the blacksmith, "they have carried me; and I am at least half a ton heavier than you." The young banker gained the summit of the hedge; and there he stood, tottering upon the elastic boughs, unable either to proceed or retreat. "For charity's sake,"

said my father to my sister, "go and assist the young *sportsman* down." "He is '*tremblingly* alive' to the joys of the game," said my sister, as she hastened to lend him her hand; for all the more seasoned hunters only looked upon this accident as a part of the amusement. Her interposition came too late. For the degrading idea of being helped down by a lady, irritated him so much, that he began to vibrate like the pendulum of a clock that beats thirds, and down he tumbled. An unceremonious stake in the hedge caught the skirts of his lounge; and he remained like honest Ballie Jarvis, in "mid air," and might have continued there, had not the strong limbs of the blacksmith, and the slight texture of his coat both contributed to his release.

Had such an accident happened in Preston, the unfortunate sufferer would have been *re-suspended* in every company he had entered, for at least ten days; but here a sense of delicacy which nature cultivates in her votaries, but which a *polite* education tends to destroy, prevented any allusion to the unlucky hedge. Our young friend did once or twice direct my sister's eyes to the additional opening in the banker's coat, but he said nothing.

After winding round, or rather through the thickets, for a considerable way, we found ourselves in the middle of a clump of tall old oaks. "Now for the con!" exclaimed a number of voices. I was all on tiptoe, to catch a glimpse of the squirrel in its native woods. Our young friend, who had kept so close to my sister, and had carefully

shaded by any impudent branch, that might have been inclined to salute her too roughly, seemed all alive to the sport. He bent his keen eye to the top branches of the oaks; but observed that he could not see a *con-skear*. The landlord, who had walked to the wood on a stick, laid his cudgel pretty freely round the trunks of the trees, the blacksmith did the same; one or two got broken branches, which they threw into the tree tops; a nimble boy ascended one tree, with an agility that would have done no discredit to a public performer. "A con! A con!" echoed through the wood, as the beautiful little animal sprung from the oak in which it had been concealed, to a scyamore at a considerable distance. It flew (for it was more like flying than leaping) in a fine curve right over our heads, caught a slender twig with its feet, and was instantly lost again. "It skulks on one of the branches," said our young friend; "heave sticks up to rouse it again; 'tis going to be sulky." Every one now got a stick; one of them moved the bough where it sat; away it scampered to the end of the branch, and sprung right off to another tree. Every stick was hurled at it as it flew, but it reached the next tree in safety.

In his anxiety to avoid the falling sticks which came down like a shower on all sides, the young banker slipped up to the knee in an open drain, and shockingly discoloured his white stockings and nan-kin trousers. "I wonder," said my father, "that this giddy girl of ours cannot take better care of the young *sportsman*; and keep him out of harm's

way." Why he laid such emphasis on sportsman, I cannot tell; as he never made any pretensions to elocution.

The *con* did not, this time, lurk among the twigs, but hurried forward through the trees with a rapidity quick as thought. In taking a desperate leap, the animal had evidently missed its calculation; for it came to the ground in what Mr. Bamber would have called a parabolic curve. The dogs sprung to the place, the men clapped and shouted, my sister and her young friend pressed to the "front of the fray," the blacksmith cleared the litter away with the landlord's walking stick, and the young banker enjoyed the wild ecstasy of the company from behind the shelter of a tree.

While I was expecting every minute to hear that it was dead, I beheld it whisking up the smooth trunk of a solitary ash. "Now," cries the Londoner, "~~we~~ can easily catch it; for it ~~can~~ get no higher than the top of the tree." "Yes," said my father, "~~we~~ shall soon have it now." I thought indeed there was no escape; but rendered desperate by the chase, it flung itself right over our heads, into another tree on the other side of the plain. "What a pity," said my sister, "to destroy such an agile pretty little animal!" "This," said our young friend, "is sport." "I own," she replied, "it is pleasant to see the little nimble creature skipping from tree to tree; but I should not feel much delight in seeing one of these great dogs devour the inoffensive animal."

While my sister and her guardian were thus moralizing, the con took another of its desperate leaps; but the sportsmen were on their guard, and seven or eight sticks were hurled into the air at once. One of them—the blacksmith's, I believe—struck the squirrel over the head. Down it plumped into the mouth of a terrier, and its boundings were terminated at one stroke. The young Londoner now came forward; and observing that it was really dead, ventured, but not without evident trepidation, to touch it. He admired its bushy tail, its glossy skin, and slender form exceedingly; and my father remarking that the young banker had been the greatest sufferer in the con hunt, the prize was unanimously voted to him. He promised to take it to London, for the inspection of his friends.

If I was to repeat all the jokes that passed at the inn, after our return from the wood, I should fill more paper than I have to spare. The landlord detailed all the con hunts that had occurred in his memory. The blacksmith did the same; and others followed their example, till I found that con hunting must have occupied the chief part of all their lives. From the cons, they wandered off to foxes, hares, and even brocks and otters. One had been bitten through the hand by a con, another had lost a piece out of his leg by the bite of an otter. Every time the glass circulated, the marvellous increased; and every improbable story made room for another still more so.

At eleven o'clock, when we retired to rest, they

were as busy hunting cons, as they had been any time during the day ; and I laid my head on the pillow, only to re-witness the astonishing bounds and leaps of the little squirrel. Bounds which nothing could surpass except the tongues of the company in the front parlour.

The next morning was remarkably fine, and the chaise was at the door at an early hour. We bade farewell to Newby Bridge and all its enchanting scenes, just as the sun had gilded the bright front of Mr. Machell's. It would be impossible to describe the effect of light and shade, produced by such a morning on such a scene. Mr. Harrison's had the tinge of morning glittering upon it—the woods and groves around it, sparkled with dew drops—the birds were carolling in Finsthwaite woods most melodiously—Mr. Townley's was enveloped in a deep shade, thrown over it by the towering summit of Gummars How—and the lake partook of both the contrasting hues. Nothing but a poet could describe the scene ; and nothing but a painter could feel it.

We were fully absorbed in the feelings which such a morning inspires, till we reached Stot Park. Here my sister compelled us to stop while she feasted her eyes with the blooming garden in front of Mr. Taylor's, and had sufficiently satisfied herself that the gold fishes in the pond were real fishes. The jet of water arrested my uncle's attention. While my father suggested, as an improvement, that the water

ought to rise out of the top of the column, and fall again into the cup in a graceful curve.

We had not gone far beyond Stot Park, when we were all inclined to stop. A coppice of wood had been cut down by the road side, and the workmen had erected small conical cabins, to reside in during the summer. These had such a picturesque appearance, that my sister took out her pencil, and sketched one, while my uncle and I went to visit the inmates. "They tell us of rural situations," said my uncle, "but this is truly rural." Let me try if I can describe one.

A number of long poles was stuck in the ground, forming a circle for the foundation, and meeting in a point at the top. These were interwoven with long slender twigs, and covered with thin parings of green turf, laid slate-wise. An aperture, in one side, served for a door, window, and chimney; and was closed at nights with a hurdle. A few rough stones in the centre, formed the fire-place; over which a pan could be suspended by a chain from the top. A heap of straw was laid all round the inside, by way of bed and sofa. On fine days, the woodman told us, the victuals were generally cooked in the open air; they shewed us a kettle boiling on a fire, under the side of a crag, close to the cabin. This, my uncle called the kitchen. The woodman invited us into his hut, which we entered. We sat down upon some coarse sacks which the woodman's wife spread upon the straw. The woodman sat down upon the opposite side, pulled a black pipe,



three inches long, out of his waistcoat pocket—for coat he had none—and began to smoke away very deliberately. He was fond of conversing; and gave us every information we required respecting the uses to which the wood was turned, after it was cut down. Not forgetting to remind us, that he only lived there for *convenience*; and that he had another very comfortable, well-furnished house, at a few miles distance.

Two little hardy children came running to the cabin door. One about eight, and the other perhaps about six years of age. They had no stockings on their legs, clogs on their feet, and were bare-headed. Their hair hung in delightful ringlets over their shoulders, never, it appeared, having been subjected to the scissors. The breakfast was spread out on the grass in front of the cabin, where a tall rock, crowned with a holly bush, formed a screen to the north. The good-natured woodman, as if he wished to gratify our curiosity, politely invited us “ta tak a bit a breakfast with em;” and we did so. I do not know that I ever enjoyed a more agreeable meal. The tea felt so pleasant—the bread and butter was sweet and clean—and even the fried bacon was delicious. The two youngsters had soon satisfied the cravings of nature, and bounded off into the wood again.

When we had finished our morning’s repast, at this rural pavilion, we stood up to rejoin my father and sister who waited in the road. As we turned away, my uncle stepped back, and from the hearty

"Thank ye, Sir," with which the good woman bade us farewell, I suspect that he had left some trifling acknowledgment for their kindness; but this, you know, was a subject on which I could ask no questions.

"I think," said my uncle to the woodman, as he accompanied us down to the road side, "I could spend my life very happily in a cabin, in the midst of a wood like this." "I could tell you a very melancholy story," replied the woodman, "about a person who did spend her days in these very woods." "Let us have it, if you please," said my uncle.

### KITTY DAWSON.

#### THE MANIAC OF GRAITHWAITE WOODS.

It is now a lang time sen, (began the woodman,) that Kitty Dawson leevd here. She was reckoned yan of the handsomest lasses, I suppose, about Dalepark, when she was a lass. Her father was a poor honest man and a wood-cutter like mysell; but Kitty was his only child, and she was, as ye may guess, a favourite. When she was about sixteen, she fell in with a young man who sometimes cut wood for her father. He was a stiddy young fellow; he was careful, and had saved a little matter of brass. Kitty's parents could see no objection to such a match, if they wod wait till she was a few years elder. They were looked on by ivery body as a par; and they both considered the coming day as sartin, though delayed. I weel remember hearing my father tell it. He was cutting wood that day hissell in that varra wood. They had just sitten down to their dinner, under some trees; for they thought it wod be a shower, it looked so black over the water. The storm came on. It was the terriblest thunner storm, my father said, he

ever knew. Jem Park, him that was to wed Kitty, had laid his head against the rock, when a thunner bolt fell on it, and rolled down, and killed him dead on the spot. It was a sorry day at Dalepark, when they took Jem home dead; for he was a lad that ivery body respected. Kitty, ye may be sure, took it terribly out. After the wood was done, the colliers left their cabin standing, as they commonly due; and Kitty went to it, and staid there as long she lived. Her friends could niver persuade her to come back; for if they got her away by force, she was soon at the cabin again. She niver thought of leaving her cabin till she was hungered out, and then she wod just gang to some farm house, and tak what they had a mind to give her. This she wod carry back to her cabin, and live on it as lang as it lasted, and then go off somewhither for another supply.

I can just rememmer, when I was a lile lad, being sent with a basket of meat to old Kitty's cabin; for ivery body was good to her, poor silly thing. When I went, she wod just tak the basket out of my hand, and empty it, and give it me back again; but she hardly iver spoke; and at most only said, "Good lad, good lad!"

I can just recollect, that one morning some gentlemen had been out with their guns; and, as usual, had looked in at Kitty's cabin to give her something, when they found her lying dead on the straw beyond the fire. Yan of em sent a cart, and had her taken to a house at Dalepark; and they buried her, I believe, at their own expense. If I was in the wood, I could shew you the varra spot where old Kitty's cabin stood, for I have been at it many a time. But it's quite down lang sen, and hardly any body knows, that poor old Kitty Dawson iver lived there.—Poor thing! poor thing!

"Thou'rt a good-hearted fellow," said my uncle, as soon as the woodman had turned away; "there is a natural feeling in the manner of telling that tale, which gives a higher eulogium on the reciter,

than all the recommendations he could have produced.

As nothing particular occurred in our journey forward to the Ferry Inn, where we now are, I shall here close my letter ; and continue our excursion, in my next.

LEONARD ATKINS.

*Ferry Inn, Aug. 1820.*

## LETTER V.

THE REGATTA—CROSSING WINDERMERE—ADMIRAL  
 ULLOCK'S KITCHEN—MR. TOM, THE FOOTMAN—  
 CURWEN'S ISLAND—LOW WOOD—MRS. LADYMAN'S  
 PIANO—MY SISTER'S, UNCLE'S, AND FATHER'S  
 SONGS—LOW WOOD PUDDINGS—MR. HARRISON  
 AND PARTNER.

DEAR TOM,—This day forms a contrast with yesterday. When I arose, the majestic hills to the north and north-east, were completely enveloped in a thick mist. Heavy black clouds hovered over the scene; and nothing was predicted but an approaching flood. This, to the country people, seemed disagreeable intelligence; but my uncle—who is an enthusiastic admirer of nature in her wildest, terriblest forms—cheered himself with the prospect of full mountain streams and foaming cascades. The rain, which, about ten o'clock, began to fall in torrents, though an object of regret to every other person, was a fortunate circumstance in my uncle's estimation.

We remained at the Ferry the greater part of the day, in expectation of the Regatta; but the rain completely prevented the sports. You, my dear

brother, from your classical reading, will be scarcely able to comprehend what the word *regatta* signifies on the banks of the Windermere. I will therefore give you the best information I could procure. The only rational part of this aquatic amusement consists in a race of barges on the water—this you would naturally expect. But you would scarcely suppose that all the fashion and beauty in the country, would be invited to witness the children's play which constitutes the principal part of a *Windermere Regatta*.

A long pole, well anointed with soap, is erected in the *water*—a hat is stuck on the top—and the person who secures the elevated beaver, claims it as his reward. But it generally happens that the competitors receive each a good ducking instead of the prize; owing to the slipperiness of the pole.—Sometimes racing in sacks; where the candidates are each put feet foremost into a sack, the mouth of which is tied round their necks. In this condition, they have to run or leap the proposed distance.—Ass races. In these, each man rides his neighbour's ass, and the slowest wins the race. Hence, as every man wishes his own ass to win, he whips the ass he rides unmercifully, in order that it may not be the last. My uncle says, that the Mexicans, when they first saw the Spanish horsemen, supposed them to be all one animal; but had they seen these jockeys and their donkeys, they would not have been far wrong in supposing them both *asses*.—Pig races. A young pig has its tail shaved and soaped, and is let loose

among the company. The first person who can swing the pig round his head, by the tail, carries it off as a prize. These, Tom, are some of the *rural* sports of a Regatta.

About three in the afternoon, we flattered ourselves the evening would be fair, and we determined to proceed. For we had previously resolved to spend the night at the Low Wood Inn, near Ambleside; as my uncle had frequently heard the accommodation praised by the *Lakers* with whom he had conversed.

For my own part, Tom, I saw no possibility of proceeding any further. For we were then upon a point of land which ran nearly half way into the lake; and I saw no bridge over the other half. My sister whispered that we must drive through it, as we had done at the water on Lancaster sands; but I thought that it appeared too deep. I found however that new curiosities awaited us at every stage; for while we were pondering on the impossibility of farther progress, the servants unmoored a large boat—wheeled a chaise into it—tied up the horses besides the chaise, and requested us to take our seats.

It was not a little curious to observe the horses standing so quietly in the boat. “Habit,” my uncle observed, “even with inferior animals, is second nature.” “Whoever allows habit to govern him,” said my father, “may be justly considered an inferior animal.” “I trust,” rejoined my sister, “you have a saving clause in favour of a criticising habit.”

My father, who, in spite of all his seeming indif-

ference, is not destitute of curiosity, proposed that we should rest and take tea at the White Lion, Bowness. The motion was carried *nem. con.* and we alighted. My father, I believe, wanted to make some enquiries respecting the intended Boat-race. For my part, I wanted more to see the humours of the kitchen on such an evening; and therefore while my father, uncle, and sister, repaired to the front parlour, where they could have an uninterrupted view of the returning carriages, bearing back their disappointed loads from the Ferry Inn, I slipped away into the kitchen, to amuse myself among the rustics assembled round the fire. The most conspicuous of these was the landlord, whose face was the index to an excellent cellar. The kitchen was nearly filled with guests, who were comfortably enjoying a tankard or two of Ullock's best ale, by way of compensation for their fruitless journey to the Regatta. The greasy cook, who looked like one of her own puddings ready bagged for boiling, had to thread her "devious way" through the disregarding company. What woman?—much more, what *cook* could bear such repeated interruption? She tried the effects of a frown—it was thrown away on a company of men who could scarcely distinguish a hole through a ladder, as the landlord wittily remarked. She then ventured to grumble—but this was equally ineffectual, where all were talking and none listening. She at length entirely lost her patience, and uttered her complaints in so loud a voice, and in such a commanding manner, that she unfortunately opened her



mouth rather too far. The consequence of which was, as a logician would say, that she gulphed down so much tobacco smoke, as almost to choke herself. A sly-boots out of Cumberland contrived at last to pacify this Empress of the Larder, by ordering her a glass of rum. This had quite an electrical effect on the good woman.—My attention was very soon drawn from the unhappy cook, to a young *dandy*, who came stretching and prancing through the kitchen, with his hands in his pockets, and speaking with as much pomposity as if the fee simple of Bowness had been a part of his estate. His wit was however to be distinguished only by the rapidity of his utterance, and the perpetual recurrence of phrases similar to these:—"Indeed!"—"So, indeed!"—"Has he, indeed?"—"Will they indeed?"—&c. There was an agreeable interchange of compliments between him and the company. He treated them with ale; and they treated him with flattery—both of which appeared to go down very smoothly. He always uttered his words in rapid succession, except once when the cook had nearly *undished* a roasted fowl over a *vacant* foot of his, which had accidentally strayed across her very limited passage from the spit. She turned hastily round, with a countenance more in anger than in sorrow, saying, "Get out of the kitchen, Tom, for I cannot do with you here." "Can...not...you...indeed?" he replied in a slow and subdued tone. We afterwards learned that Mr. Tom was a footman—had been in London for the first time—and had returned to visit his

friends, full of that consequence with which the metropolis so naturally inspires weak minds.

A well dressed person about fifty, occupied, or would have occupied the attention of all the guests. He had no appearance of a gentleman; though I suspected him to be a man of property, from the kindness with which the landlord treated him.—He seemed to be a good tempered fellow, and tried to please the men by blackguarding them, and the servant girls by his obscenity!—in both of which he completely failed.—Surely, Tom, a public house, as such houses are generally conducted, is the last place to which a Christian would send a daughter to be a servant.

But you will think I have forgot my friends in the front parlour. I believe I should not have been in a hurry to seek them, had not the disgusting language of this old lecher reminded me of the rational manner in which I might have been spending my time among my friends.

When tea was over, we prepared to pursue our journey to the Low Wood Inn. The rain fell so heavily that we had little pleasure in contemplating the beauties of the country as we rolled along; for, as my uncle sometimes observes, “a dull day closes the mouth of an Englishman.” As we passed the picturesque residence of the Rev. J. Fleming, we caught another peep at Mr. Curwen’s beautiful island. My father fixed his eyes on it, without changing a muscle of his face. My sister, anxious, if possible, to draw him into conversation, whispered to him,

"Yon is a delightful place; I think that even you, father, could suggest no improvement to it, though you can improve almost every thing." He just turned his head round to her, without any emotion, and said,

"The word *Bohea* seems wanting yet,  
"To make the *Canister* complete."

"No wonder," said my uncle, that there are so many lake poets, when even a single day can transform my brother into one; and *such* a one too." "I own," replied my sister smiling, "there is some conceit in my father's idea; and though I really admire the building, I shall not quickly forget my father's epigram."

I do not think that my father views every thing he sees with contempt; but he feels a pleasure in censuring, indiscriminately, whatever falls in his way. And he has indulged in this propensity so long, that now, like a genuine reviewer, he studies only to criticise.

Had the evening been fine, I imagine the few miles between Bowness and Low Wood, might have been a pleasant drive. But we could only just distinguish, through the obscurity which the rain threw over the landscape, the faint outline of Calgarth, and some other magnificent buildings on the banks of Windermere.

The Low Wood Inn is a solitary house by the water side, delightfully situated for a Lake tourist. We were conducted to an elegant upper room, furnished with a piano and an organ. I need scarcely

remind you that with these accompaniments, we soon forgot the wet evening. My uncle pointed out the piano to my sister; and requested that she would favour us with a song, to enliven the evening. She instantly complied, with that grace which, in my estimation, constitutes the loveliest charm of a young lady—and sung

*The Constancy of Love.*

I.

When first the youth, devoid of art,  
Feels love's sweet ardour warm his heart,  
He vows, to her who caused his smart,  
Eternal constancy.

II.

The simple maid no longer scorns  
The graceful youth, whose bosom burns,  
But thinks him faithful, and returns  
Eternal constancy..

III.

Behold the love devoted pair  
Before the altar, kneeling, where  
They to each other fondly swear  
Eternal constancy.

IV.

The moon shall scarcely wax and wane,  
Before they would be loose again;  
For both most solemnly disdain  
Eternal constancy.

V.

So weak a mind does man possess,  
He neither can be blest nor bless,  
And such is human faithfulness,  
And human constancy.

My uncle thought my sister's song was too severe on mankind. He believed there was more constancy in the human heart than she had given it credit for;

and if she would play the tune of "John Anderson, me jo," he would try to produce a song more agreeable to his own feelings at least.

### The Bachelor's Complaint.

#### I.

A bachelor's life 's distressing,  
No wife to soothe his care—  
When pain and woe, oppressing,  
Reduce him to despair.  
Alone he journeys on  
The path which all have trod ;  
Without a friend to cheer  
The solitary road.

#### II.

For him the heavenly eye  
Imparts no beam of bliss ;  
The lips themselves deny  
The soul-entrancing kiss.  
He lives a lonely stranger,  
Unknowing and unknown,  
He shuns or faces danger,  
Unpitied and alone.

#### III.

He never hears the praise  
Of one whose heart approves him,  
Nor feels the fond embrace  
Of one who dearly loves him ;  
He dies without a tear  
Of sympathy shed o'er him ;  
And round his mournful bier  
No orphan hearts deplore him.

"You have told us a melancholy tale, brother," said my father ; "and you have pictured your own state in most unenviable colours ; but you have forgot to tell us who it is that compels men to die bachelors." My uncle happened at that moment to be looking at Langdale Pikes, through the window ; and probably did not hear my father's remark—he

made no reply, however. "I think," observed my sister, "it is now your turn to favour us with a song." "I have no objections," said my father, but I will have no flirting of wires while I sing. The music which *nature* made I admire; but let me have none of that which art produces." My sister joined the circle, and my father gave us the following song.

The World's a tune.

I.

There was a bard in a former age  
Compared the world to a player's stage,  
And most folks think he hit it;  
But I believe, and I may be right,  
*The world's a TUNE* that we sing at sight,  
We learn it—to forget it.

II.

We all are notes in a different key,  
Some *flats*, some *sharps*, some *naturals* be,  
Some *quicker*, and some *slower*!  
Like Handel's, some are full of *grace*—  
Like Pleydell's, some are *thorough bass*—  
Some *higher* and some *lower*.

III.

In life's short tune what *airs* we find,  
Bold, cheerful, gloomy, dull, refin'd,  
In full *symphoniale*;  
Our *time* is *quick*, and soon we *close*,  
We *beat* away without a *pause*,  
Till death sings the *finale*.

IV.

The world, I own, has *ties* most sweet,  
Yet many a *bar* and *shur* we meet,  
Though very much we fear them;  
Some men can nought but *discords trill*,  
With some the world sings *counter* still,  
Nor gives *one note* to cheer them.

V.

The *pitch-fork* tunes the farmer's voice,  
The *sack-but* is the miller's choice,  
And all men's the *viola*;  
The maiden plays the *flageolet*,  
While married folks sing a *duet*,  
And bachelors a *solo*.

"It is the very *solo*," said my sister, "of which my uncle has been complaining, in his sweet, pathetic song. For the first thirty years of his existence, he was quite charmed with the *bachelor's solo*; but now he longs for the *matrimonial duet*."

You will remember, Tom, the glowing description, which Mr. Benfield gave of the Low Wood puddings when he paid us a visit, on his return from a lake tour. And my uncle, though no epicure, thought we might as well taste them, since opportunity was so favourable. You know, brother, that curiosity is inseparable from a tourist; we therefore all agreed to my uncle's proposal, and some Low Wood puddings were ordered in as a part of the supper.

We were just preparing to commence our evening repast, when the landlady informed us that a gentleman and his lady had just arrived, of the name of Harrison from Poulton in Lancashire, who would be very happy to join our little party. Anxious to see all in our power, we readily consented to this accession to our company—and the parties appeared. But how shall I describe them? and you will expect a description of every thing curious. It was actually December leaning on the arm of May! The lady—from the vivacity of her eye, the airy slenderness of her form, the elegance of her attitudes, the almost girlish smile on her cheek—could not be *more* than eighteen.—The gentleman—from his wearing a wig, the airy slenderness of his legs, the absence of whiskers and braces, the extreme length of his

waistcoat, the furrows in his face, and the antique appearance of his whole figure—could not be *less* than sixty-five.

We sat down to supper; and you will perhaps believe me, when I assure you that we did honour to the puddings. Indeed, Mr. Harrison paid them an extraordinary compliment, for he devoured two of them. They were certainly excellent.

A stranger uninformed of the fact, would have thought that Mr. Harrison had been conducting some darling grand-daughter from the boarding-school, so great was the apparent disparity of their ages. But their conduct to each other contradicted such an idea. He gazed on her with all the ardent fondness of a youthful lover; feasted on her every smile, and caressed her with scraps of songs on his lips. He fixed his eyes on her pleasing countenance, and warbled forth,

“I know that I sigh upon innocent lips,  
Which ne’er have been sighed on by any but mine.”

Then turning to the window, he said, “what a charming country is this. I am certain that a cottage among these hills might, with a woman one loved, be rendered a paradise.

“There far fra a’ their scornfu’ din,  
Wha make the kindly heart their sport,  
We’ll kiss, and dance, and laugh, and sing,  
And gar the langest day seem short.”

“This world has no charms but for lovers,

“When I hear thee, I love thee; when seeing, adore;  
I view thee, and think thee a woman no more;  
Till mad wi’ admiring, I canna contain,  
And, kissing your lips, you turn woman again.”



While my uncle was lost in amazement, contemplating the amorous old fool, as he considered him, a carriage and four drove into the square. A Stentorian voice instantly exclaimed, "Have any chaise arrived here this evening?" "Yes," replied the landlord, "we have had two this evening." "What way are the parties gone?" "They are all in an upper room at supper, I believe," answered the landlord. "Did you observe a young man and a woman among them?" "I did," replied the landlord. "Convey me to them instantly," said the boisterous stranger.

"I am ruined! I am ruined!" cried Mrs. Harrison, "What shall I do? what shall I do?" "Compose yourself, my dear," said Mr. Harrison; "put on your coat and bonnet." He, either through intention or mistake, seized my sister's travelling dresses; threw them over his wife; pulled the green veil over her face; led her to a chair; and sat down, as if nothing had agitated him. He had only a moment completed his labour when the stranger and the landlord entered. "Where are the vagabonds?" echoed the former; then looking round him, continued in a milder tone: "These are not the persons I am seeking. You must have other company." "I have no other company in the house," replied the landlord. "I have traced them hither," said the stranger, "and I must have four of the best horses you have to follow them; they cannot be far before me." As he left the room, he apologized for the confusion his unceremonious appearance might

have caused; and assured us that nothing but necessity could have induced him to disturb us. "You are very probably," said Mr. Harrison, "in the discharge of your duty; in which case there is no need of apology."

When our angry visitor had driven from the door, which he did, at the full speed of four post horses, Mr. Harrison addressed himself to my uncle and father. "I am aware," said he, "that the strangeness of our conduct must have excited your suspicion; and to prevent you from entertaining a less favourable idea of us than we really deserve, I will tell you truly what we are. My name is not Harrison, though I come from the neighbourhood of Poulton. My father was a clergyman; but being fond of genteel company, beyond what his income would support, I was brought up in elegant poverty. At my father's death, though an only son, I found myself, at the age of sixteen, without money and without a profession. My mother's brother, in consideration of my scholarship, proposed to take me home to learn the trade of joiner and house carpenter. This would enable me, if fortunate and industrious, to attain a comfortable living. With my mother's consent, I accepted the proposal. I was free from my apprenticeship, a week since last Saturday——"

"Last Saturday!" exclaimed my uncle, looking at his wig. "Have patience, my dear Sir," said Mr. Harrison, and proceeded with his story.

"'Twas last summer but one," continued he,

“that I had been sent, by my uncle to make some alterations in a Cottage. Ormée, at Blackpool. During my stay there it was my happy fortune to see the charming young lady whom you see with me. I cannot tell how it was, but I ventured to tell her the story of my love; and strange as it may seem, she heard me with attention. In short, we both discovered that nature and heaven had designed us for each other. But there was a difficulty to be encountered. She was a rich orphan heiress, left under the guardianship of an uncle, who had a booby son. Either my charmer's fortune or person captivated both the uncle and cousin; and she has been teased and threatened to a marriage, but in vain. The moment I was my own master, I hastened to Liverpool, to see my lovely maid. We quickly determined upon an excursion to Gretna Green, as the surest way to secure the happiness of us both. I know the common method is to drive off with all possible speed, and to trust entirely to that for success. I knew that it would be impossible to outstrip her uncle, for we could not, by any means, get above half an hour's start of him; and as he could and would command every facility, through the medium of his purse, we could only succeed by stratagem. I therefore disguised myself as an old man, put on a wig, painted my face, got some old fashioned clothes from a pawnbroker, and trusted to this disguise for my safety. There was no possibility of disguising her; because, we had scarcely time to effect our escape before her guardian would be alarm-

ed. We never stopped on the road till we reached this house, when we found that a little rest and refreshment were indispensable. Beside, I was anxious to throw our pursuers off the track; which that young lady's coat and hat have happily effected. Our pursuers are now before us, and we can proceed on our journey comfortably."

We all applauded the young man's successful scheme; and after drinking a "happy termination to their expedition," and seeing them again set forward, I sat down to write this letter; and to tell you how affectionately I am,

Your loving brother,

LEONARD ATKINS.

*Low Wood Inn, Aug. 1820.*

## LETTER VI.

THE MORNING—GREEN'S EXHIBITION—STOCK-GILL  
FORCE—AMBLESIDE, THE ROMAN DICTIS—HUGH  
HIRD, THE TROUTBECK GIANT—CALGARTH  
SKULLS.

DEAR TOM,—This morning the sun rose in cloudless majesty; and when we stepped over the threshold to drink the invigorating breeze of new-born day, the fleecy mist was rolling up the stupendous sides of Langdale Pikes, and creeping along the summit of Conistoun Old Man. "How do you like the Old Man?" said my uncle. "He looks," said my sister, "like a time-worn veteran, whose head is become bald with years, except a few straggling grey hairs, which still wave on his venerable brow." The scene was truly sublime. The gigantic wreaths of mist, so brightly illuminated on their eastern sides, by the level beams of the rising sun, continually assumed new forms, as their almost immaterial substance slowly traversed the purple-brown summits of the lofty mountain peaks.

My uncle—whose principal study is to exalt the enjoyments of all his connections; and, as far as his power extends, to increase the sum of human hap-

piness—proposed a excursion on the lake, while breakfast was preparing. But if the scene was delightful from the bowling-green, it was enchanting from the boat. Every hill seemed to rear its summit higher, and every woodland dressed itself in a richer tint. Curwen's island appeared to swim on the surface of the water. Brathay Hall glittered in the sun, while the deep indentations round the margin of this vast expanse, varied their shade at every stroke of the oar.

When we returned to the inn, which I did with reluctance, an excellent breakfast of coffee awaited our excellent appetites. We then bid farewell to this charming spot; and, as the distance was short, and the morning fine, we determined to walk forward to Ambleside. The agreeable exercise of walking, and the diversity of the scenery, were both so pleasing, that my sister pleaded hard for continuing the excursion on foot. My father observed, that we would so far accede to her proposal, as to walk whenever the road should be so rough, as to prevent our availing ourselves of any other conveyance.

It is impossible, in this place, to procure a sheet of paper large enough to contain a description of all I have seen; but those things which excited in my bosom the most lively sensations, may perhaps be most agreeable to you. At the head of these I must certainly place Mr. Green's "Exhibition of Views of the Lakes."

These views are all executed by the artist and his family, and consist of some hundreds of picturesque

scenes among the Lakes and Lake Mountains. The room is hung round with drawings; and the rest are enclosed in portfolios of various sizes. Upon a table I found a heap consisting of sixty aquatinta engravings, coloured after nature. With these I was busying myself, when my uncle exclaimed, "There is the majestic Old Man, which pleased us so much at Low Wood." "Yes," replied my father, "but the few straggling grey hairs which my daughter admires so much, are fallen off too, and his head is now quite bald—she will not admire him now." My sister, who suspected that my father had a double meaning in his words, leaned gently on his arm, turned up her soft languishing eye towards his; and in her mildest, sweetest tone, replied, "Do not think, father, that an *Old Man* will ever appear less an object of veneration in my esteem, because he may be stripped of those ornaments which once formed the grace of his youth. Though Coniston Old Man may produce a pleasing sensation, by his lengthened shade and awful brow, it is beneath the shelter of *another old man*, that I should wish to live and die." My father glanced a soft look of affection on my sister, and half raised his arm to embrace her; but instantly dropped it again, lest he should be induced to act in contradiction to his accustomed habits of misanthropy.

I left my heap of pictures, and assisted in admiring six large coloured aquatintas that were spread before the other company. A view towards the foot of Windermere very much delighted me; for I

saw there most of the objects that had so much charmed me in my journey. Calgarth and the Island were beautiful objects. And the recession of the hills was nature itself.

“Observe the grandeur of that hill,” said my sister, as she turned over another plate. “This is a view towards the head of Ullswater,” replied Miss Green; “and that gigantic hill is St. Sunday Crag.” “We must visit this place,” said my uncle; “there is something in that picture which I long to see in nature.” “I suppose,” said my father, “that *something* will be those few half starved sheep, sculking under that great rock.” “No,” said my uncle, “’tis the soft wooding of the mountains—the bold and contrasting lights and shades of intermingled hills, frowning over the fertile vale below, that I long to see.”

My father turning over two or three more, observed to my uncle, that “he had better visit Wast Water, as there were such brilliant sunbeams there.” “Whether the sunbeams be present or not, I should be delighted with the permanent materials of the scene,” said my sister. “No doubt,” replied my father, “the *permanent materials* are worthy of notice. Let me see, they are 1st. *a dub of water*—2d. *three hills*—3d. *two crags*.—What a charming subject!”

“So far,” replied my sister, “from rendering the picture ridiculous by your analytical manner of describing it, you shew that there is nearly, if not quite, all that a rural picture can contain. All the



landscapes that have ever met the human eye, if reduced to their constituents, are only composed of hills and vales, rocks and fields, wood and water. It is the various combinations and striking associations of these, that impart to the eye of taste, those rapturous sensations which we are so *proud* to feel." "I thought, indeed," answered my father, "this boasted taste was chiefly *pride*."

My uncle, anxious that my father's criticisms should not lead to an unpleasant issue, turned to a heap of sixty large etchings. "Here," said he, "is a picture that will please you all. You may almost fancy you *see* the motion of that cascade." "Yes," said my father, "and by a farther stretch of the same fancy, you may *hear* it dash down the rocks." "I think," said my sister, "I am more pleased with the still beauty of that waterfall, with its bridge above the stream, and the overhanging branches, shutting out the light of day." "Or perhaps," said my uncle, "you would be pleased with the twisted root of that venerable old oak, with its tufts of star grass, and small cascades." "No," replied she, "that old mill pleases me better. See the water pouring out of the mill window and dashing down among the rocks."

While we were amusing ourselves with these, my father was running over some other aquatintas and some large and small volumes of etchings. "I admire these etchings," said my uncle; "but I see only few buildings among them. "I intend," said Mr. Green, "if I live, to publish a series of etch-

ings of old picturesque buildings. I shall begin in my own neighbourhood, and publish a series of views, illustrative of ancient domestic architecture. I shall then publish a series in the neighbourhood of Kendal, having the Castle for the leading subject. Another series for Lancaster, having the Castle for the first. Another series at Preston, with the old Priory for the head."\*—"When you publish those at Preston," said my uncle, "you may put me down as a subscriber." "You may let me have a set too," said my father; "I can send them to Tom. He is fond of this kind of nonsense."

My sister was amusing herself with a fine drawing of Stock Gill Force, when Mr. Green kindly volunteered to accompany us to the *real* waterfall, "Which," he said, "was incomparably finer than the drawing." A narrow but shady lane, along the banks of the stream, or *beck*, as it is here called, led us to the majestic scene. "This," observed Mr. Green, "would perhaps be one of the most attractive objects about the lakes, if the advantages of the

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\* Mr. Green *did* publish forty etchings of picturesque buildings in Ambleside, Keswick, &c. They are very beautiful, and very cheap—a guinea for the set. His other projects, we regret to say, have been swept away by that great destroyer of all men's designs—death. The multitude of aquatintas, etchings, and drawings which he sent into the world, will long remain as evidence of his talents, and of his astonishing perseverance and industry. We were at his hospitable house the very day when he was, for the first time in twenty years, obliged to abstain from his sedentary employment, through ill health—by the first symptom of a worn-out constitution. The Exhibitions at Ambleside and Keswick continue to be kept open by Mrs. Green; and every acquaintance of that amiable and accomplished family will rejoice to hear, that they are very respectably attended by Visitors of the lakes.—*Sep. 8. 1825.*

place were properly improved; and I sometimes feel surprised that the landlord of the head inn, who is the occupier, does not, for his own interest, lay out a little money in some trifling improvement." "To reap without sowing," replied my father, "is too much the wish of all men. The landlord would probably have no objections to a greater influx of visitors to the town; but feels considerable hesitation in throwing out those indirect inducements for that purpose." "See now," observed Mr. G. "that tree shuts out the prettiest part of the cascade, while there wants one to hide the deformity of that other bank; beside, that wood on the declivity of the other hill, which threw so fine a gloom over the whole glen, is now vanishing beneath the woodman's axe; and a certain degree of poverty will be the natural consequence." "You will excuse," said Miss Green, "my father's enthusiasm for his darling art. He knows no world, but that in which a painter lives. Trees, with him, have no other use but that of giving softness and effect to a picture. The meadows were created for foregrounds, and the hills were designed for distances. Rivers only roll along to brighten up the landscape; and cattle graze only to give life to his drawings. When any thing, therefore, is out of place, in a picturesque point of view, it excites his criticism, notwithstanding its utility in other respects."

"Were it otherwise," observed my uncle, "your father had been as obscure as the country was before his animating pencil drew the public attention to

this district. We must be enthusiasts in our individual pursuits, or we shall never excel. Is it not the same in every other profession? The artist views the present scene with delight, because it is picturesque. The sparkling of the dashing stream, the deep gloom of the precipitous rocks, the intermingled light and shade of the thousand-tinted foliage, are the principal objects of his attention.—The stream is good, because it gives *effect* to the picture—the rocks are valuable, because they form a relief to the other parts of the scene—and the trees are useful, because they make the other objects harmonize. But this partial manner of viewing subjects, is not confined to the painter alone. Every man feels it who is capable of rising to the top of his profession. The engineer would admire this stream, because it would be so well calculated to turn his machinery—the rocks would be valuable, because they were at hand for erecting a mill—and the wood, because it would furnish timber for the building. In his estimation, the best waterfall is that which falls over a water wheel—the finest rock is a huge stone building—the most agreeable wood, an interminable row of spinning frames. In all our walks we each of us view the scene with reference to our darling pursuit. The painter examines its capabilities for a picture—the farmer calculates how many cows might pasture on the fields, how many sheep might be fed on the hills, and how much hay would grow on the meadows—the carpenter only thinks how many planks might be cut out of such a tree—

the mason views the rocks, and thinks whether they would make good walling stones—the fisher views even the lake as a receptacle for fish—the landlord considers it as a place where he can lend his boat to a good profit. Hence you see, that your father differs from other men only in this, that he has discovered a beauty and a use in the surrounding scenes, which other men had overlooked. And, as every man of genius *will* do; and, as every artist *must* do, who feels ambitious of distinction, he allows only *that* idea to predominate. Therefore, so far from being a subject of ridicule, it is perhaps the highest compliment one could pay your father, to say, “he believes that trees, rivers, and woods were created for painters to make pictures of.”

“I think,” said my sister, “Mr. Green’s manner of viewing natural scenery is superior to that of the farmer or the mechanic.” “If these are your sentiments,” replied my father, “you must give up all thoughts of marrying the young gentleman farmer out of Yorkshire. You would quite discompose his agricultural plans. Instead of conducting the streams through the fields for the benefit of his cattle, you would study only to make them picturesque. Besides he would require a man to drive the cows and sheep into groups, and to dispose them in the most tasteful form. Instead of giving the most useful rotation of crops, you would have the most tasteful. You had best explain this to him, before it be too late.”

When we reached the top of the waterfall, we ob-

served an elderly man sitting in a meditative posture, on a little mound of earth, watching, as Langhorne says,

“The wave that wandered by.”

As we approached him, he turned up a countenance that could not have been warmed by less than seventy summer suns ; and a head that could not have been bleached by less than as many winters. There was something so rural, and so agreeable in the idea of spending half an hour in such a retirement, that we involuntarily seated ourselves beside the old man ; and as unceremoniously entered into conversation with him. His discourse was that of a well informed peasant, and his diction that of an old man who has acquired confidence by a long intercourse with the world.

“I think, old man,” said my uncle, “this would be a happy part of the country, in these troublesome times of which we read in history. It is so shut out on every side, that an enemy could never find them.” The old man cast his eyes on the ground for a moment, as if counting the blades of grass ; and then turning to my uncle, replied ; “If there be any truth in the stories of old people whom I have heard talk about those times, this country suffered sadly by the Scotch. Only go to the top of Kirkstone yonder, and you’ll find a heap of stones that would build a city ; and old folks say they were heaped up as a monument of a battle which took place there. It is said, too, that there was a camp down in yon meadows below the town, where an

army was kept for hundreds of years to drive the Scots away, when they came to steal sheep and cattle among these valleys. I believe that this is true, for our parson says that he has a book that mentions all about it; and you know if it be in a book, it *must* be true." "Without asserting every thing to be true which is found in books," replied my uncle, "I have no doubt that there was a Roman station somewhere in the neighbourhood of Ambleside, and that it was called Dictis. And according to the best accounts which I can procure," continued my uncle, "the camp was a parallelogram, 165 yards by 100; and was surrounded by a strong rampart and a ditch. A part of the Cohors Nerviorum Dictentium was stationed here. It is likewise said, that about a century and a half ago, many ruins of the ancient Amboglana of the Romans were to be seen here. Roman bricks were found in the station, as well as urns, coins, glass lachrymals, &c.—" "Quernstones and lachrymals!" exclaimed the old man in astonishment, "I never saw or heard of any such things about Ambleside." "I perhaps ought," said my uncle, "to explain these terms. Quernstones were small millstones with which the soldiers ground their corn for bread; and lachrymals are——" "Weeping mugs," replied my father. "My uncle," observed my sister, "has mounted his antiquarian hobby, and I should not be surprised if it gallop with him from Manchester to Old Carlisle, as it often does. It is the most unmanageable steed that ever man mounted; for it never can be stopped."

Whether my uncle overheard my sister's remarks, or he was offended at my father's very vulgar explanation of the word lachrymal, I cannot tell; but he dismounted from his hobby, and gave the bridle to the winds.

"The cool bracing air of these hills," my sister remarked, "must conduce very much to the health and strength of the inhabitants." The old man again seized the idea to introduce some more of his traditional lore; for he appeared to have been a careful preserver of old stories, all of which he firmly believed.

"That this country has produced strong men," replied the old man, "is clear from Hugh Hird, the Troutbeck giant." "Was he something remarkable?" enquired my uncle. "He was a stronger man than either Sampson or Tom Hickathrift," he replied. "What strange associations," whispered my sister, "take place in the minds of the uneducated. I have no doubt but he considers the story of Tom Hickathrift equally authentic, as that of Sampson!" "And where did the Troutbeck giant live?" said my uncle. "He lived in Troutbeck, to be sure," answered the old man. "When they built Kentmere Hall—you'll have heard of Kentmere Hall? one Gilpin lived at it—" "I hope," said my father, "the existence of the Troutbeck giant in nowise depends upon our knowledge of Kentmere Hall." "No," replied the old man, rather piqued, "Hugh Hird was dead and gone, long before you were born. And if you dispute it, you may go into



Troutbeck, and enquire for Hird House, and Hird parrock, and Hird brig, and Hugh Hird wife park; and you'll find them all. The very house where he lived was part of it standing since I remember, though it is pulled down now." "But what connexion had Kentmere Hall with all this?" enquired my father. "None at all," replied the old man; "but when they built it, ten men had for a long time been trying to lift one end of a beam; and they could not stir it. But while they were at dinner, Hugh Hird came by, and laid it up himself." "Such a man," observed my father, "would make a rapid progress at a dinner table." "Yes," said the old man, "he had an excellent appetite. Once, a long time, before post-boys and mail-coaches were invented, Lord Dacre, who lived then just over these hills, hired him to go to London to tell the king about some Scotch freebooters who came down on the dark winter nights to rob his brother's sheep pastures at Naworth Castle. Hugh Hird set off on foot to London, a terrible journey then to what it is now. When he got thither, the king behaved very well to him, and asked him what he would have to dinner? He said they might cook him the *sunny side of a wether*. This puzzled the king and all his attendants most sadly. At length they found out that a wether was a sheep, but it was a long time before they could tell which was the sunny side. When they were nearly all puzzled, the king bethought himself, the sun shone on all sides of a sheep; and he therefore ordered the whole sheep to be cooked, which Hugh Hird de-

voured for his dinner. When he had done, he stroked down his waistcoat, and told the king that he had not got so good a dinner since he left Troutbeck." "Indeed," said my father, "I think the mail-coach would travel to London and back for less expense than Hugh Hird. Half a dozen such men would be enough to make a famine in the country."

"If," said my sister, "such a man as Hugh Hird could possibly come again, he would be astonished at the alterations which have taken place in the country since his days?" "He would indeed," replied the old man; "but I never heard tell of his coming again." "Did you ever hear of any body coming again?" enquired my father. "O yes!" answered the old man, "very often: the skulls at Old Calgarth Hall are proofs of that." "What!" said my father, "did the skulls come again?" "Certainly they did," he replied.

"You see," continued our garrulous acquaintance, "long since, long before the Bishop of Landaff built yon fine house by the water side, there was one Philipson lived at Old Calgarth. And there was an old man and his wife lived in a cottage of their own, partly in Philipson's estate. This place Philipson was very anxious to buy, but the old folks would not sell it. He tried every kind means to win it, but they would not part with it. They went almost every day to Calgarth for broken meat; for Philipson was, like the present owner, very charitable to the poor. And it happened once when they went, that the servants

gave them a whole pie, into which had been put some silver spoons. When they had got about half way over the park, the servants pursued them and took the spoons from them. They were then taken up and hanged for stealing; and Philipson got the cottage." "It is almost like Naboth and his vineyard, which we read of in the Bible," said my uncle. "That story," said the old man, "may be taken from this, for any thing I know. However Philipson was sadly tormented; for as soon as they were buried, their skulls came and stood in one of the rooms; and he could not get clear of them. If he took them away, they were back again next morning. And I have heard a man say that lived there, that he has seen them beat to powder and thrown into Windermere, but they were there again when he got up."

"There probably may," said my uncle, "be some foundation for the story of Hugh Hird; but there can be none for the skull story." "As far as I can learn," said Mr. Green, "the real story is simply this. In former times, when the catholic clergy were compelled to seek safety in retirement from the persecution of the reformers—for all reform is attended with confusion—a pious hermit retreated to Calgarth; and turned one of the rooms into a cell; and these skulls were brought thither for devotional purposes. As to their indestructible properties, what they may have possessed, I will not pretend to say; but I believe they are gone now. Paintings of the Virgin Mary, and several

other saints, with which the walls of the room are covered, clearly prove the truth of my statement." "If," said the old man, rather angrily, "you believe the Testament, you must this story; for you will find that Golgotha meant the 'place of a skull;' and Golgotha and Calgarth are so near alike, that they must have both one meaning!"

Though we had been much amused with the old man's garrulity; we grew tired of it when he began to assert such extravagances. We therefore bade him good bye, and returned to the inn.

The evening was most delightfully spent among the different walks in this neighbourhood; all of which we found minutely described in a Guide to the Lakes which Mr. Green has just published, and which we purchased for our future pilot.

The sun went down remarkably clear, and promised a fine day for our morrow's journey; and I retired to my room to write an account of this day's ramble, and to tell you how much I am

Your loving brother,

LEONARD ATKINS.

*Ambleside, August, 1820.*

## LETTER VII.

GENIUS AND THE LAKES—GRASMERE—LITTLE  
LANGDALE—THE COMPARISON OF THE LAKE  
MOUNTAINS TO A WHEEL—LANGDALE HEAD—  
THE WISHES.

DEAR TOM,—You tell me that when you visited Westminster Abbey, during your late journey to London, you felt an indescribable sensation pervade your bosom, while wandering through the lonely and final residence of the Sons of Genius. You pictured before your imagination the solemn register of those whose immortal labours had so often solaced a passing hour, and sighed that you could only converse with them in fancy. But what would you feel if you were travelling through a country like this?—the birth-place, the residence, or the depository of exalted genius. Within a few miles of us, the celebrated philosopher, WALKER, first drew the vital air. It was among these mountains, that JUDGE WILSON passed his infancy. It was here that the incomparable BISHOP WATSON, like a setting summer sun, sunk to his last repose. In this neighbourhood the kind and benevolent DR. AINSLIE first beheld the light of heaven. ARCHBISHOP

SANDYS was a native of these hills. BURN, the antiquarian, grew in this country. CHAMBERS of undying fame was nurtured hereabouts. The celebrated BERNARD GILPIN has often trod the very ground we have been treading to-day. ROMNEY, whose never fading monument is found in almost every house, owed his origin to these vales. And even the great ADDISON was a plant from the same nursery.

Nor has the light of genius entirely vanished from the country. In the little, lovely vale of Grasmere, through which we have this day travelled, has the mantle of the muses often been spread. Here resided the inspired but unfortunate LLOYD. As we passed the cottage where he spent his happier days, my sister observed, "Surely Mr. Lloyd must have had some presentiment of his future insanity when he wrote these lines :

" ' When shall I be wise and forget ?

" ' For 'tis madness to feel and to think ! "

" You need not say his *future* insanity," replied my father; "all poets are mad. No man in his senses would waste his time in stringing rhymes together to please fools with !" "I suppose," whispered my sister to me, "that my father builds part of his claim to wisdom, on his possessing no relish for poetry." "And no doubt," replied my uncle, who overheard her, "those who are incapable of being soothed with a concord of sweet sounds, will readily allow the claim." "Have you also caught the satirical infection?" answered my sister. For

though she chose to be a little severe on my father herself, she would not permit any other person to assume the privilege.

COLERIDGE, the poet and dabbler in the darkest parts of metaphysics, was also an inhabitant of this seclusion. "If," said my father, "to wander in a path unknown to other men, be any proof of genius, then Coleridge is the greatest genius of the age. For he has not only pursued a different road from other men, but one which no other can follow—he loses his reader, and I am mistaken if he does not lose himself very frequently." "Well," said my uncle, Coleridge may sometimes be mysterious, but WORDSWORTH, another genius of the Lakes residing in this neighbourhood, cannot be charged with mysterious flights. He can be easily understood." "Oh!" replied my sister, "are we near the residence of that sweetly simple poet whom all the world talks about?" "Yes," said my uncle, "we have passed his residence only a few miles. He lives in one of the sweetest spots, they say, about the Lakes."

You will naturally suppose that we are moving forward all this time, but whether on foot, in a chaise, or in Wordsworth's boat, will be a dispute. The truth is, we hired a shandry to carry us to Little Langdale, the road being too rough for any other conveyance. Beside, the day was so fine, we considered an open vehicle of this kind was preferable to any other. My father, uncle, and sister, occupied the seat, while I sat on the head with the

driver; and we jolted charmingly away after we left Grasmere.

I know not how I can better describe this beautiful valley, than by my father's simile. "It puts me in mind," said he, as we ascended the road by Tail End, "of a wash-hand basin, with a little drop of water in the bottom." "Yes," said my uncle, "and to complete the comparison, the island may look like a piece of soap, which some careless person has left in the water." To me, Tom, it seemed like a little vale where Nature had poured all her sweets. The valley is small. A still lake sleeps in the bottom—at least it slept when we were there—a circle of majestic hills environs it on every side; yet all finely varied in their shapes. A tract of level ground, under the shelter of a towering hill, is brightened by a lovely village, with its neat white church. And you will agree with me, that there is nothing so delightful as a neat village church.

On ascending the hill above Tail End, I turned round to take perhaps a last farewell of one of the sweetest vales under heaven. "Happy tenants of this happy vale," exclaimed my sister, "you little know the blessings you enjoy. Nature has heaped her richest beauties around you. Every returning day presents you a picture which all the pencils in the world cannot imitate. Surely a scene like this must impress the heart with feelings of devotion, and prompt the ready song of praise to Him who thus bounteously prepares for the highest gratification of his creatures." "I agree with you



there," said my uncle; "I have long held it as a favourite opinion, that the Deity has designed us for much of what is called pleasures of sense. Had it not been so, why have we all this diversity of colours in nature? One would have done for us—the rest are given for pleasure. One sound might have served all the business of life; but we are presented with an almost infinite variety of sounds, all agreeable in their different tones—these are intended for pleasure. The beautiful variety in the herbs and flowers is for our amusement. Every species of tree has a different hue, because these hues are agreeable. The earth is green, the rocks are grey, and the sky is blue for our pleasure. Even these are again varied to please us—the morning is spangled with a thousand dyes, the mid-day sky is speckled with clouds, the evening tinged with gold and crimson, and the silent night gemmed with living lustre to please us. The charming sensation of heat, the softness of the grass we tread, and the sweetness of the air we breathe, are all intended to give us pleasure." And turning to my sister with a smile, "Nor is 'the human face divine' less an object of pleasure. The unequalled lustre of the sparkling eye, the soft vermillion of the cheek and lips, the snowy whiteness of the teeth, the shadowy brown of those waving ringlets which adorn the face on either side, are all designed for the pleasure of man." "But," replied my sister, with a blush, "there are persons who imagine they are pleasing our bounteous Creator, by stripping the

female face of those waving ringlets you so much admire—and call it religion!" "And there are some persons," said my father, "who imagine they please themselves," looking under my sister's bonnet, "by concealing their faces altogether under a stack of straw—and call it fashion!"

This conversation was interrupted by our arriving at High Close, where we had so delightful a view of Loughrigg Tarn, with the soft meadow and woodland surrounding it; over which we caught a glimpse of Windermere, and the high grounds about Troutbeck and Orrest Head. Had the horse been as fond of rural scenery as I was, we should have gone no farther. But the cart kept moving on, and we presently found ourselves descending towards Langdale. Elterwater, with its morass, lay at our feet, and Langdale Pikes, so often an object of beauty, now stood in all their majesty, close to us.

We passed a few straggling farm-houses, at Elterwater head, and began to ascend, by the slate quarries, to Little Langdale. We now found ourselves in a country of comparative barrenness. Huge misshapen hills presented themselves on every side. The roads narrow and extremely rugged, steep and difficult of ascent.

Little Langdale is constructed like a deep dish, with a small dirty tarn in the middle. This vale is situated in close contiguity to some of the highest hills in the kingdom, in consequence of which it is remarkably subject to rain. My uncle asked an old man who was looking after some sheep on the hill,

"If the rain in these parts was not very detrimental to the crops?" "Wya," replied he, "it rather plagues us sometimes; but we talk of gitting a lid mead, an' then wee's be better off." "I think indeed," said my father, "you almost might get a lid for it."

Under a lofty hill to the east side of Little Langdale, we called at a farm house belonging to an old "statesman," as they term them here, called William Tyson. The good old hospitable farmer set before us new milk, home-brewed beer, butter, bread and cheese, and kindly invited us to "help oursels." My uncle entered into conversation with him respecting the Lake Mountains. He appeared to have read nothing but the book of nature. He was well acquainted with the arrangement of the hills, and gave us a better idea of the country, my uncle observed, than could be obtained from the best written work extant. The following is the substance of the old man's remarks.

"I can compare the lake mountains," said William Tyson, "to nothing so natural as a cart wheel, with nine spokes; only they are some of them crooked. I call the hills Bowfell, Scawfell, and the Pikes, the *nave* of the wheel, and the long ridges which run from them, I call the *spokes*. I will begin on the east side; and I will mark them on this flag with this piece of burnt wood. Those three dots altogether, are Bowfell, Scawfell, and the Pikes; now, that spoke is Langdale Pikes, and the range of hills which run behind Grasmere, Rydal, Ambleside,

Bowness, and down to Cartmelfell.—The next spoke, look you, is yon which you see across the valley; it runs down by Coniston Old Man, and divides Torver from Seathwaite.—The third takes in Hard Knot and Wrynose, and divides Seathwaite from Eskdale.—The fourth, shoots away to Ravenglass, and divides Eskdale from Miterdale.—The fifth takes in the Screes, and divides Miterdale from Wasdale.—The sixth is a very thick knotty spoke, and takes in Yewbarrow, Seatallan, and the Pillar, and divides Wasdale from Ennerdale.—The seventh takes in High Stile and Red Pike, and divides Ennerdale from Buttermere.—The eighth takes in Cawsey Pike, Grasmoor, Whiteside, and Grisdale Pike, and divides Buttermere from Borrowdale and Keswick vale. The ninth, is a smaller spoke, and divides Borrowdale from Leaths water. These spokes, or branches of hills, are many of them again divided into less branches, with vallies between them.”

“This,” observed my uncle, “is very like the account given by Mr. Wordsworth, in his late publication. Have you ever seen that book?” “No,” replied the old man, “I see no books. But if we were on Bowfell, I could let you see down all these vallies in a two hour’s walk; though I am so plagued with the rheumatism now, I don’t think I could get up so high.” “Are we to suppose,” said my uncle, “that Mr. Wordsworth has borrowed this idea from an old dalelander, and then published it as his own?” “Oh, no,” said my father, “Mr. Wordsworth will call it a coincidence of ideas!”

After our refreshment in Little Langdale, we proceeded to Langdale Head, along a road of nature's own making, and a rough job she has made of it. Though the jolting of the road was almost insupportable, the view of Blea Tarn, with Langdale lakes beyond it, was exquisite. We rested awhile to rest on the sublime scene, before we descended the steep and rugged road into Langdale Head. This head of the vale was the wildest spot I had yet seen, surrounded on every side but one by hills whose summits appeared to hold communion with the skies—we saw no possible egress. A few lonely farm houses invited us to seek refreshment, which was now become necessary. The mistress of the house where we alighted, was one of those interesting females whose countenances are indexes to every thing generous. She presented us with bread and butter and new milk. While we feasted on this delicious mountain fare, she informed us that there was no road into Borrowdale excepting over a place called the Stake, which was so steep that we could only pass it on foot, and even that with difficulty, as it was nearly two thousand feet high. Besides, she said, the day was far advanced, and there was not another house within ten miles. And in conclusion pressed us very hard to stay all night in her cottage; where, though the fare and accommodations might be homely, the meat was wholesome, and the beds clean. My uncle felt himself so fatigued with riding over the hill from Langdale, that his own limbs

and the good woman's persuasion soon induced him to accept her hospitable offer.

When we had a little recovered our fatigue, we rambled down the vale, to admire the beauty and sublimity of this astonishing place. As we wandered along the margin of the river we fell in with a rather intelligent rustic, who was fishing, with considerable success. My sister was exceedingly delighted with the sport, and solicited the favour of the rod to try her hand; and either by skill or chance drew a trout to the shore. She was so much elated with her success, that she would not quickly have restored the rod to its owner, had not a shower compelled us all to seek shelter in the peasant's cottage, which luckily happened to be near. He kindly invited us to take a little refreshment, as he said, "in a free way;" and we would not hurt the poor man's pride by a refusal. We must be fatigued with walking, he observed, "For these quality sort of folk can bide nought." He therefore pressed us to taste a little whisky, which he represented as genuine. It being a liquor my father had never tasted, he was easily induced to accept the kindly meant offer. My uncle too was pleased with it, and asked him where he procured it. He replied, with a significant wave of his head, "it is made in the neighbouring mountains. But the person who makes it, will sell it to none but friends, because it is smuggled." My uncle who is not only a loyalist but a patriot, in their unadulterated acceptance, looked very earnestly at our host, and replied, "I had formed a

much better opinion of you than to suppose you would have encouraged such pests of society as smugglers, by purchasing their illicit goods ! Do you know that by every gallon you purchase, you are actually robbing the public to the amount of the duty on the article ?” “ I know nothing about that,” said he ; “ but I know that several gentlemen and respectable tradesmen and even the parson of — encourage him. And when such men lead the way, I think I may safely follow.” “ If, these men,” said my uncle, “ choose to act contrary to the laws of the country, this is no excuse for you. You owe obedience to the government, and are bound to support it.” “ And so I will,” he replied, “ to the last drop of my blood. But these gentlemen are all loyal too, for they signed the loyal address as well as me, and are taking all the methods they can to crush the radicals.” “ They are only half and half loyalists,” said my uncle, “ if they defend the king with one hand and rob him with the other.” But finding the poor man so resolute to copy the example of his superiors, whether right or wrong, my uncle desisted ; and the evening, soon after, clearing up, we thanked him for his civility, and left the cottage. As we walked on, I peeped over my uncle’s arm, and observed him writing in his memorandum book—*Mem : To send a few copies of Dr. Franklin’s Strictures on Smuggling, into this country.*

When we regained the farm house at Langdale Head, the farmer and his servants were coming in from the mowing field. This may appear strange

to you, when you recollect it is now the middle of August. It seemed curious to me. When we left Preston, they had nearly finished their corn harvest; and here at a distance of only sixty miles, they are commencing their hay harvest.

The farmer gave us a hearty welcome to his "humble cot and hamely fare;" and my uncle and he entered warmly into conversation respecting sheep farms.

While my father, my uncle, and the farmer were thus employed, I and my sister, the farmer's daughter, (a very pretty girl by the bye,) the farmer's son, and a young person or two beside, amused ourselves by telling stories behind the long table. The farmer's son was an excellent hand; and told them with quite a dramatic effect. This manner of spending the evening appeared rather novel to me, but from what I can learn it is the usual plan in this country. When the labour of the day is over they retire to the fire, in winter; and behind the long table, or else to the stone at the door, in summer.

"I wish," said the farmer's pretty daughter, "that I had nothing to do but travel over the hills. I should like it exceedingly."—You see, Tom, she was a girl of taste.—"*If thou hed that wish,*" said her mother, "*thou wod want summet else.*" "Yes," said her brother, "she wod be lik't tailyer:—A tailyer was yance coming from wark, and a fairy com to him, and told him he mud hev three wishes. Then, sed he, I wish to be the best singer in this country; nest I wish every thing I pull at may



stretch out a yard ivery way ; and then I can make all my screads into waistcoat pieces ; next I wish that ivery thing I strike at may drop to pieces, and then nobody dare skit at me for being a tailyer. It shall be so in twenty-four hours, said the fairy. The next evening the tailyer went to a crag and sat him down to sing ; and was so delighted with his singing that he blew his nose ; his nose stretched out a yard every way, according to his second wish. The poor fellow was almost mad with vexation ; and in his anger, struck his knee with his hand ; the knee instantly dropped to pieces, according to his third wish. And the poor tailyer hopped home again, with one leg and a huge nose, as the fruits of his wishes." "Our Mary would be no better," said the mother, "if she had three wishes." Mary looked archly at her mother, (for she was witty as well as handsome,) and observed that any of us would be as foolish as her in our wishes. After a few remarks, it was agreed, that we should each make one wish ; that we should write them on slips of paper, and put them under an inverted basin on the table. That when we had all done, I should take them out and read them. All the company, my father even, joined us at this rural game of wishing. Paper was produced ; and after a long silence, and much study, the various wishes were deposited safely under the basin. How loudly every heart beat, how slowly every breath was drawn, and how steadily every eye followed the motion of my hand, I leave you to judge. Had the fate of empires

hung on the contents of the basin, it could not have excited a higher interest. I enjoyed the suspense ; and slowly drew out the first billet—it was

*My uncle's wish.*

"I WISH FOR GOOD FELLOWSHIP THROUGH THE WORLD."

"I should have known that to be my uncle's wish," said my sister, "even without his name. It is so like him." I lifted the basin again, and drew out

*The farmer's wish.*

"i WISH FOR DRY WEDDUR TUL HAYTIM IS O'ER."

"A very natural wish for a farmer," said my father. "And a very comfortable wish for us," said my sister ; "considering that we have to continue our excursion sometime yet." I slowly drew another slip of paper from beneath the basin and read

*The daughter's wish.*

"MAY I NEVER REPENT OF HAVING SEEN HIM."

"Seen wha?" asked the mother. "The game is wishing; not confessing," replied the daughter. I thought this was a sensible expression ; and she spoke it so prettily. I should have wished to know who this *him* was. Though I think it could not be me. The next slip of paper happened to be

*My father's wish.*

"I WISH FOLKS WOULD WISH FOR MORE SENSE, AND LET WISHING ALONE."

"Wishing for more sense is wishing," said my sister. But my father made no answer ; and I drew out

*The wife's wish.*

"I WISH DUNNEY MAI HEF A BUL KOFE."

"A Bull calf!" exclaimed my father ; "what

particular benefit would that be?" "Why," said she, "we could feed it off, and then make cheese; and there would be some benefit in that." The farmer acquiesced, and I drew out

*The son's wish.*

"I WISH THAT ALL I CAN SEE WAS MINE."

"All you can see!" exclaimed his father; "pray what can you see but the house? and that will be yours; so you are likely to get your wish." "I can see more than the house," said he; fixing his eyes on my sister. She blushed, and he bore her company. There was now only one paper under the basin, which was

*My sister's wish.*

"I WISH TO BE CONTENT WITH WHAT HEAVEN SENDS."

They all agreed that this was the best wish that had been read. And as the evening was far advanced, we proposed an adjournment. "You'll only find our rooms plain," said the farmer's wife; "but they are clean; and I hope you'll sleep comfortably." After bidding them good night, we retired to our repose, with light spirits, though a little weary.

Your loving brother,

LEONARD ATKINS.

*Langdale Head, August, 1820.*

## LETTER VIII.

THE BORROWDALE POET, WITH SAMPLES AND CRITICISMS—STONETHWAITE FLOODS—LIME, WATER, AND FIRE—BOWDER STONE—GORGE OF BORROWDALE—LOWDORE.

DEAR TOM,—“Ye mun gang up t’ hill about a quarter ev a mile; then ye mun cross t’ beck, and gang up tother side to t’ top; then ye mun gang oor a bit ev mossy ground, an’ turn to your left hand; then ye mun gang down t’ hill into Borrowdale, an’ t’ first house ye come at, will be Steanthet; and then ye kna ye can enquire again.” Such were the directions which the servant-man gave us as we left the cart and prepared to climb the Stake into Borrowdale. “Ye’ll find it a lang way an’ varra brant,” said he, stopping the horse, “an’ I doubt that bonny young woman will be sadly teared afore she gits to t’ top.”

We had scarcely taken leave of our rustic conductor, when a rather singular personage, almost out of breath, overtook us. He had staid last night, he said, at the inn, in great Langdale, and was intending to proceed over the *Stake* into Borrowdale. I said nothing; but, between you and me, Tom, he would

have made a good Parson Adams—I mean with regard to his figure. He informed us that he was a poet, in search of rural subjects; for he believed that hills, and vales, and rocks, and woods, had a thousand times more poetry in them, than the most splendid scenes of human art. “Here is a new curiosity,” whispered my sister; “here is a poetical Doctor Syntax in search of the picturesque.”

“I think,” said my uncle, anxious to commence a conversation in which the poet might join us, “that Pope is undoubtedly the finest describer of rural scenery, in the list of poets.” “I beg to differ from you there,” said the poet; “what can we comprehend from his Windsor Forest, to which I presume you allude?”

‘The earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.’

If the earth roll from under the horse, there is no occasion for the horse to fly; and if the horse fly there is no occasion for the earth to roll back;—to say nothing of the falsehood of both members of the proposition.” “And pray,” said my uncle, “what would you have said?” “I, or any other poet of the modern school,” he replied, “would merely have said;—

‘When the rider only whips,  
‘He lifts one leg and then another;  
‘And then a third leg up he lifts,  
‘And then he lifts its brother.

‘But when the rider whips and spurs,  
‘He lifts two legs together;  
‘The other two so quick he lifts,  
‘You can’t distinguish whether.’”

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"This," said my father, "is undoubtedly very beautiful; but I am so dull, I really do not see where the beauty lies." "Oh," replied the poet, "the beauty consists in the minuteness of the detail. Any person might tell you that a horse was swift; but only a real poet could point out the minute particulars of that swiftness. The more of these incidental points we can collect together, the finer we reckon the poetry." "Then I perceive," observed my father, "that fashionable poetry is something like old fashioned clumsy prose." "You are no poet, I perceive," replied the poet indignantly.

My sister, wishing to restore harmony between the poet and my father, observed, "That Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* is certainly *equal* to any of our modern poems. It abounds in detail, and minute description——" "I beg pardon for interrupting you," rejoined the poet; "but Goldsmith is far too general and too artificial in his descriptions. He aims, like Thompson, at making a vivid picture rather than a faithful one. His alehouse scene, which was formerly much admired, is like any thing but an alehouse. I will repeat you a few stanzas on this subject of my own composing:—

' Upon the hearthstone burns the fire,  
' A fire that's made of peats;  
' The peats were got on Hagdale fall,  
' And dried with summer heats.

' The guests are seated round the board,  
' A board with pipes bespread,  
' And each has got a pint of ale—  
' The pints are made of lead.

‘The board is made of ashen wood—  
 ‘A simple three-legged stand;  
 ‘Which the good housewife washes clean,  
 ‘And makes it white with sand.

‘The landlord wears a fustian coat;—  
 ‘They call him Andrew Cheetham;  
 ‘He smokes his pipe and cracks his joke,  
 ‘And drinks when any treat him.

‘The ale is strong, and farmer Hodge  
 ‘Can hardly keep his legs——’”

This elegant specimen of the modern school was however interrupted; for by this time, we had reached the crossing of the *beck*, of which the farmer's servant had informed us. The poet, whose eyes were naturally turned upwards, looking for the inspiration of his muse, never discovered the brook, and tumbled in. My father, who was stepping upon a smooth stone had nearly been thrown into the same stream, by the conjoint influence of the poet and his poetry. Without much difficulty the dripping poet was safely landed upon the farther bank. My sister wiped the water from his face with her kerchief, and soothed him with the prospect of being soon dry. My uncle deplored the accident, and cheered him with the contents of a small flask of brandy, which he had brought from Ambleside. My father pretended to lament very much that this accident had deprived us of the remainder of his *beautiful* (an emphasis on beautiful) poem: but hoped that this dip in the Heliconian stream would brighten up his poetic powers, and be the means of bringing the *modern* school to still higher, or, to use their own term, to more *minute* perfection.

The poet appeared neither to admire the immersion in the stream, nor my father's ill timed jests upon the subject; and we continued to ascend the hill in silence. When we arrived near the summit, we sat down by mutual consent, as we had often done before. But how shall I make you see, as the French say, the magnificent prospect which now lay before us! Langdale, with all its inequalities, lay at our feet; at a beautiful distance, lay Windermere, with all its circumjacencies of woods and hills. The charming vale of Conistoun opened just before us. Beyond these, were Lancaster and Ulverston sands, Low Furness, the sea, the Isle of Man, the town of Lancaster and a large extent of level country beyond it, and, but for Longridge fell, I could have seen Preston. You cannot conceive how my heart beat when my eye glanced over the spot where I first drew breath. The blue vapour which hovered over the place where Preston *must be, might* arise from the very town which is so dear to us all. I could not help thinking, does any heart feel a want of us? Does any individual in that proud but delightful town, ever turn a thought towards the lake tourists? It might be a weakness in me, Tom, but at that moment, I would have given half the world, had it been mine to give, for one glimpse of

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[Here a few lines are carefully erased in the original letter, which we shall by no means attempt to supply.---Ed ]

We at length reach the highest elevation, and began to descend into the grand and magnificent



vale of Borrowdale. The scene here was sublime beyond expression. And you know, Tom, I am an enthusiastic admirer of the sublime in nature—except in the fair sex, and there, I confess, Tom, I give preference to the *beautiful*, and I am much mistaken if my brother at Cambridge would not do the same, if he had seen as many lovely faces as I have done since I entered the lake district. You could perhaps find no other place where you could meet with so *few* homely women as in this country. They are almost universally distinguished for a freshness of complexion, (which in spite of all the dandyism of the day I must and will admire,) for a symmetry of shape and an agility of limb, which strongly reminds one of the fabled Arcadia.

When we reached the foot bridge at the head of Borrowdale, we had a long consultation how we were to pass over it. The bridge consisted of nothing but a small oak tree, about six inches in diameter, flatted a little on one side. It was laid across the river, and rested upon two rocks, presenting no very pleasing prospect of the stream dashing over the crags at a considerable depth below. The poet could compare the passage to nothing but Scylla and Charybdis. My uncle thought it resembled the access to the Mahomedan paradise, as described in the Alcoran. And my father, pointing to the bridge, thought it was no great compliment to our united wisdom to say that we were put to a stand by so small a matter! My sister, lovely and lively as the summer butterfly, stepped across the narrow

path with as much gaiety and agility as if she had been parading Avenham terrace. The poet gazed with admiration; and, whether stimulated by the dip in the brook, or that there is something poetical about a handsome female, I cannot say, but he actually complimented her with the following impromptu :

“Light and airy, trips the fairy  
Maiden o’er the stream;  
Fair in feature, lovely creature,  
Nature’s brightest beam.

Young and blooming, unpresuming,  
Innocently gay;  
God befriended thee, angels tend thee;—  
Shall thy poet say.”

“‘Shall thy poet *say*!’” exclaimed my father; “should it not be, ‘shall thy poet *sing*?’ You know poets never *say* any thing: they always *sing* their wishes and their thanks. You will recollect what De Foe says;

“They unsung their praises---and unsaid their prayers.”

evidently alluding to the poets and the parsons. It is undoubtedly the office of poets to sing.” The poet turned round his vinegar aspect, and replied, “Do you never sacrifice a single word for rhyme? *Sing* would not have rhymed with *gay*!” “You are right,” observed my uncle, “according to Butler’s rule—

“One for sense and one for rhyme,  
Are quite sufficient at a time.”

“You must recollect,” said the poet, “that this

is only the first edition. In the second I may perhaps alter *say* into *pray*—thus,

‘ Shall your poet *pray*. ’ ”

Whether my father did not wish to persecute the poor bard any more, or that he really approved of the proposed alteration, I cannot say; but he pursued the subject no farther.

I wish I could convey some idea of the grandeur of this secluded vale, environed by such majestic mountains. At the foot of the hills, there is but just room for the bed of the river; and our unfrequented track lay along the declivity of the hill. The stupendous mountains, on either hand, reared themselves into the clouds, with acclivities so nearly perpendicular, that the eye felt fatigued in scanning their bold and rugged summits. Travelling five or six miles between these gigantic walls of grey rock, we reached a patch of cultivated ground; where crossing a rather superior bridge, we found ourselves in a genuine mountain road. These roads are never repaired by any regular plan; but the farmers occasionally, as they return from the fields, fill a cart with stones, and empty them in the dirtiest part of the road—thus exchanging one inconvenience for another.

The first human habitation we beheld, was the little obscure village of Stonethwaite, neatly sheltered with trees. “ We are now,” exclaimed my sister, approaching a civilized country.” “ Indeed,” rejoined my uncle, “ here are symptoms of

civilization." "Yes," said my father; "and superior to the honest Hibernian's, who after crossing a desolate moor, was cheered with the sight of a man in a gibbet. 'Arrah, honey!' he exclaimed, 'we are coming into a civilized country, sure enough, for here is a man in a gibbet!'"

We had now traversed nearly ten miles of the roughest road in the north of England, and we naturally supposed from our own feelings, that my sister must be tired. We therefore called at the first house in the village; which from the good woman's account, was inhabited by a family from Lancaster. The estate had recently been left them by a deceased relation, and they retired to it in order to spend the rest of their days in peace and comfort. Here we were regaled with oat bread and butter, and new milk, to which my uncle added a little rum he had brought from Ambleside. And, believe me, Tom, if there be a delicacy, exquisite beyond all others, it is bread and butter; moistened with rum and new milk; after crossing the Stake into Borrowdale, never in my life did I enjoy so delicious a treat. It seemed to give new animation to my whole frame; and the fatigues of the journey vanished before its magic influence.

Having sated our appetites, and rested awhile, we engaged the farmer's market cart to carry us forward towards Keswick. The farmer's son, an intelligent, jocular young man, was appointed to be our conductor. As we moved along the vale, he pointed out to us, the ravages which the heavy rains had

occasioned on the boat-race day; (mentioned in a preceding letter;) in many places the streams from the mountains had covered large tracks of meadow of several acres extent, with stones and gravel. In other places, the stream had ploughed up the surface, leaving furrows nearly three feet deep and as many yards wide; throwing the rubbish upon the uncult grass.

On the night of the regatta day, just after the dalelanders had retired to rest, the young man told us, the river began to swell beyond its usual banks. The noise of the torrent was awful, and a house near its banks, not far from Stonethwaite, became the victim of its ungovernable fury. The stream carried away the the corner of the cottage; and the overflowing river, by surrounding the house, cut off all egress. One of the boys was fortunate enough to make his escape, before the water became too deep; but the mother, with two or three helpless infants, dared not to trust herself to the darkness of the night and the accumulating flood. Every moment the water rose higher, and every moment the situation of the cottagers became more desperate. The stream had just carried away the corner of the cottage, the young man said, when he and some others arrived. The distracted mother appeared at an upper window, with two children in her arms crying for help, in terms that would have melted any heart, not callous to the voice of humanity. Our guide told us with much modesty, and notwithstanding a blush, that he was fortunate enough to extricate a very lovely

young woman who was nearly falling a victim to the flood. "I got her," said he, "behind me, on the back of Whitefoot, (Whitefoot is an excellent wader,) and she clung so closely round me, and felt so thankful for my kindness;"—"indeed," he continued, "I felt as happy as she could do, that I had it in my power to save her life."

I think I have heard you say, Tom, that there is in every heart, which has not erased every trait of its heavenly original, a natural stimulant which spurs it forward to the assistance of a female in distress; and that to such a heart there is no pleasure equal to an opportunity of exercising this benevolent disposition. You add, I believe, that it is an unerring proof of depravity when a man can remain unmoved by a woman's cries. And that you would as soon trust yourself in the paws of a tiger, as in the hands of a man who can smile at a woman's tears. And that you would avoid, as you would avoid a rattle snake, the man who would cause them. Was it to this heavenly principle that the young man owed the pleasure he felt, on preserving the life of the fair cottager?

As we proceeded down the vale, it began to expand, and about the romantic village of Crosthwaite, I never saw any thing more delightful. The hills were so bold and magnificent—the fields so beautiful—the foliage of the woods so luxuriant—and the windings of the river so fantastic.

"Happy people!" exclaimed my uncle, "you are ignorant of the vexations attendant on more public

life!" "They are ignorant enough," replied the young man; "but much less so, I understand, than they were a century ago." "Pray," said my sister, "what might their state of ignorance be at that day?" "I will give you an instance of it," continued the youth.

"A long time, I cannot tell how long, an old man had been beyond Keswick to fetch a load of lime.—In these days they carried all their lime in sacks, upon horses; for carts were not then invented. Indeed they had not a road which a cart could have travelled on. When he came at that bridge which we have just passed, there came a shower of rain—the lime began to smoke—and the old farmer began to fear his horse and sack would take fire. In order to prevent these dreadful accidents, he procured a hatful of water from the river, to quench the lime. This, instead of curing, increased the smoke; and the old man emptied the lime into the river, very wisely declaring, 'That the Dule was i't seek, for water wod' n't slocken it!'"

He told a number of amusing stories; particularly one which even made my father reduce his misanthropic features into a smile. And I doubt not but it would have become the subject of some future epic, had we not unfortunately left the poet at Stonethwaite.

"A number of Borrowdale wise men once resolved to secure the cuckoo in the vale, by erecting a wall across the entrance, and thus make summer last all the year. They had just finished the fence,

and were exulting in the success of their wisdom, when the cuckoo flew over the inclosure! ‘Od rose,’ exclaimed an old man, ‘if i’ had been a single cam heegher, it cud n’t a gitten oot!’”

“I really,” said my uncle, “do not know what to think of such tales as these. They seem to have been invented to amuse children with.” “The real explanation,” said the young man, “is, that Borrowdale is to the north, what Ireland is to the kingdom in general. If any person can invent a ridiculous story, it is immediately charged to the account of poor Borrowdale. And through every part of the country, the blunders of Borrowdale are repeated by way of diversion. In short, Borrowdale is the Ireland of the Lakes.”

These stories brought us to Bowder Stone. A most immense fragment of rock, evidently detached at some period, from the mountain above. It at present rests on a thin edge, and, to all appearance, might be overturned by the strength of a child. It rests on its angle, and through a hollow under it, my father and uncle shook hands.

Winding along a pleasing road, by the river side, we at length came to what is termed the Gorge of Borrowdale; that is, the opening of the vale to Derwent Lake. Here we found the ruins of a new bridge which had been washed away on the regatta day. It seemed that Borrowdale had been severely visited by the storm. Two good looking men were poring over the ruins of the bridge. On enquiry we found they had been the undertakers of the bridge,



which they were obliged to uphold for seven years. One of them said he had a family and only a small capital, and must be ruined beyond redemption ; which, he said, was a hard case, for the plan, and not the workmanship, was in fault.

After sympathizing with the masons awhile, we drove forward to Lowdore. It will not be necessary to describe this cascade ; indeed it would be impossible. It is completely embosomed in wood, so thick and dark, the stream is so impetuous, and the fall so rugged ; that my sister really trembled as we approached. The noise is quite astounding. We gained a rock in the middle of the river, by means of a foot bridge ; here reclined on a wooden bench, we contemplated the grandeur and majesty of the scene. The sun was just setting—his last rays shot dimly through the matted foliage—the overhanging rocks, covered with brown and olive lichens—the gnarled and fantastic trees growing out of the fissures—the stream plunging precipitously down the rocky steep—the deafening noise which accompanied it—and the indescribable awe which always pervades my breast, when I contemplate scenes like these, of superlative grandeur—do not admit of any description ;—they must be seen and felt to be understood.

It was sometime ere we could tear ourselves from this pleasing scene of solemn grandeur, to pursue our road along the banks of Derwent Water to Keswick—the beauties of which must form the subject of another epistle.

LEONARD ATKINS.

*Keswick, Aug. 1820.*

## LETTER IX.

KESWICK—SAIL ON DERWENT LAKE—CROSTHWAITE  
CHURCH-YARD—GOUGH—ASCENT OF HELVELLYN  
—LYNN-GILL COTTAGE—PATTERDALE.

DEAR TOM,—Keswick is by far the prettiest place I have yet seen ; but the greatest curiosity we found in it was a bell in the Town-hall cupola, with this date on it “ 1001.” My sister doubted whether numerical figures were introduced into England at so early a period. My uncle asserted that figures were introduced at that time, “ For,” said he, “ there are other dates of similar antiquity. At Rumsey in Hampshire is one of 1011, and another at Wignall Hall in Hertfordshire of 1016.” “ Are you sure,” said my father, “ that these dates are not names ? May not what you call 1011, be IOH ; and your 1016 be IOIG ?” “ I own,” said my uncle, “ that there have been no manuscripts discovered containing numerical figures of an earlier date than 1256, in some copies of Johannes de sacro Bosco ; but there have been inscriptions found as early as 975.” “ If,” retorted my father, “ the stonemasons were more learned than the clergy of the tenth century, they have sadly lost their pre-

eminence in our time." "They have indeed," observed Mr. Otley, who had accompanied us thither; "for there is a milestone in the village of Shap, with *sixteen* cut in this form :

To Kendal X6. ''.

I began to tremble, for we had started an antiquarian subject; and you know with my uncle they are endless themes. Luckily, however, the landlord came to inform us that the boat was ready; and our intelligent acquaintance, Mr. Otley, very kindly lent us his company. A fine brisk wind agitated the water, and I felt I cannot tell how. I did not feel afraid of being drowned, though I did not conceive such a thing impossible. Lest any person should suspect that I was afraid, I stepped into the boat before any of them, and handed in my sister; taking care however to keep in the middle, though I did not think I should absolutely upset it by standing on the edge. We pushed from shore, and I felt queerer and queerer. My eyes dazzled so that I could see nothing. I recollected several stories of persons having been drowned among the lakes—then I thought of you and of some other persons in Preston. The boat turned a little and the wind blew against the side of it, and rocked us like a cradle. Though the sun shone clear, I felt very chill, and something seemed to be creeping up my back—this I naturally attributed to the fatigue of yesterday. However as we got into deeper water, I felt myself recovering; I think the moun-

tain air braced my nerves, for the chillness began to leave me, and the creeping on my back gradually vanished. And I felt only an occasional *thump* at my heart.

I can attribute all this to nothing but the effects of the aquatic air on my lungs; though I felt no effect of that kind where the water was smooth. I cannot account for it; and I assure you, Tom, I was not *afraid*. After we landed, I stood on the shore sometime to take a view of the scenery, in order to give you a description of the lake as seen from a boat in a storm. But this would have been deception, which shall never be exercised towards you while I have a heart to feel and a head to think.

Having waited all the forenoon in hopes of the *cap* clearing off Skiddaw, and seeing no immediate prospect of our wishes being realized, we took a walk with Mr. Otley as far as Crosthwaite church. This walk is remarkably pleasant; the ground on either hand being diversified with gentlemen's seats and pleasure grounds. The church yard wears a livelier aspect than any other we had seen during our excursion, or indeed ever saw. The grave stones are all neatly painted, the letters rendered legible, and no appearance of lichens destroying the frail memorials of the dead, as is usual in other burial grounds. My uncle could not conceal his pleasure and surprise. "It is owing chiefly," said our friend, "to one Broomley, a painter in this town; a young man of considerable ingenuity, who first

suggested the idea, and continues to embellish the spot at a cheap rate."

In our return we had some fine views of Derwent-water, from some beautiful eminences in the path homewards. We saw the residence of Mr. Southey—the poet laureate, and author of "Roderick the last of the Goths," a work which you say is sufficient to transform cowards into heroes.

Seeing no prospect of ascending Skiddaw that day, and being assured that the summer had been very unfavourable for mountain excursions, we relinquished with regret the design of climbing this giant hill. We therefore engaged a chaise to convey us to Leaths Water, resolving to climb over Helvellyn that evening. "You leave the young lady at Leaths Water?" said our friend. "No," replied she; "it is to indulge me that we shall go over Helvellyn." "It is utterly impossible," said Mr. Otley; "you can never reach Patterdale by such a road." "According to your map," she replied, "there is a foot path way; and I wish to see the grandeur of the setting sun from one of these mountain heads. I might as well have remained at home, if I am only to creep along the valleys. I wish to explore the lake district—to float on the bosom of the waters—to dash through the woods and thickets—to climb the rocks—and scale the mountains. I am *resolved*," said she with emphasis, "to see the country." "You forget," said our intelligent friend, "in the warmth of your admiration of these sublime scenes, that you are but a woman, and but a delicate, though a lovely

one. This mountain pass is so steep that scarcely any thing can climb it, but the hardy fell sheep that have been reared upon it, and the shepherds whom custom has rendered almost as nimble as their sheep. This hill is upwards of *three thousand feet high!*—a height of which you can have no conception. And it is not the height alone that makes me fear for you; the distance is above eight miles to the inn after you leave the chaise. Night too is coming on; and I, who have been accustomed to the country, know that after sunset, a thick mist will collect, and envelope the summit of the hill. There is no track—no guide—no where to enquire. You may wander on this accumulation of rocks till your tender limbs share the fate of the amiable but unfortunate Mr. Gough——”

“Pray,” said my uncle, alarmed for the safety of his niece, “what might his fate be?” “He was fond of nature in her fairest or her sublimest forms,” replied our friend; “and often wandered over these trackless moors and mountains. It is supposed he had lost his way in the mist, and been precipitated from some of the steep rocks; for he was found at the foot of a preeipice, with his faithful dog beside him. He appeared to have laid there many weeks. This melancholy accident has been pathetically improved under the powerful pen of Sir Walter Scott, who has furnished a beautiful poem on his unhappy fate, of which the following is a copy.”

### Etzzy on the Death of Charles Gough.

I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,  
 Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide ;  
 All was still—save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,  
 And, starting around me, the echoes replied.  
 On the right, Strachen-edge round the Red Tarn was bending,  
 And Catchedecam its left verge was defending,  
 One huge nameless rock in front was impending,  
 When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer died.

Dark green was the spot, 'mid the dark mountain heather,  
 Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay;  
 Like the corpse of an outcast, abandoned to weather.  
 Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay :  
 Not yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,  
 For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,  
 The much loved remains of his master defended,  
 And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber—  
 When the wind waved his garments how oft didst thou start—  
 How many long days and long nights didst thou number,  
 Ere he faded before thee the friend of his heart?—  
 And ah! was it meet that no requiem read o'er him ;  
 No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him ;  
 And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him,  
 Unhonoured the pilgrim from life should depart ?

When a prince to the fate of a pilgrim has yielded,  
 The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall ;  
 With escutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,  
 And the pages stand mute by the canopied pall ;  
 Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming,  
 In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming,  
 Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,  
 Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,  
 To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,  
 When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,  
 And draws his last breath by the side of his dam ;  
 And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,  
 Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,  
 With but one faithful friend to witness thy dying,  
 In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedecam.

My sister thanked our friend very kindly for this  
 beautiful piece of poetry. " But," said she, with a

smile, "we will go over Helvellyn nevertheless." Our kind friend then gave us the best directions he could; and we drove away for Leaths Water. The evening was extremely fine, and the scenery grand beyond description. As we arrived at the inn, the Borrowdale hills began to throw a shade over the western side of the Lake, and the poetic furor seized my sister:

"Now sinking to his nightly rest,  
The sun displays a softer gleam;  
And, lingering on the burnished west,  
Flings o'er the hills a farewell gleam;  
And ev'ry valley, glen, and glade,  
Are half in sunshine—half in shade."

My uncle complimented her highly on the feeling and smoothness of her verse, and thought she might one day rival Mrs. Barbauld. My father said it was very ridiculous for young women to be rhyming, without they intended to be stage players. But you know my father is not a poet, and whatever he cannot do himself, he endeavours to undervalue; and hence to make people think that it is choice, and not necessity, which induces him to decline such pursuits.

We stopped to refresh a little at the inn, and to prepare for our pedestrian excursion over the hill. We engaged a very old man who appeared to fill the various offices of ostler, groom, boots, and plough-boy, to set us into the road. He was a garrulous old man, and told us a number of diverting stories about the country; and, among the rest, he said, that before the present landlord came to the house,



a person of the name of Stanley kept it, and had the following verses on his sign :—

John Stanley lives here,  
And sells good ale ;  
Pray call and drink  
Ere it grows stale.  
John succeeds his father Peter,  
I'th' old man's time 'twas never better.

“What soart ev ale auld Peter kept, I can't tell,” observed the old man slyly, “but his son John selt varra poor stuff indeed.”

As we trudged along, we overtook a person whom our guide told us was the schoolmaster of a neighbouring village. As he would have to pass by the foot of the hill, the old man very considerably for himself, turned us over to the man of figures. The latter seemed to have a great deal of that kind of good nature which we occasionally meet with in seclusions like these ; but which, in more populous places, has been substituted by cold civility and heartless compliments.

The schoolmaster informed us that there was a nearer way through some fields to the mountain, which he would shew us. My uncle, who has a taste for the mathematics, entered very freely into these abstruse disquisitions. My father would gladly I believe, have interrupted them in their explanation of the quadrature of the circle, but being perfectly ignorant of the subject, he was compelled to be silent. Our two learned mathematicians having nearly completed a new theory for finding the proportion between the diameter and the circumference,

without paying much attention to the road, we came rather suddenly to the end of the field. The schoolmaster walked up to the hedge, without observing that there was a stile close to it. "There was a stile in this place," he observed, "the last time I came this road; but I see they have made it up. Never mind," he continued, "we can climb over." And instantly sprung over the hedge. "I fear," said he, "that lovely young woman will not be able to climb over; but here is a hole which we can easily widen till she may creep through it." "I thank you for your attention," replied my sister, "but I had rather go over the stile!" "You see," said my uncle, "how we men of genius forget ourselves. Mr. Schoolmaster at that moment could have more easily found the quadrature of the circle, than the straight line of the foot path."—"I think," said my sister, "that a painter might make a good subject of it. He might describe the mathematician climbing the hedge, and my humble self walking leisurely through the stile." "Yes," said my father, "and he might very properly entitle his production—*Genius and Common Sense!*" "It has been justly observed by a great author," said my uncle, "that men of genius have more than common sense, for we never see one follow the *beaten road*." "The schoolmaster," added my father, "must, by this rule, be a man of genius, for he refused to follow the beaten road when he scaled the thorn hedge!"—"It was an equally just remark of Dean Swift's," said the schoolmaster, "when some one asked him

the reason why men of genius were *unable* to pursue the common occupations of life? 'They are not *unable*,' said the Dean; 'a race horse *could* carry a pack saddle as well as an ass, but it *will not* stoop to such drudgery.'

Having escaped the inconveniences of the hedge, we began to ascend the stupendous side of Helvellyn; and the schoolmaster kindly volunteered to accompany us half a mile up the hill. The sun had apparently sunk behind the Borrowdale mountains when we began to ascend, and the long level shadows stretched across the valley, and spread a melancholy gloom over the romantic landscape below our feet; but we soon overtook the sun-beams, as we rose more nearly to the level of the opposite mountain ridge. As we continued to ascend the almost perpendicular steep, we found it necessary to sit down every few yards to recover our breath; and as the landscape widened before us, we forgot the fatigue of our journey in the prospect which presented itself. Our good natured guide kindly pointed out every object which he considered worthy of notice; and among the rest, one which I shall certainly never forget.

#### LYNN-GILL COTTAGE.

"Yon almost ruined cottage," said our guide, "which stands under the shade of yon riven rock, crowned with oak, was the scene of many a happy day when I was a child. And the sad remembrance of its once cheerful inhabitants, often brings tears into my eyes; and as Shakspeare says,

'makes me play the woman.'" "There is nothing," said my sister, "to use the language of the amiable Darwin, so delightful

-----'As the tear that breaks,  
For other's woes, down virtue's manly cheeks.'"

"Thomas," continued the schoolmaster, "was a carpenter; a sober industrious man. Finding himself well established in his humble business, he paid his addresses to an amiable young woman, who had long been the object of his tender wishes. His character and situation in life being unexceptionable, her parents consented to their union, and they were married. Never shall I forget that day. I had been a favourite with Thomas. I slept among his shavings, mislaid his chissels, and wet his chalk line, and did a number of other innocent and unintentional mischiefs, which all tended to endear me to him. I was invited to the wedding, and was favoured with a kiss of the bride. And though I was then only wearing my first suit, I almost thought myself a man; and resolved too that I would have a wife, and promised Thomas that he should have a kiss when I was married. A promise which was heartily cheered by the company; but which alas! was never realized. For before I entered that happy state, (and a happy one I have found it,) I had assisted in conveying both Thomas and his lovely partner to their long home.

Fortune smiled on Thomas and all his endeavours for the first ten years of his married life; and his kind helpmate had presented him with no less than *eight* pledges of her affection. It was in the latter end of last century, that Thomas obtained a job at a new building; but the weather coming unfavourable, he got wet every day. The calls of a rising family, and an honest desire to meet these and every other call without parish aid, made Thomas despise the dictates of that prudence which would have induced other men not to expose themselves to such hardships. Before Christmas, Thomas felt the attacks of a pleurisy, which he vainly labour-

ed to subdue by increased exertion. He was compelled to yield; and it was nearly four months before I again saw him in his shop. The first time I met him at work, I could not but notice his deathly paleness, and the feeble stroke of his hand. I visited him almost every day; and I believe that a great part of his weakness arose from want of proper nourishment; for the little money he had been able to accumulate had been expended during his sickness; and Thomas had a spirit which would not stoop to ask credit. He was very far from being recovered, when the markets began to rise, and what have been emphatically but properly termed *the hard times* commenced. Oat meal soon rose to *sixpence a pound!* but Thomas' labour continued at its usual rate, only that he had less to do; and the little he had was too much for his strength. So long as he was able to procure it, he gave his children what was necessary, reserving for himself and his wife the scanty fragments of their scanty meals; but his strength decreasing, and the markets rising, he was compelled to put all the family upon short allowance. Frequently have I seen his wife boil a *pint of grey peas* in water, and serve them up for the whole family consisting of *ten persons*. Any thing like substantial food was never seen on their table. Unsound flour, being cheaper, was their only bread, and clean water their only beverage. I have more than once seen Thomas make a dinner of two potatoes and a small onion!

But I will not shock your ears with any further detail of their sufferings. Thomas had formed a resolution that nothing should ever induce him to ask for parochial relief; and he kept his resolution to the last. For I went one morning as usual, having got a little jug full of whey from my mother to carry them. I found the eldest boy sitting at the door crying. 'We have had no breakfast this morning,' said he, 'my father and mother are not yet risen.' I set down the whey, which was instantly swallowed by the famished children. I went forward into the little parlour where they slept; (for I was considered like one of their

own family ;) but, Oh ! the sight ! They were fast locked in each other's arms, and *both dead* ! I turned away to weep. It was a spectacle I shall never forget. True to his resolution, he preferred death to the grudging pittance which a parish would have reluctantly afforded.

When the neighbours and surgeon arrived, it was declared they had died of hunger ;—it was even added, that *grass* was found in Thomas' stomach, when he was opened ! Though none had ever troubled themselves about him while alive, all seemed to pity his fate, when pity was not longer available. Perhaps conscience told some of the richer sort, that blame rested somewhere. Be that as it may, they were decently interred, and the children properly provided for. At the funeral, I scarcely beheld one dry cheek, it was a scene of silent but of real sorrow. Thomas had been a man generally beloved. He had been an indulgent father, a fond husband, and a kind neighbour.

This hapless pair sleep together in the same grave ; where sorrow and pain can no more reach them. Their family is grown up, and the country has almost forgot that the parents ever lived or ever suffered. But, though all the world forget them, I shall not ;—nor will I ever pass through the burying ground, without dropping a tear on the grave of my early friends."

When the schoolmaster had finished his sad narration, he remarked that it would be time for him to return. And, having given us the best directions in his power, he departed ; and we all bade him farewell with a sympathetic sigh, as if he had been one of the parties he had just described. Even my father so far forgot his usual misanthropy as to shake hands with our intelligent guide.

As we continued to ascend the hill, the dread of the mist began to work more powerfully on our

minds. We observed the mist which collected on the opposite side of the vale, hurry across to the top of Helvellyn. As it passed us, my uncle remarked what a striking resemblance it bore to the spirits as described in Ossian's poems. One might easily imagine the floating mist to represent troops of warriors hurrying to battle, or crowds engaged in the chase, where men of mist were hunting deer of clouds. It seemed very natural for people who lived in a country like that of Ossian's, to suppose that such appearances were the spirits of their departed warriors.

Our fears were at length realized, for the mist collected on the summit of the hill, and settled in a dense cloud, in which we found ourselves enveloped, before we were aware. We could not see more than ten yards before us, and there was no track. We remembered the fate of poor Gough, and wished ourselves happily at Patterdale inn. Luckily for us, some person had travelled over during the afternoon; and had left the prints of his feet in the soft ground at the top of the hill. We followed these steps for about a quarter of an hour, when we found ourselves descending, and presently we left the mist, and entered into the wildest scene of hills and ravines that fancy ever pictured. We travelled many miles down between two rugged hills, till we found a deserted lead mine. From this we had been directed to follow the road by which the lead ore had been conveyed to Patterdale. The road had never been good; and the recent rains had

ploughed it into furrows three or four feet deep. Our road wound, in some places, round the faces of huge precipices, where it had been built up from the rocks below. In others, it led between two walls of huge rocks, serving at once for the conveyance of water and the conveyance of lead ore. As we descended the vale, and came nearer the habitations of men, the road grew better. And after travelling through this desolate track, till the veil of night had "o'er canopied the sky," we reached the borders of Ullswater, along which we found a beautiful road to the comfortable inn.

I had nearly forgot to mention a circumstance, which to a Prestonian will appear rather singular. As we approached the lake, it being dark, we felt dubious about the road; and therefore called to ask directions at a humble cottage on the road side. After stumbling several times in our way through the peathouse to the house door, which opens out of it, we found nothing but a young married female teaching two children their prayers. We enquired the road to Patterdale inn; and she instantly rose, and accompanied us across two fields; telling us, that was a nearer road, and would save us almost half a mile. What must the innocence of such a country be, where a lone woman ventured to leave her cottage, and at so late an hour accompany us so far! This circumstance made a strong impression on my uncle's mind; who, you know, is a warm philanthropist, and sighs for a time when "self love and social



shall be the same"—when a friend shall not deceive, and a stranger's face shall have no terrors.

The charms of this delightful vale must form the subject of a future letter ; and for the present, I am, as usual,

Your loving brother,

LEONARD ATKINS.

*Patterdale Inn, Aug. 1820.*

## LETTER X.

PATTERDALE—IDEAS ON AGRICULTURE—GHOSTS—  
 RADICAL TAYLOR—KING OF PATTERDALE—  
 DEATH AND MARRIAGE—MY FATHER.

DEAR TOM,—We could form but a very imperfect idea of the beauties of this vale, on the night of our arrival, as it was so nearly dark. How much greater therefore was our astonishment, when we looked out in the morning, after sleeping away the fatigues of the preceding day!—The sun had arisen in all the splendour of an August morning—the mist was slowly retiring from the magnificent brows of the giant hills—the dew hung in glittering pearls on every branch and blade—and a few light fleecy clouds softened the monotony of the etherial blue. What a feast for the soul! The hills—the rocks—the woods—the lake—the fields—the trees—the cattle—the labourers—all conspired to constitute an enchanting whole, for

“ Each gave to each a double charm.”

I think my uncle never seemed so cheerful as he did that morning; and even my father appeared to

have caught the sweet contagion. For when my uncle proposed a short walk before breakfast, my father consented without any of those misanthropical remarks which generally strip his favours of that value they would otherwise possess.

It was hay-time in this vale, and the hay-makers were repairing, with their rakes on their shoulders, to the hay-field. We presently overtook a small group consisting of an elderly man, his wife, and two young lads, their sons. My uncle, who seems to have as great a pleasure in surveying the *interior* of the peasant's minds as the *exterior* of the hills, immediately entered into conversation with the rustic pair. The two boys hung down their heads and skulked away under the hedge, as if conscious of some crime, while the old folks endeavoured to make themselves remarkably polite; particularly the wife, who told us she had once lived half a year a servant at the White Lion at Bowness, and was hence better acquainted with "quality ways, than Joan."

My uncle asked "Joan" if the soil was good in that neighbourhood, who observed that it was "varra dacent." "I think," said my father, "it seems very stony. Is there no method of clearing the stones away?" "O, yes," replied the peasant, "yan mud sean gither 'em off; but t' grund wad be wurse for 't." "I should think," answered my uncle, "if the stones were taken off, the earth would be lighter, and more mellow." "Noot o'th' mak," he replied, "for a farmer aside Banton, gather t' steans off yan on 'is fields, tull it wad grow noot at a'; an' 'e was

foarst et put 'em on again!" "And did he put them on again?" enquired my father. "To be sure he did," replied honest Joan, "an' then 'e 'ed as good crops as iver 'e 'ed."

My uncle pondered. This was a system of husbandry which he had never studied. After a silence of about five minutes, he observed, "There may be something in it." "Thar is summit in't, I warned ye," replied Joan, "for ye niver sa a stean without a good strent a gers about it, e yer life." My uncle studied; and Joan viewed him with a look of triumph; as much as to say, I have staggered him now.

Should you, Tom, ever be inclined to study husbandry, let me recommend you to study men as well as books; for many an old farmer, or even day labourer would puzzle many a chemical agriculturist. I remember once, (I had just filled my head with the Scotch system of paring and burning,) I was crossing a level tract of pasture overrun with rushes, in company with an old farmer. "I think," said I, if this field was pared and burnt, it would destroy these rushes." "It wod soa, lad," said he, "for thear ain'tabeon three inch a soil; an if that war tain off, thear wod be lile left for th' reishes to grow in." I felt the sarcasm; and from that moment resolved to study men as well as books.

My sister, anxious to change a subject which was not sufficiently interesting, began to praise the beauties of the vale. In this the old woman joined her most heartily; for she had been born there; and *she* saw a thousand charms which escaped *our* no-

tice. It was the place where she had passed her infant years—and therefore was a *happy vale*. It was the place where she had been married—and was therefore a *lucky vale*. It was the place where she hoped to mingle with the silent dust, when her life of labour should draw to a close—and was therefore a *peaceful vale*. “Surely,” said my sister, after old Nanny had run on sometime in praise of the valley, “one might almost imagine it to be the abode of happy spirits, it is so secluded.” “I kna noot about it,” said Nanny, “whether ther happy er nit; but I kna thers a deal on um.” “A deal of what?” enquired my sister. “A deal of ghaists, to be sure,” she replied; “what else war ye talking about?” “You surely don’t believe that disturbed ghosts ever haunt these peaceful glens,” returned my sister, with a look of compassionate incredulity. “Neabody can doot it,” replied Nanny; “for ther seen varra near ivery neet.”

“Ey!” interrupted Joan, “thou kens what a thunging ther war ith’ garrat amang th’ poteatees, just afoar me nant Debby deet.” “Weel ye wat, I ken that,” said Nanny; “an thoo knas what lang Ned leet on, when he was gaan a coarting to Timmy, we nea good intent it war thought. Wad ye belie me?” said she, turning to my sister, “He war gaan ya Setterday neet on th’ loan, an he cam at a coffin, liggen across it. He was a hardent dule, an he stept oth’ coffin. It crashed doon under his feet, as if t’ sky wad a broken doon, but he felt noot. He went a lile bit farther, and four men cam across

th' road wi' a coffin, an went intoth tother hedge. He went a lile bit ondus, an he hard summit aback o'th' hedge say, 'ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' and he hard three bits a yearth fa a top of a coffin lid. He ran as hard as a could to Timmy's, and telt her what ed happened; an she war ill freetent, ye may guess."

The poor woman was silent, waiting for the expressions of astonishment which she supposed such a tale would inevitably produce. We had not yet broke silence, when a singular looking personage overtook us, with a yard wand under his arm; by which we supposed him to be a tailor going to his daily labour. He slackened his pace to join our company; and jogged on with us very sociably, till we overtook his apprentice carrying the goose and lapboard. "Now," said the tailor, "you'll keep a suspectful distance behind us, and not consume to contraduce your calf's head into despectful company." The boy retired, and kept behind during the rest of our walk.

"Noo," said Joan, "ye ev been at Lunnon, an ev seen a girt deal; dunnot ye think theres mear ghaists i' this country, en ther is i' any other et iver ye sa?" "I can hardly contermine upon that," replied the tailor; "impernatural exhibitions are partly like a straight breasted coat, they are gone out of fashion." "Fashion me na fashions," said Nanny, a little piqued at the tailor's answer, "I kna noot aboot th' fashion; but I kna they nit gone oot o' Patterdale." "I own," said the tailor, "there

may be a few screeds left in Patterdale; but they are every button of them dixiled from the Metropolis." "I think," said my father, "so *intelligent a gentleman* as you will hardly credit all the ridiculous tales that are told about ghosts and hobgoblins." "You are defectly right," replied the tailor, "I don't believe half of them, let alone them all."

The exciseman, who had been walking behind us, unseen, now stepped forward, and looking at the tailor, says:—"Well Jem, what are you holding forth in your accustomed manner; but can't you see that the old gentleman is quizzing you. I will tell you what this tailor is," continued the gauger; "and I will tell you in his own Malaprop dialect. He has *denounced* the Bible to be a *demance*, written by a parcel of *Papish* priests. He reads Tom Paine, a brother of the thimble, who, Jem says, would have *deformed* the British *institution*; have *abandoned* the *knavery* and the *millenary*, and have given us *aniversal dispensation*, and *animal* parliaments. He is a great admirer of *Bonnyprat* and the French *absolution*; and says we might live without kings, and ministers, and lawyers, and parsons, better than with them. Is not this true Jem?" said the gauger. "We could do without gaugers, I believe," retorted the tailor, with some warmth.

"Come, come, gentlemen," said my uncle; "do not let your jokes lead you to earnest. Though the honest tailor may not approve of every thing he sees, he would be ready to defend the country even in its present deplorable state, if threatened with

danger." "I will tell you a story apropos," said my father.

"The king of France, thought that he could invade England with success, because party spirit ran so high; and the whigs were so discontented with the measures of government. He called his minister, and asked his advice. 'I will show you the result of an invasion,' said the minister. 'That dog is called Tory, and the other is called Whig; there you see how they quarrel. Now let this other called Louis try to beat them.' With that he set Louis on them; but they both turned upon Louis and almost killed him. So it would always be with Englishmen. 'They may snarl a little among themselves, but they instantly unite if danger threatens them.' "I should be apt to lie my yard wand round the heads of any who might withsturb us," said the tailor: "though we may not be disactly right."

Though our progress had been only slow, we found ourselves sufficiently distant from the inn, to think of returning to breakfast; and the amusing conversation in which we had just shared furnished us with a topic of discussion till we reached Mrs. Dobson's. Here a plentiful repast of tea and cold ham formed a most delightful appendix to our morning's walk.

Having despatched our breakfast with such appetites as the pure mountain air produces; and the morning being delightfully calm, we engaged a boat to convey us down the lake to Pooley Bridge. As we were preparing to begin our aquatic excursion a



young gentleman and a lady, who had just arrived from Ambleside, requested to share our boat. To this we cheerfully agreed; and having delayed a little longer while they took some refreshment, we entered the boat.

But how shall I describe the beauty of the scene? I sat with my face towards the stern; and had consequently an unobstructed view of the Alpine scenery, as it seemed to retreat before me. The sweet asylum where we had passed the night, now appeared at the feet of some tremendous hills, thrown together in all the grandeur of terrific wildness; seeming like gigantic fragments torn from the huge side of Helvellyn, and tumbled down to the margin of the lake, by some terrible convulsion of nature.

Mr. Mounsey's sheltered by woods and hills, displayed its white front, enlivened by brown quoins and string-courses, glittering in the morning sun. "Yon," said the boatman, "is the palace of Patterdale. The proprietor having from time immemorial been denominated the "king of Patterdale." "Does it arise," said my uncle, "from some undue authority which the owner exerts over his tenants?" "By no means," replied the boatman. "I know not what may have been the origin of the title; but this I know, that if all kings were as kind to their subjects as the king of Patterdale is to his, we should have very little occasion for jacobins." "As to any real *occasion* we have for jacobins any where," observed my father, "we might very well do without them."

The Glen-ridding burst sweetly upon the view ; a delightful spot, with gardens in front to the very margin of the flood. It is a place, Tom, which I shall long remember ; but you must see it to *feel* its beauty.

As we proceeded up the lake, the different evolutions of the hills began to unfold themselves ; rising over each other tier above tier ; till the massy summit of St. Sunday Crag reared its stupendous shoulders to the sky, and made what we had viewed as mountains before, shrink into mere molehills.

“I think,” said the lady, “we could not find a sweeter spot than this to seclude ourselves in. Let us purchase a retirement here.” “I have no objections,” replied her companion, “let us see all the lakes, and then we shall be better able to judge of their respective beauties.”

I saw my father's curiosity was excited by the glance of his eye. For you know, Tom, he has a particular wish to be acquainted with every person's business, though he will let none know his ; nor will he give the least hint of his wish, or make the least acknowledgment to those who may be kind enough to gratify his curiosity.

Whether it was that the young gentleman observed by my father's eye and his lip, that his curiosity was afloat, or that he thought his adventures might amuse my sister, or that he conceived himself obliged to amuse us in some manner, as a return for our kindness in admitting him and his fair companion into the boat, I cannot determine ; but let

his motive be what it might; I felt obliged to him for the following story.

#### DEATH AND MARRIAGE.

"Last July but one," said our young voyager, "I came up to a place called Hest Bank, on the borders of Lancaster Sands, for the purpose of bathing. The afternoon after my arrival, it not being a bathing day, on account of the tide happening too late in the day, I strolled along the beach, amusing myself with the coming tide and the fine distant hills. As I turned one of these bluff heads, of which there are many on the coast, I observed some person in the water bathing. I took little notice and walked silently on, paying little heed to the individual in the tide; being fully employed with the soul entrancing works of the immortal bard. A sudden shriek from a female voice aroused my attention, and I beheld the bather struggling with the waves. I hastened to the spot, threw off my clothes I know not how, and sprung into the water; but she had sunk to rise no more. The place was not deep when I reached it; and without much difficulty I conveyed her safely on shore. But Westall himself could not pourtray the scene, or depict what I felt at that moment. She was lovely even in death. The pale rose had not quite forsaken her cheek—her eyes were closed—her lips half open—her limbs hung negligently from my arms, as if they would never more have will or motion. I saw no house near, and therefore to run for assistance was vain. Such means of giving vigour to the vital motion as the pressure of the circumstances permitted, were all that were allowed me. Friction was my only resource; and my coat the only medium. This I applied with all the enthusiasm which the ardent mind of a young man, bending over the lifeless form of a young and exquisitely beautiful female, could inspire. But O! what a thrill of heavenly joy did I feel, when I first beheld the liquid blood come mantling o'er her cheek! And O! the pangs of disappointed hope, when

that flush of life retired, and left the pale hue of death on her lovely lips! Again, the blood mounted to her cheek, her eyes for a moment opened, and a slight spasm told me she was alive. Again, these signs of existence disappeared, and I felt doubtful whether I should succeed. It occurred to me that the breath only wanted to be set in motion, and she would live. When therefore the next flush of returning life vermilled her lips, I endeavoured to inflate her lungs, by breathing into them, and expelling the air by pressing on her chest. The third effort was successful, and the human machine was put in motion. Pygmalion could not feel greater ecstasy when his ivory maid became a living woman, than I did when I first beheld my Harriet's bosom heave and sink again. It was sometime before I recollected that we both wanted dressing, or that warmth was necessary for preserving that life I had been the happy means of restoring. I dressed her in my rude way, not the most elegant, you may be assured; for I am not a man milliner. I then threw on my own clothes, conveyed her to the sunny side of a rock, and hastened to the inn for some nourishment, and a chaise to convey her thither. I thought the distance immeasurably long, that I had only considered short as I came. I however returned, hoping she would be sitting on a crag, but fearing she would have fainted away. But think what was my surprise, when she was no where to be found! I searched behind every rock, I rambled along the beach, I called for the lovely maid, but no voice replied to mine, except the inharmonious clatter of the sea-mew. It was not till the shade of evening 'o'er mantled the scene,' that I gave up the search, and with a heavy heart returned to the inn.

Hearing no intelligence of the maid, and having no clue by which I could seek her, after a few days, I returned to Liverpool. Often did the lovely image of the drowned maid stand or rather lie before me in my sleep; and often have I awoke myself with my exertion to snatch her from a watery grave.

I had completely given up all hopes of ever meeting with

her again, when I happened to be one day last spring on a visit to a distant relation in the north of Wales. I was standing at the window with my cousin, viewing the sea in the distance, which my cousin was exceedingly admiring, 'O ! said I, 'how many painful pleasing recollections does that ocean bring to my mind. It was on a beach like you, that I once had the inexpressible happiness to preserve the life of the loveliest maid that this day breathes, and it was also on such a beach that I lost her, never to see her more !'

'Do not be so hasty in your conclusions,' said the most melodious voice that ever vibrated on my ears. I turned instantly round, and the very being whom I was regretting, pressed me to her bosom. 'My deliverer ! my protector ! my preserver ! where shall I find words to express my gratitude ? By what means shall I repay the deep obligation I owe.' 'You owe me nothing,' said I, pressing her closely to my breast. 'This moment is more than a reward for all I have done. May heaven render that life happy which I have been the humble means of preserving !'

I will not however take up your time in detailing all the expressions of mutual delight which either bosom felt, in that auspicious hour.

We became acquainted. I felt anxious to watch over the life I had restored ; and she had a wish to trust herself fully to my protection. Hearts thus disposed, could not be long in prompting a union of hands ; we are happily married ; and are now on an excursion to seek some sweet seclusion, where we may live retired from the busy world and devoted to each other. We would have a cottage, very neat, but only small. It should stand under the shelter of some rugged rock, from the crevices of which a few gnarled oaks should protrude. A small brook should dash down in a neat cascade near the spot, and meander away down a luxuriant meadow in front. A shady walk, of about a mile, down a romantic glen, should lead to the lake, where I would keep a boat. I would have some serpentine walks up to the summit of the adjoining rocks, varied with terraces, steps and seats. A garden, with

deep shady alleys and retired grottos, should occupy the space behind the cottage. And then, Harriet, we could pass our time in adding beauty to beauty; and improving the capabilities of the soil." "Oh!" said his fair companion, "what a paradise you have described. This would really be a retreat

'Where care could not enter.'"

My father viewed them more tenderly than I ever saw him do any person before, except my sister. "You think," said he, "if you had all this you would be happy. I have seen more of the world than you have done; though I am considerably younger than I look, I have seen and felt sufficient to convince me of the inanity of all these imaginary pleasures. As to associations with the world, they ever bring pain and sorrow in their train.

'Mankind are a' an unco squad  
'And rarely to be trusted.'

The charms of situation are still more precarious. You will soon view the same objects till they have lost their novelty: and the vacant mind will sigh for variety. Domestic happiness is still a more uncertain tenure. No one can say I will be happy to-morrow, though many may think so."

Something like a tear glistened in my father's eye, and a deep sigh told us that something had touched the inmost chords of his heart. As I had never known any troubles reach him, I was confident that some circumstances at a period beyond my remembrance must have brushed across his memory. He thus relieved my anxious curiosity.

## MY FATHER.

He gazed on my sister awhile, then turned to the young gentleman, and thus began. "If the sun ever shone on a perfectly happy man, it was upon me. I was blessed with competence; nor did I desire more. I was united to a woman—the choice—the joy—and the delight of my full soul. Two fonder hearts never breathed heaven's air than ourselves. I will describe her. My daughter is her living portrait—" his feelings for a moment stopped his utterance. He resumed—"I was already the father of two promising boys; and was looking with joyous hope to the hour when my wife would bring an addition to our family. Such was the sum of human bliss I enjoyed, when all my golden prospects of happiness were closed by the villainy of one whom I had honoured with the name of friend. My house had been a home to him whenever he chose to claim it—my purse was at his command whenever his necessities rendered it acceptable. This villain sought to express his gratitude by seducing the affections of my wife! That one word speaks more than I can add. He was repulsed; but his malicious disappointment studied the blackest revenge. He was determined to defame the woman whom he could not ruin. I was informed of these slanders; and was resolved to vindicate my own honour and that of my injured partner. We met one moon-light night in a field near Penwortham Bridge. I was severely wounded. The villain left me, as he thought, dead, and quitted the kingdom. I was brought home bathed in blood and speechless. This sudden and unexpected stroke was more than my wife could bear. She was taken in premature labour; and in giving birth to this lovely girl, she resigned her angelic soul into the hands of her Redeemer. When I recovered from the fever, consequent on my wound, it was to enjoy a widowed bed, for my wife had been buried two days.

Think, after this, if I can build a fairy structure on so faithless a foundation as human happiness. I am called a misanthropist—I do despise mankind. I am blamed for

lashing the vices of men I have reason. I do not wish to pour bitters into your cup of joy ; but I would caution you not to be too sanguine in your expectations of felicity."

Our young friend pressed his bride closer to his bosom—the tear stood in my sister's eye—my uncle clasped his hands on his breast, and turned his eyes to heaven—even the rough boatman heaved a sigh.

A mournful silence, interrupted by an occasional word, quickly brought us to Pooley Bridge, where after we had taken a little refreshment, we hired a chaise and drove off for Penrith—the beauties of which, will probably furnish the subject of a future letter.

I should not omit to notice the beautiful scenery around Pooley Bridge. As we sat in a back parlour at the inn, we were much struck with a delightful mount, on the opposite side of the Eamont. My sister pointed it out as an excellent situation for a gentleman's house, of the more splendid kind. The hill is very steep on the south-east side, and finely wooded ; but not so steep as to preclude the practicability of intersecting it with walks, and relieving these walks with arbours and recesses. Close to the foot of the mount, the river Eamont, broad and tranquil, pursues its unruffled course, admitting of an interesting shady walk on its banks, for nearly half a mile. The hill itself seems to be a rich soil ; and a field nearly level, about one third from the top, points it out as a most desirable situation for a dwelling. The view hence would be extensive and finely varied, taking in the greatest part of



Ullswater, and the mountains towards its head. The greatest recommendation is, that the wood is already up, and contains very few firs; which spoil the beauty of too many of our modern genteel houses. But my father reminded us that, erecting ideal Lodges on other people's ground, was the next folly to building castles in the air.

I am, as ever,

Your loving brother,

LEONARD ATKINS.

*Penrith, August, 1821.*

## LETTER XI.

PENRITH CASTLE—MUNCASTER HALL—PENRITH  
 BEACON—GIANT'S GRAVE—ANTIQUARIANISM—  
 ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE—MAYBURGH—HAY AND  
 HAY CART—SKETCHING—BUSTIC HUMOURIST—  
 HUNTING SONG.

DEAR TOM,—Though I have borne ample testimony to the simple and engaging manner of the Lake residents, I must confess there is a little Vandalism among them. They do not feel that generous love and veneration for the glorious relics of other years, which ought to warm the breast of every Englishman. My uncle was indignant at the inattention paid to the scattered remains of Penrith Castle. "The Turks," he observed, "could only have turned the ruined habitations of Christian nobles into cattle-sheds and pig-styes!" We sat ourselves down on the edge of the moat, where the disgusting inroads of modern improvements would least obtrude themselves on the view, to contemplate the ruined strength and fallen grandeur of our ancestors. We were scarcely seated, when an elderly gentleman, on whose countenance a cheerful good nature was visibly impressed, approached us. My

uncle invited him to take a seat on our green sofa, with which invitation he smilingly complied.

My uncle, whose ideas are at least two centuries old, opened the conversation by an allusion to those times when our old northern castles shone in all their splendour; and their inhabitants possessed their original power. "How much of their outward dignity have the higher classes lost," observed my uncle, "since literature and commerce have shed their genial influence on our favoured isle." "Yes," said the stranger, "and how much have the lower classes been elevated since that period. The ranks of society are less distinct; and the system of equality is perhaps as nearly realized, as the well being of society could admit." "In some respects it may be so," said my father; "but I think we might yet dispense with some of that pride which separates man from his brother man."

"If one may believe report," said my sister, "there was more love in former times than there is now. People were kinder then; men were more faithful; and unions in general more happy than they are at present." "I can tell you a story on that subject," replied the stranger, "which will be interesting to the young people, and I hope no way disagreeable to old ones. For I count the person who cannot sympathize in a love story, to be unfit for any social duty, and calculated for nothing but the cloister or the cell." "By all means," exclaimed my sister, "let us hear it. If there be any thing about the firm faith of a female heart, it will be pleas-

ing." "If there be any thing," said my uncle, "about the manners of our ancestors, it will be instructive." "If there be any thing," said my father, "about the villainy of man in it, it must be true." "There will be something about all these," replied the stranger.

### MUNCASTER HALL.

It was customary in the times to which I allude, said our garrulous acquaintance, for the owners of these old halls and castles to retain each a jester in his mansion, called by the common people, a fool. According to custom, Sir Alan Pennington had a jester, whose name was Thomas Skelton, but whose common appellation was *Tom Fool of Muncaster*. But I shall have occasion to mention him in the course of my story; as he performed a tragical part in it—rather too much so, to be enumerated among the drolleries of a common jester. I will however give you the tale, as I have often heard the person repeat it to an old maiden aunt of mine with whom I was brought up; and who never heard it without a copious flow of tears.

The morning was most delightful, (this was the parson's uniform way of introducing the story,) when the level beams of the sun first gleamed on the smooth surface of Devoke Water, and informed the joyous villagers that it was the **FIRST OF MAY**. The wooden clogs were stripped from the feet of the blooming damsels, and the leathern shoes which had been carefully preserved from the preceding year, and many of which had adorned the feet of their mothers and grandmothers, were taken out of the paper which enveloped them. The oil with which they had been rubbed twelve months before, was polished by the warm hand to a fine gloss. Every garden was robbed of its bloom to form garlands and chaplets in order to beautify what could not be beautified;—for what—the parson would say, looking lan-

guishingly at my aunt—could add beauty to a Cumberland maiden?

The Maypole was reared in a delightful meadow on the banks of Devoke Water; and the maidens blooming in beauty, and the youths bounding in health, repaired thither from the surrounding cottages. As the festive dance commenced, the soul of innocent gaiety began to expand. The festoons of flowers, waving from the maypole, and the garlands of the damsels, all gently agitated by a slight breeze, gave a gracefulness to the scene which no language can describe. It seemed as if the exhilarating breath of spring gave elasticity to the youthful limb, and a higher zest to the spirits; as the lively music gave motion to the nimble feet of the light-footed dancers.

At the first pause in the dance, every eye was attracted towards a most heavenly maiden, attired in the simple garb of a Cumberland shepherdess. She came tripping along the meadow in the full glow of her beauty, and with a smile joined the maiden circle. Every tongue was enquiring "Wha is she?"—and every eye was eager to obtain a glance of her charms. Several of the most respectable shepherds offered to lead her to the dance, but she modestly refused. Among the rest, Wild Will of Whitbeck, as he was generally called, urged her to favour him with her hand. "I only came," said she, "to be a spectator of these innocent gaieties; and should I share in them, I should wish to procure a more modest partner." "A modest partner!" exclaimed Will, "yan et darn't luik at ya: yan etle stand eaten his thooms, and just wispern la doon, 'will ya dance?' A poor feckless thing et darn't lait a sweetheart without its minny ga wi' it." "You will please to leave me, shepherd," replied the maid, "and carry your raillery to other ears where it may be more agreeable." "By all the powers of love and beauty," exclaimed the carpenter's son, stepping up at that moment, "unless he stands off he shall repent it. Will you take a dance with me, fair maiden?" She willingly complied. But the elder and more experienced part of the com-

pany said they observed a glance pass between them, which said they had met before. This renewed the inquiry who the damsel might be, but in vain. Will retired in a gloomy rage, swearing that he would discover who the girl was, and have revenge on the carpenter, if it cost him his life.

The lovers heard not his threats, but repaired to the may-pole; and as they danced round it, sung the following roundelay.

**Round about the Maypole.**

What are monarchs' courts, my dear ?  
Can their splendour yield them bliss ?  
Can the thrones and crowns of kings,  
Yield a joy so sweet as this ?  
Dancing round the maypole !

Here, no care or pain, my dear,  
Can into our bosoms steal ;  
Heaven itself can scarce surpass  
Pleasures such as these we feel,  
Dancing round the maypole !

Now, returning spring, my dear,  
Wakes the birds on every spray—  
We, whose hearts are formed for love,  
Sure may be as blythe as they  
Dancing round the maypole !

Hark the song of love, my dear,  
Every heart and tongue employ ;  
And shall we, less fond than they,  
Mix not in the general joy,  
Dancing round the maypole !

Let our glowing hearts, my dear,  
Revel in the burning bliss ;—  
Speak our feelings through our eyes,  
And seal our union with a kiss,  
Dancing round the maypole !

Various were the conjectures respecting the unknown shepherdess ; though all the country maids agreed that she was not what she seemed. " Be wha she will," said Wild Will of Whitbeck, " I'll hunt it oot." Therefore when the

evening drew on, and the young people began to pair off towards home, Will and two of his companions who were not more agreeably occupied, followed Richard the carpenter's son, and his lovely partner towards home. But little did they expect to see her sheltered in Muncaster Hall. As the lovers stood exchanging vows of eternal constancy at the garden gate, their pursuers heard enough to inform them that the maid was Helwise, daughter of Sir Alan Pennington; and to convince them that their faith was mutually plighted.

"Noo," said Will, "I hev him o'th hip. For Sir Ferdinand Hoddleston of Millum Castle wants et wed that leddy, an if I yance let him kna et this silly carpenter follows her, he'll meak an example on him."

When Will informed the neighbours, next Sunday, of his discovery, they were struck with astonishment at the handsome young carpenter's audacity, as they termed it. The young women hoped and trusted that Sir Alan would never know; for it would be a pity that so nice a young man should be hanged—as he was sure to be, if Sir Alan knew that he courted his daughter. At the same time they thought he might have been content with one of the shepherd girls; yet it was hard he should be hanged for love. He deserved to be sent out of the country, the young men observed. The maidens thought it would be a pity to send him away; but they might put her in a nunnery or something of that sort.

Wild Will of Whitbeck gave no opinion on the subject—his plans were deeper. He knew Sir Ferdinand and his temper well. He had often attended him in his sporting excursions; and owing to his neverfailing flow of rustic wit, could any time find admittance at Millum Castle, where his drolleries would beguile Sir Ferdinand of a melancholy hour. Will therefore adopted this plan to make Sir Ferdinand the avenger of the insult he had received from the Carpenter, and the repulse he had met with from the lovely Helwise.

"We had fine spooart o'th first o' May," said Will; "but

I gat cruel ill vext." "What happened to vex thee?" enquired Sir Ferdinand. "Wya, ye see," said Will, "Sir Alan's daughter donned hersell like a country hoody, an thought et neabody could a kent her, but I kent her weel enough." "And did that vex thee?" replied Sir Ferdinand. "Nea," said Will, "but I war vext when she wodent donce wi ma; and went an donced wi Dick Carpenter." "Art thou certain that she did dance with Dick?" enquired Sir Ferdinand. "I sa her," replied Will; "an mear oor an that, I followed em heam, and sa em give yan another a kiss. When she put her arms round his neck, I war stark wood. What war Dick better ner me?"

The train was now laid. Will had roused Sir Ferdinand's vengeance, without giving the least hint that he suspected such a thing. "Shall I," exclaimed Sir Ferdinand, as soon as Will had retired, "Shall I be made a fool of by a poor Carpenter's son? Shall such a wretch as that presume to be my rival in the affections of the loveliest maid in Cumberland? Curse the idea. He shall be taught to know his duty better.—No, I scorn to apply to Sir Alan. I will be my own avenger.—Were he removed I should be at peace.—That will do.—He dies." Once resolved, Sir Ferdinand felt no rest till his scheme was accomplished. The morning had scarcely dawned till he mounted and rode for Muncaster Hall. Few of the family were stirring when Sir Ferdinand arrived. Tom Fool however was up, and hastened to meet the knight, who had often expressed himself pleased with Tom's rustic wit. "Good morning, Tom," said Sir Ferdinand, "what makes you laugh so this morning, Tom?" "Lord Lucy's footman," replied Tom, "put a trick on me the last time he was here; and I have been paying him back what I owed him, for I would be in no man's debt." "How hast thou managed thy revenge?" returned Sir Ferdinand. "He asked me," said Tom, "if the river was passable; and I told him it was, for nine of our family had just gone over.—They were nine geese," whispered Tom; "but I did not tell him that.—The fool set into the river,



and would have been drowned, I believe, if I had not helped him out."

"If thou'lt revenge me of a scoundrel who lives here," said Ferdinand, "I'll make a man of thee." "You'll do what Sir Alan could never do then," replied Tom with a laugh.—"But who is it pray?" "'Tis the Carpenter," replied the knight. "I owe him a grudge too," said Tom; "for I put those three shillings which you gave me into a hole, and I found them *weezend* every time I went to look at them; and now they are only three silver pennies. I have just found it out that Dick has *weezend* them." "Then kill him, Tom, with his own axe, when he is asleep sometime; and I'll see that thou takest no harm for it," replied Sir Ferdinand. "He deserves it, and I'll do it," said Tom. "There's three crowns for thee," said Sir Ferdinand, "and he'll not *weezen* them, if thou follow my advice."

Tom wanted no farther inducement. His own injuries, and the hopes of reward from Sir Ferdinand soon influenced him. And the next day while the unsuspecting carpenter was taking his after-dinner nap, and dreaming probably of the incomparable beauties of his adorable Helwise, Tom entered the shed, and with one blow of the axe severed the Carpenter's head from his body. "There," said Tom to the servants, "I have hid Dick's head under a heap of shavings; and he will not find that so easily, when he awakes, as he did my shillings."

Sir Ferdinand was grievously disappointed in his scheme; for the lovely Helwise had buried her heart in the same grave that held the remains of her sleeping lover. It was in vain that Sir Ferdinand urged the tenderness and sincerity of his passion. She was deaf to his entreaties. Her heart was cold, and no human power could warm it. The noisy mirth of the hall, she could hear unmoved—the many intricacies of the festive dance could not reanimate her—the glowing beauties of the summer landscape were gloomy and dull as December. She resolved to seclude herself from the giddy world, and brood over her own sorrows in a nun-

nery. She therefore retired to the Benedictine Convent of Maiden Castle—the ruins of which are still visible behind the higher end of Soulby Fell; where she passed her few remaining days in piety and silent solitude.

The conscience of Sir Ferdinand left him no repose; and, to stifle recollections which became continually more insupportable, he joined the army, and soon after fell in the battle of Bosworth Field, fighting against the Earl of Richmond.

He left a very handsome estate in the neighbourhood of Kirksancton, to St. Mary's Abbey of Furness, to purchase masses for the repose of his own soul and the soul of the young Carpenter.

“I is a sorry tale,” said my sister.” “Yes,” said my father, “and no doubt well adapted to the feelings of your maiden aunt.” “I know not the reason,” said our informant, “but I have often observed that old maids are fonder of hearing love tales than young ones.” “The reason is this,” said my uncle, “young maidens imagine they have a right to be actors in the comedy of love, rather than mere auditors; while the old ones are content to listen to descriptions of what they are sure they must never be.” “Is this true?” said my father, addressing my sister. “I am sure, for my part,” replied she, “I should never wish to be an actor in such a scene as has just been described. And,” continued she, with more emphasis, “I believe that young maids think less about love and marriage than you suppose.” “They several of them get married, however,” replied my uncle, with a smile. “Only one here and there,” observed my father sarcastically.

A something flitted over my sister's cheek, as if she felt for the honour of her sex; but it instantly vanished on her recollecting that it was her father to whom she had to reply. It was gone. The passing cloud had vanished from her brow; and all was calm and serene again. She turned up her soft blue eyes to my father, and smiling her sweetest smile, she said, "These maids who either marry or look for it, have not such fathers as I have, to engross their affections, and fill up every vacancy in their hearts."——Half a tear glistened in my father's eye; but it was the tear of joy. He evidently *felt* himself a father; and *knew* that he was not alone in the world.

We left the neglected remains of Penrith Castle, and ascended to the Beacon, along a very agreeable carriage road, which the Duke of Devonshire has cut to the top of the hill.

And Oh! what a prospect opened upon us! I can give you no idea of its beauty, though I may of its materials.——Deep below our feet lay the town of Penrith.—To the east, the bleak Cross Fell, part of the back-bone of England.—To the south, "Stanemore's wintry waste."——Brougham Hall a little below us, shot up its neat white battlements from a shelter of waving wood.—The gloomy ruins of Brougham Castle, frowning in ridicule of the feeble hand of time, which proves unable to "bow them with its weight."——In the extreme distance, and mingling with the sky, was the summit of Ingleborough, in Yorkshire.—Following round by the

west, Lowther Castle shot up its beautiful turrets.—Then comes Ulswater with its numerous bays and creeks; and at its foot the lofty Dunmallard. (The hill mentioned in the conclusion of my last letter, but which I forgot to name.)—Clustered one against another, we saw the hills of Swarthfell, Highstreet, Helvellyn, Catsby, Saddleback, Skiddaw, and a number of other hills, whose names neither I nor my sister can recollect.—To the north, we saw Carrick, Criffell, and the Cheviot hills in Scotland, like a dim mist, breaking on the horizon.—A blue speck on the ground, we were told, was the smoke of Carlisle. In a clear morning, with a good glass, I suppose the towers may be distinctly seen; but we were obliged to be satisfied with the smoke.

Having satiated ourselves with this delightful prospect, we descended to the church yard, to see the giant's grave and the giant's thumb. Here it was our *misfortune* to meet with an antiquarian from Kendal, but whose name I could not learn. "This is a melancholy circumstance," observed my sister; "we are now to be poisoned with antiquarian dust and rust, and then buried in the the giant's grave!"

The Giant's Grave consists of two very tall pillars of red freestone, with two rows of semicircular flat stones between them; all of which have sometime been carved. "These stones," said our Kendal Oldbuck, "are reported to have been erected to the memory of a knight errant, named Sir Ewan Cæsar, who made dreadful havoc among the wild

boars in Inglewood forest, in this neighbourhood. This forest," added he, "was the retreat of the renowned outlaws, Adam Bell, Clim o'the Clough, and William of Cloudeslie. I have," continued he, "a most invaluable ballad upon these men, consisting of about fourscore verses, four lines to a verse, and fourteen syllables to a line. This, if you will sit down, I will just repeat, by way of introducing some account of these merry archers." "Pray," said my sister, who trembled at the idea of listening to a ballad of not less than *four thousand* syllables; "Pray what reason have you antiquarians to think that Sir Ewan was buried here?" "The song," he continued, taking no notice, "begins

'Merry it was in the green forest' "\_\_\_\_\_

"You have forgot to tell us what yon stone is with the hole through," interrupted my sister, still anxious to prevent this dreadful ballad. "It is called the Giant's Thumb," he replied;

'Merry it was in the green forest, among the' "\_\_\_\_\_

"Oh! do you think this has been meant for a cross?" said my sister, pointing at one of the pillars. "Perhaps," said the antiquary, "it may—

'\_\_\_\_\_ among the leaves green,  
Where men hunt \_\_\_\_\_,' "

"I will go," said my sister, patting my uncle on the elbow, "and bespeak beds at the inn!" And away she skipped towards the gate; and I felt a wish to follow her. "There," said she taking my

arm, "let us try if we can find nothing to amuse us while the antiquarian repeats his eighty verses." We returned first to the inn to order dinner; being confident that we should not leave town before noon.

After surveying the town, we returned to the churchyard, where the antiquarian was endeavouring to prove that King Arthur's bones were discovered in consequence of an old song. They however broke up the conference on our arrival; and we repaired to dinner.

As soon as we had dined, we took a chaise for Haws Water, intending to cross the hills into Kentmere that night. The first object that arrested our progress, was Arthur's Round Table, near Eamont Bridge. "This," said my father, "is a cockpit, without doubt." "It has been an area for jousts and tournaments," replied my uncle, "you may see as clear as noon. Do you not see," continued he warmly, "here is a circular area, with a dry ditch round it, for the spectators, with an entrance at each end for the knights on horseback? I almost fancy I can see these banks covered with the anxious crowd—King Arthur, and his courtiers, and ladies sitting on the side of yon hill—the knights, with their lances poised, entering on each side of the ring, with all the ardour of youthful valour—and—" "I can see nothing," said my father, "but some short grass, and an old grey horse pasturing among it."

"You have nothing to do," said my sister, "but to place a knight on the back of the old horse here :

and then double them, and we can imagine a joust immediately." "We have nothing to do," replied my uncle warmly, "but to let our fancy range back to those days of British valour, when ladies admired a youth for his heroism, as she would now do for his dandyism—when a lover would pay his suit in a coat of mail, with as much pliability in him as a tight laced Preston dandy." "Well, well," said my sister, "though I confess I should not much approve of a lover dressed in steel armour, it might be all very love inspiring in the days of King Arthur; but we can talk more about this as we travel towards Haws Water."

We had however more antiquities to visit; and the landlord of the inn was requested to conduct us to Mayburgh, a large circle, surrounded with a rampire of small stones, leaving an entrance towards the Round Table. There is a single stone in the centre; and some very fine wood growing round the enclosure. It is altogether a romantic spot. "This," said my uncle, "has been either a place of worship or a court of justice. But I should rather suppose it to have been the latter, as there is but one stone." "There were more stones," said the landlord, "but the farmer hired two men to break them up and carry them away." "Oh the villains!" exclaimed my uncle. "I think it was not right to do so," observed the landlord; "for I suppose one of the men lost his reason, and the other hung himself soon after." "If the old farmer who employed them, had hung himself too," urged my

uncle; "it would have been only right: he must evidently have lost his reason before, for no sensible man would injure such noble specimens of antiquity."

My uncle had mounted his antiquarian hobby, and nothing could have stopped him. A shower of rain which fell very opportunely, caused us to retreat to the chaise, but this did not stop my uncle's hobby. The Kendalian had spurred it to a gallop; and my sister observed, with a smile, that Mayburgh had made it run away. We had reached the village of Bampton, before he had concluded his account of the Druid worship; he then began to draw parallels between the religion of the ancient British and that of the ancient Caledonians. "The British believed in one supreme Being," said he, "while the Caledonians, brother, brother, What! are you asleep?" "Humph!" said my father, "it was an abominable thing of them." "What was abominable?" asked my uncle, "I have said nothing about them." "Yes," replied my father, "you told us they burned their children in wicker hurdles." "Humph," said my uncle, and sunk into a sulky silence, from which he did not rouse, till we reached Haws Water.

We were exceedingly amused, and my uncle was induced to resume his smile, by a droll adventure near Measand.—A party of gentlemen, a lady, and a peasant by way of guide, had taken a drawing excursion to this romantic vale; and we came in contact with them near one of those rustic spots, called farm houses in this country. The farmer, the far-



mer's wife, and their two sons were endeavouring to conduct a cart of hay into the barn the wrong end before. The horse which had been accustomed to precede the cart, seemed very unwilling to give up its honourable post, and refused, as well as a horse could refuse, to follow the cart. "It will not give up its precedency," said my sister. "It stands on punctilios, like a baronet," rejoined my father. "Its like a deel on us," said Dick, for we found by this time the peasant guide was so denominated by his employers :—"It's like a deel mair on us, it hates et gang back ith' ward." "I think," said the young gentleman, "this group, the barn, pig-stye, and other appurtenances, with the fine trees and rich background of hills, would make an exquisite sketch." "Never did I see a richer subject," said my sister. The stranger sat down on the corner of a crag, and we alighted to watch his progress.

The farmer's wife, who was probably no stranger to parties of this kind, wrapped her blue apron round her waist, and came running up to us, almost out of breath, "God bless ya, Sirs," she exclaimed, as soon as she was near enough to be heard, "Preigh ya stop a hal bit while oor Joan slips on another pair a breeks, for he isn't fit et be draan e thor." However, after much persuasion and assurance that Joan's breeches were actually the best we had seen that day, she consented that he should be drawn as he was.

The old woman's fears about Joan served to amuse us till the sketch was finished; when we prepared to pursue our journey. But as we had to go

over Nan Bield into Kentmere, and the rain was evidently gathering in the mountain heads, the stranger suggested the propriety of our taking his guide, as he might be useful in passing through the mist: to this we agreed. We re-entered the chaise, and Dick mounted, (no little vain,) along with the driver.

We soon arrived at the head of Mardale; where we quitted the chaise, and prepared to ascend the hill. The scene was extremely grand and magnificent. A heavy mist was rolling round the summits of the hills we had to climb, wreathing itself into a thousand fantastic forms; sometimes dipping down almost to the foot of Harter Fell; at others, re-ascending in a rapid sweep, and exhibiting the steep ravines in its side, and the numerous cascades which tumbled down the glen between that hill and High Street. "Is not this rather a dangerous passage?" enquired my uncle. "Net varra," replied Dick, "for I niver brak me neck e my life, wi gang-in oor it." "That's no reason but you may do," observed my sister; "or at best you may lose yourself, and not find your way home again." "I niver went fra heam but yance e my life, et I didn't git back again," said Dick, with a grin. "And pray when or where was that?" said my uncle. "It was this time, I presume," interrupted my sister, smiling, and patting my uncle on the shoulder.

We began to ascend the hill, and rain became more inevitable. "We certainly shall be most genteelly wet," said my uncle, looking up the hill. "If we are," said Dick, "we's be wet a top a Nan

Bield; an ivery body cannot say as mickle." "Well indeed, Dick," replied my sister, "I had rather be wet upon Nan Bield than in a common street." "If a mud be wet," observed Dick, making the sign of swallowing, "a wod be wet in ald Robin's at Hanton." "You prefer an inside wetting then?" said my father. "Raither an gang oor Nan Bield o sick a neet as tis, a wod," rejoined Dick; "an soa wod any sensible man." "But you are going over, as well as we," replied my uncle. "Ey," replied Dick; "but I'se gaan oor for pay. Ye don't think et a wod be seck a fool as gang oor for nooght." "Will you take a dram?" said my father, handing him the bottle. "Ey, ey, that'l du," replied Dick; "I thought if ye wor a gentleman, ye wod ken what a wor efter, forby."

We had now reached a tarn in the side of the mountain, called Small Water, a most gloomy and romantic spot. Not a shrub or tree softens the rugged grandeur of this horrid chasm. Nearly perpendicular rocks shelter it on three sides, and we entered by a fourth which is open to the north. The rain began to descend in torrents, and the wind blew a hurricane. Our umbrellas were rendered useless, and we crawled up the rocks, cold and drenched with rain, little capable of either seeing or enjoying our limited prospect of about ten yards round.

I could not help admiring Dick at this disagreeable part of our journey. When the rain and cold had depressed our spirits, and the difficulty of the road

rendered us weary, Dick endeavoured to cheer us with a lively hunting song. You would have been astonished what a happy effect his music, which though rustic was harmonious, had on us. We went forward with more vigour; and, I believe, felt less of the hardships of the road. As nearly as my sister and I can recollect, the following is a copy of it.

### A Hunting Song.

See, my dear, it is break of day;  
Kiss me, my love, for I must away;  
Over the hills and the mountains bound,  
To catch a glimpse of fleet-footed hound—  
While the cheery horn shall play,  
Tarra laddy, tarra laddy, tarra laddy, lay.

Through the copse and o'er the ling,  
We'll make the deaf-eared mountains ring,  
For nought on earth shall check our course,  
Or damp the ardour of man or horse—  
While the cheery horn shall play,  
Tarra laddy, tarra laddy, tarra laddy, lay.

When at eve, with the jolly pack,  
Whistling gaily, I journey back,  
Thou, my love, with smiles shall meet me,  
And I with a hunter's kisses greet thee—  
While the cheery horn shall play,  
Tarra laddy, tarra laddy, tarra laddy, lay.

For the joys of the chase shall be,  
Far less dear to my heart than me;  
For the sports of the field shall never  
Thee from my heart of hearts, love, sever—  
Though the cheery horn shall play,  
Tarra laddy, tarra laddy, tarra laddy, lay.

Then give me a kiss, and let me away,  
To join my comrades wild and gay;  
And I'll return at night to thee,  
Fonder and kinder, if that can be—  
While the cheery horn shall play,  
Tarra laddy, tarra laddy, tarra laddy, lay.

"Do you call this hill only half a mile?" enquired my father. "I kna net," replied Dick; "its mebbe bad rooad, and they give good meizzer." "We shall never reach the top, I think," said my father, peevishly. "Do not be disheartened," said my uncle; "it is said to be a long road that has never a turn." "I kna net whether its a sign ev a lang rooad er net; but its a varra straight an et hez nivver a turn," observed Dick.

My uncle looked at Dick some time, pondering over his picturesque interesting countenance; and then said, "Pray, friend, where is your own country?" "My country! God bless ye! I've nea country. I've a lal cot, an a parrock, just oor th' hill, but that's a lang deal short a heving a country," retorted Dick. "Then you come out of Kentmere," replied my uncle. "Nea," replied Dick, "I dunnet come out on't; but I come fra aside on't."

Our enquiries were suspended, and Dick's rustic wit was silenced, by our arrival at the summit of Nan Bield. The ridge was not more than three feet over, and we descended very rapidly into the vale of Kentmere. We quickly found we had left the rainy regions, and were entering upon a fine evening scene. But we were too much soaked with the wet to feel any enjoyment in the varied prospect of hill and dale, water, wood, and plain, which here presented itself. A few miles of rough mountain road brought us to the only inn this valley contains. The picturesque landlord and the entertainment we met with, are too singular to be compressed into the

conclusion of a letter. I shall therefore reserve them for my next.

Dick assured us, at parting, it was a public house where we should pass the night. My sister, with a smile, remarked, we should probably discover that before we left it. "I mickle question that," replied Dick, "for its a moderate spot." "Twill suit me then, for I admire moderation," replied my uncle. "Dea soa," said Dick; "then ye'll find this to yer mind; for its moderate eneugh!"

Your loving brother,

LEONARD ATKINS.

*Kentmere, August, 1820.*

## LETTER XII.

KENTMERE PUBLIC HOUSE—TEA-PARTY—CONFABU-  
LATION—KENDAL.

DEAR TOM,—If I recollect rightly, you will be at Preston this night—and this night I and my sister intended to have welcomed you home—I with as hearty a squeeze of the hand as ever brother gave to brother, and my sister with as warm, as chaste a kiss as ever mantled on the lips of an affectionate sister. But a wet day, and Kentmere, have compelled us to postpone this delightful rencontre. We have reached Kendal, however, and tomorrow, I trust, will see us safe at home. This of course will be my last letter; but I have a thousand things to tell you which I could not press into the compass of a letter, that must be told when we meet. Should this, however, meet you before I do, you must amuse yourself as well as you can with my poor account of our entertainment in Kentmere, where we arrived, you will recollect, the evening I wrote last.

You can form no idea of the comforts and accommodations of a genuine Lake inn of the *old school*. No sign, or even lettered board, announced a house

of refreshment. My uncle approached the door of what Dick assured us was the only public house in the vale. "That cannot be an inn," exclaimed my father. My uncle opened the door, and looking into the house, was inclined to hold the same opinion. However, to make the best apology he could for his intrusion, he asked if there was an alehouse any where near. "This is o ther is," replied an old coarse voice. My uncle turned round, and beckoning to us, said, "It is an inn." And we followed him into the house.

Oh! that Teniers had been with us! What a subject would the interior of this Kentmere caravan-sary have furnished for his pencil!—The floor was bespread with tubs, pans, chairs, tables, piggins, dishes, tins, and the other equipage of a farmer's kitchen. In the dusk of the evening, and the darkness of the house, the things were only just visible; and we felt some hesitation in approaching the fire, lest some accident might befall us in working our way through the innumerable obstacles, that intervened between us and the *cozey hearth*. A robust girl, in a short petticoat of *Kendal bump*, however, with more agility than might have been expected from her very unpromising appearance, presently pushed the tubs and pots aside, and by that means formed a tolerable avenue to the fire. When our Amazonian Hebe had conducted us to the fire, she gathered the children's stockings, shoes, frocks, skirts, &c. which occupied every chair in that part of the house; and by a little skill in placing the chairs



upon the broken flags by the hearth, she presented each of us with a tolerably comfortable seat.

Thus far we had advanced into the "bowels of the land," in silence. But my uncle now requested that something might be added to the fire, as we were thoroughly wet, and very cold. "Put some mear peats tet fire," said the landlord, "thor folks are varra ill drabbled." While the maid was reconstructing the fire, we had time to reconnoitre our quarters.

There was no fire-place; but a paved area of about two square yards, raised perhaps six inches from the floor, and attached to the end wall, formed the hearth where the fire burned. Parallel to the end wall, a beam, belonging the room floor above us, crossed the house about two yards from the end wall. The space above this beam was shaped like a pyramid; gradually tapering to the top, where it could not be above a yard square. Up this funnel or chimney the smoke ascended in fine convolving wreaths, very amusing to us, as it gave a dingy hue to the small speck of sky which appeared like the lid of the chimney.

Under this huge vacant pyramid, and within what they term the *chimney wing*, we sat, on one side of the hearth. On the other, close to an oven in the wall, sat the ancient landlord; and beside him sat the landlady, a good looking woman with a very young infant on her knee. In the middle, was our mountain Venus of a waiting maid, erecting a fire. This seemed to be a feat of skill; for she first col-

lected all the red fragments of the former fire, and placed them in a neat heap. Then she surrounded this heap of fire with a circle of half peats, set on end; and again with two rows of whole peats set on end. The hollow in the middle was then filled with small fragments of peats, so as to rise highest in the middle. In about five minutes the fire began to burn brightly. "Thear," said the landlord, "thee jo is in a good eumor to neet, fort fire loos."

Hitherto we had been sufficiently amused with their rude but well meant endeavours to render us comfortable. But as we began to warm, we began to feel faint: and my uncle requested the maid to bring my sister a glass of warm shrub, as he supposed they would keep no wine, and each of us a glass of his favourite rum and new milk. The girl stood and looked "unutterable things." But the landlord replied, "We hae nae rum." "A little gin and warm water then," said my uncle. "We niver keep nae spirits," replied Boniface. "Let us have something at any rate," replied my father. "We hae capital ale," observed the landlord; "bring 'em ivery yan a pint." "And a pint for your master," added my uncle. The landlord's face brightened up at this; and all was very pleasant till we tasted the nauseous beverage. However it was all we could procure; and it was our duty to submit to necessity. Beside, whatever our comforts might be, we might rank them among the curiosities of our lake tour.

A new difficulty presented itself, in preparing

supper. Eggs and bacon were all that the maid with all her ingenuity was able to produce. My sister made herself very cheerful over her rustic meal, and wished she might never be compelled to sit down to a worse repast. "There is not much fear of that," said my father. "Do you think," she replied, "that no one ever supped less splendidly than we do? For my own part, I am oft astonished how it is that the Deity should have been so bountiful to us, while others are exposed to cold and hunger, pain and sickness, want and misery. It is not, I am certain, that we serve him better than others; or that we are more deserving than the meanest of his creatures." My uncle turned to her with a smile; for she had touched on a subject on which my uncle loved to dwell. "My dear, my darling niece," said he, "can you give any reason then, why we have been blessed with wealth, while so many others are permitted to endure all the privations to which indigence is exposed?" "I believe," she replied, "that there are many who are incapable of profiting by the good things of this world, if they had them; and heaven has placed wealth in our hands, that we might act as stewards to the Almighty, in distributing his bounty to those who have not been blessed with it." "And what," said my uncle, "will be the consequence if we neglect to employ that wealth, as heaven designed, and appropriate it to our own use? What shall we say when this summons arrives, '*Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayst be no longer steward*'?"

My sister made no reply, she clasped her hands on her bosom, turned her eyes towards heaven, a moment; and then turning to my uncle, she said, in a half whisper, "If you will accompany me after we return home, we will seek out the fatherless and the widow, the aged and the infirm. We will administer to their wants, and endeavour to sooth their distresses. We will calm the troubled breast, and ease the throbbing heart. We will dry the mourner's tears, and bind up the broken hearted. We will watch over the couch of sickness, and solace the dying hour. Oh! we will raise a little heaven around us; and when our limited means prevent us from doing more good, we will

'Give the wretch who passes by,  
A soothing word, a tear, a sigh.'

My uncle once or twice dashed away the tear which started in his eye—but it would not do. His nature is kind; and this appeal to his benevolence was too powerfully made for him to repress his feelings. He pressed my sister to his breast, printed a kiss on her lips, and promised that she should be his guiding angel, and lead him wherever his services might be acceptable.

My father too was moved; but his harsher disposition enabled him better to conceal it. "Call on me," said he to my sister, after a moment's pause, "every Monday morning for two guineas, in addition to your present allowance, to enable you to pursue your benevolent design."

You, Tom, whose heart is alive to the best and

tenderest of human feelings, will easily suppose that we did not make the eggs and bacon much less. The full heart wanted no earthly food. Oh! how luxurious was a feast of the soul like this!

After much contriving on the part of the host and hostess; and many assurances on ours, that we could sleep any where, we were conducted to our apartments. The room appointed for me was any thing but neat. However it had one convenience—the casement was an excellent ventilator; and I was convinced that the circulation of air would dry my clothes, if carefully spread out over the chairs, of which there were plenty. The bedstead was, like the rest of the house, entirely on the model of the old school. The sides were of black oak, about twelve inches deep, by about four inches thick. The posts were about two feet and a half high from the floor. And the curtains, which were composed of patches of old paper hangings of different patterns pasted together, were suspended from hooks in the ceiling.

I slept very soundly; and when I awoke next morning, my clothes were thoroughly dry. I dressed myself as well as I could; but the delicacies of a wash-hand basin or a looking glass, seemed to be luxuries unknown to the unsophisticated natives of Kentmere. As several doors opened out of my room, I had some difficulty in determining which should lead me to the apartments below. I however fixed upon one, where I found our Kentmere bar-maid fast asleep. I passed into another, occu-

pied by the children. A door out of this led me to the stone stairs, by which I descended to our last night's supper room. "Good morrow te ya," said the landlord; "here's a wet mworning." The rest of the family soon followed; and no unpleasant breakfast was prepared for us, of which we partook in the same room where we had supped before. For this apartment appeared to serve the office of kitchen, dining room, drawing room, breakfast room, and tap-room.

The rain continued to pour in torrents; and every lane assumed the appearance of a river. As no chaise could be procured, we were obliged to submit to our fate, and remain in our present quarters till the rain might be pleased to abate. For my sister having been so excessively drenched the night before, it would have been murder to have taken her through the rain to-day.

However we were more fortunate than might have been expected; for, according to immemorial custom among these hills, after every Lying-in, the good woman invites her female friends and neighbours to a comfortable *dish of tea*, so soon as she is able to attend on them. This merry meeting chanced to take place on the very day we were at Kentmere. And the singularity of a genuine Kentmere *party*, could not fail to prove interesting to my sister, as well as to your brother.

The dinner was despatched before twelve o'clock; and all was hurry and bustle to make preparations for the invited gossips. The kitchen utensils which

had blockaded our passage to the fire the former evening, were all removed into an outer kitchen—the chairs were neatly polished with black lead and buttermilk to a shining black—the end wall beside the fire was whitened with lime, which, on drying, assumed a bright tawny orange, from the smoky plaster on which it was laid.—The floor, composed of blue flags, was well washed with water, and rubbed with a stone, till it looked like blue and white marble.—The tables and the old fashioned bread cupboard were washed, and then rubbed well with sweet fern, which gave a perfume to the house more than agreeable.—The large oak snap table, that stood in the landlord's bed-room, (which, like the state bed of a palace, is on the ground floor,) was brought out, and set on the middle of the floor.—The large square mahogany tea tray—the black coffee pot—the silver lustre teapot—the glass cream jug and sugar basin—and the finely pencilled china—were arranged on the table, with all that pride which a Westmorland yeoman feels when he has an opportunity of displaying his wealth and splendour.

As the *wives*, as they are emphatically termed, began to assemble, rustic compliments began to pour in thick upon our lying-in landlady. “Wy wat I hwope ya mend nicely. Wat hoost barn? Wat its quite a throddy; an as like it fadther as if he ed spit it.”——“Wat yer middling gaily? Ise reet fain et see ya luke sae weel. Oh! its a bonny barn; an it fadther varra een.”——“Wy yer welcome tot harston again; ye’ll due belive. Ant barn’s a

reet fine an, an it fadther hear till a tee."——"Ey, marry it fadthers itsell. An yer gaily stoot, I warnd?"

Such and such like compliments filled up the brief space between their entrance and teatime; which was no longer delayed than could be avoided.

Our feminine Hercules was dressed up, as the landlord observed, in her *bitter best*. My uncle could not make out the derivation of this term, though he made several enquiries. One old woman said it meant nothing but bitter best.

"How comes Miles folk on, Peggy?" enquired a thin faced matron in a mob cap. "I kna net," said Peggy; "ye see, Jennet, they nivver offer et due. She spends o et she can git e fine cleas, and he drinks, ey an warse an that, somefolk says. A prood keck-malairy as she iz, she wears leather shoon ivery day. Her fadther, honest man, wor fain ev a par a clogs, weel greased when e warnt at kirk; but she mun ha shining shoon et sit it hoos in. Ye see wat folk gits we ganging et leev e sick pleaces as Lankister." "Ist be reet sorry et a barn a mine sud gang thear," said Peggy. "Er a mine aider," replied another voice. "Hoos Joan Martin duen," said the landlord. "Duen!" said Peggy, "Wy hees duen as ill as e can. Hees nivver pait his hofe ear rent yet." "Hoo kna ya that?" said the landlady. "Wy Mr. Wilson telt oor Tom sea when he went et pay his." "Mr. Wilson wod tell yoor Tom noot o'th mack, I ken weel eneugh," said Jennet. "Wy but he ext oor Tom whar Joan Martin wor; an if



Joan had been payin his rent, as oor Tom war, he wud a knan whar e war." "Yer reet, Peggy, whatever it leet on," said the landlord.

The conversation proceeded rapidly in this manner, and one farmer after another was ruined. One with a proud wife, another with an expensive son; some with following the green crop system, and others with liming and draining. One man went to Kendal after bad women; and another had a wife no better than she should be. Almost every maid in the valley was either with child, or deserved it.

Such, thought I to myself, are the mild and simple manners of these mountain rustics. In places like these, our philosophers tell us, we must look for men in a state of purity. It would seem rather, that the more the human mind is left to its own depravity, and the farther it is removed from the means of improvement, the more vicious it grows. I cannot say but I was glad of this opportunity of exploring the mazes of the mind; as it convinced me that man is man wherever he may be found.

After tea the evening cleared up, and the landlord prepared his cart to convey us to Kendal. We had a delightful drive down the vale. The sun shot out its level beams over the woods dropping with rain; and the clouds, as they retired in large white fleeces, gave a cheerfulness to the scene so unlike any thing I had seen before, that I was quite charmed with this part of our journey. As the vale of Kendal expanded before us, a slight mist

hung over the lower part of the town, through which the old ruined Castle just shewed its dark grey turrets—the prospect was beautiful in the extreme.—But my paper is full, and as I shall so soon see you, it is folly to add more.

Your loving brother,

LEONARD ATKINS.

*Kendal, Aug. 1820.*

## EXCURSION

OVER HARTER-FELL TO LONGSLEDDALE.

I have just accomplished my journey into Longsleddale. And I am highly amused with a peculiarity in this country dialect, which they tell me extends through all the district of the Lakes; and which is evidently of French extraction. It consists in placing a pronoun at the beginning of a sentence, and adding the nominative as a disjoined phrase at the end. I will give you a few examples.

“It is a pretty valley, this Longsleddale.”

“It is a steep hill, is Harter-fell.”

“It falls an amazing height, that cascade.”

“It runs remarkably well, does that horse.”

In *English* these sentences would have stood thus:—

“Longsleddale is a pretty valley.”

“Harter-fell is a steep hill.”

“That cascade falls an amazing height.”

“That horse runs remarkably well.”

But while I am describing the peculiarities of the Westmorland dialect, I am forgetting the peculiarities of the Westmorland vales. A subject about which I sat down to write.

I must recollect to mention that the morning was fine. This is always an important point with an artist; for the sun elicits a thousand beauties which do not exist on a cloudy day. The light and shade are so richly mingled, that the most trifling inequality of the hills becomes visible. Every projecting rock throws out a shade—every fissure and ravine

springs into existence. There was also that meteorological phenomenon, called the *Dry-hop*, by the country people, which gives such a soft and dancing appearance to the landscape—a beauty which no painter can describe, because it consists in the undulating motion of the air.

Though my host and I had often ascended the side of Harter-fell, we had not hitherto visited its summit. This morning, therefore, we resolved to take the top of Harter-fell in our route, and a young gentleman from one of our public schools, being on a visit to the clergyman, kindly volunteered to accompany us. The old cottager, who knew what would be requisite in such a journey, filled a little pannier with such articles as might prove most acceptable to us mountaineers.

It was surprising to see the old cottager climb the hill. Though feeble, and much inferior to either the young scholar or me on level ground, he led us a race up the steep acclivity—so much for habit. We amused ourselves in ascending the hill, by any remarks which were likely to elicit the gaiety of the mind. The old man compared it to the hill Difficulty of Pilgrim's Progress, a book which he had nearly by rote. The young scholar thought it might be compared to Mount Parnassus, and reminded us that Pegasus would be flying from its summit on our nearer approach. A raven which had built in one of the cliffs, aroused by the unusual sound of human voices, at length gave its wings to the yielding air. "There," observed the scholar, "I told

you that Pagasus would fly off presently." "Nay," said the old man, who knew nothing of the classic allusion, "that is only a raven; many of which build in these rocks."

After many a tug, and many a rest, we arrived at the summit of the hill. The prospect was extremely grand. To the north lay the vales of Riggingdale, Mardale, and Haws Water. Beyond these, the extended woods of Lowther, and the town of Penrith, and all the rich country down to Pooley Bridge. The fertile lands of Cumberland, limited by the Scotch mountains. The prospect to the east was bounded by the long range of Crossfell. To the west, we saw nothing but the vale of Kentmere, two small tarns immediately below us, with mountains heaped upon each other in the wildest confusion, far as the eye could reach. To the south, was the beautiful narrow vale of Longsleddale, with its fertile fields; and a little to the west, over the humbler hills, we saw Ulverston and Lancaster sands, and the Irish Channel. Nearer, but in the same direction, we had a charming peep down the lake of Windermere, with its soft and unassuming hills at its southern extremity.

The warmth of the day made us extremely thirsty; and we felt like parched travellers on the sandy deserts of Arabia, sighing for a bubbling spring. After searching about a mile, we found a most delightful spring, in the bosom of the hill, where the vale of Longsleddale loses itself in a number of nameless ravines. Being about the time of sheepshearing

the shepherds were busy gathering in their flocks for shearing the following morning; and a respectable yeoman from the vale below, with his dog "*Servant*," or as it was abbreviated to "*Sirrah*," joined us at the spring, and a very valuable guide he was.

We sat down by the fountain, spread our stores on the green bent, and pleased ourselves with the idea, that Lowther Castle (which was then in view) could not boast a more extensive dining room than *ours*. Our pasties were highly relished, and a little sorrel which we had gathered on the rocks below, made an apology for a sallad. Our soda water tins, supplied the place of glasses, and a few draughts of ginger beer, restored our wasted spirits. Having finished our rural, but highly savoury meal, and thrown a few fragments to the faithful and thankful *servant*, that had so patiently waited on us at dinner, we proceeded on our excursion.

Mr. S——, the Longaleddale yeoman, explained to us the method of collecting the sheep, for the sheepshearing, or *clipping*, as it is there termed. The sheep had been collected about a fortnight before, and driven to a place called Brownlow Bottom, where a stream, which afterwards falls into the Kent, was dammed by a bank of stones and green sods. To this place all the shepherds of the neighbouring vales for a dozen miles round, repaired on the "*washing day*"—called, on that account, "*Brownlow Bottom Fair*"—to make enquiries after the stray sheep.

After washing the sheep they are again turned upon the Fell, and we just came in time to see part

of the second gathering. It was pleasing to see the sagacity of the sheep dogs. At this place, the vale branches out into a number of small ravines, gradually losing themselves in the mountain heads. Along the ridge of hills which surround these minor vales, the shepherds and the dogs pursued their way; and thus keeping on the higher ground, the sheep retreated into the vale. I observed that the dogs never attempted to bark, till they were beyond the sheep. Hence having the noise above them, the sheep naturally drew into the vales below, gradually encreasing in numbers, till they reached the foot of the hill.

As we descended the hill, Mr. S— took us to see Langindale Slate Quarries. What an excavation! Now deserted! Since he could remember, he had known them *export* slate through Mosedale and Mardale, to a great extent. A galloway, with half a load on each side, trudged over the hills, where neither carts nor sledges could pass. Forty of these galloways, in a string, went over the hills twice every day during the summer, leaving the slate at a place where the carts could take it up. In winter, the galloways were put out to grass, where the snow did not lie long, and where they could pasture at a trifling expense.

“Did no accidents ever happen at these quarries?” enquired the young scholar. “O! yes!” replied Mr. S—, “many; and one in particular I recollect, which filled the whole vale with pity.” We were all anxious for the particulars, and our kind ciceroné gave us the following tale, which I shall call

## THE SLATE QUARRY.

Jemmy Wilson was a young man of sober habits. Indeed the vale is remarkable for sobriety; as we had once a public house in it, but the landlords all failed in a very short time after coming to it, and we have had none for these many years. Jemmy was of a careful disposition, as most sober people are; and, without wishing to acquire riches, was anxious to merit the character of an HONEST MAN—which is the highest honour that a Sleddaler ever looks for.

When Jemmy was about five and twenty, he married a young woman who had been his playmate at school, for the play days in our valley are concluded at an early period. On their marriage, they went to reside at such a cottage as we term a comfortable one. Ellen's father gave them a cow, and they rented a little piece of land; but not enough either to support them or find Jemmy in employment. To make up these deficiencies, Jemmy proposed to work at the quarries, where his wages would be certain; and as his land would nearly maintain them, his wages could be chiefly spared for a *wet day*, as we term it—that is, against sickness and old age. Ellen had no objection to the proposal, except the frequent accidents which happened there, and she would much rather see him turn to any other *job*.

Jemmy however had no such fears, and he went to the quarry, or *wharke*, as we call it, full of the gains which his labour would produce. A few months passed pleasantly over, and the happy couple looked forward with pleasing anticipations to the time when they should be enabled to stock a larger farm. But fate had woven the web of Jemmy's life in another loom, and he was not destined to enjoy the blessings for which he laboured.

One day a blast had been put into a rock, which caught fire more readily than was expected; and Jemmy became the victim of its fury. I saw the lifeless corpse brought to that door which he had left in the morning with so joyous a heart; and I saw Ellen faint over the body of her Jemmy! —Distressing, however, as the scene appeared—keenly as



every one felt at the moment—no one ever thinks of it now; no one recollects it but as an occurrence of other years—except Ellen—she feels as deeply as ever she felt—and the name of the *slate quarry*, will instantly suffuse her eyes with tears.

“I wonder,” said the scholar, “where you dale-landers learn to be so eloquent.” “The voice of nature,” replied the old man, “speaks to all hearts alike; but it is more attentively listened to by the simple sons of these vales, than by the vitiated children of luxury and sloth. The tale which Robert has just told, has none of what you would term eloquence in it. It is as simple a tale as ever was told; but it depicts the pure feelings of nature, and raises a correspondent feeling in every heart that hears it. If you wish to learn the genuine eloquence of nature, you must learn it in nature’s own school—the Lake Vales.”

In descending the hill, Mr. S—— showed us a curious narrow trough in the rock, through which the water works its way, into many a wild cascade. One of the most remarkable of the fissures in the rock is called the “*Scot’s loup*.” The reason for which name is as follows. In ancient times, when the Scots came down to plunder these vales, two marauders had strayed down Longleddale, and were pursued by a strong body of Sleddalers. In making their retreat up the vale again, they were so closely pursued, that no way of escape presented itself but leaping the brook, which was then swollen with rain. The trough at the head of a fine cascade, though terrible to look at, seemed the most eligible; and

one of them succeeded in clearing the chasm, but the other fell in and was dashed to pieces by the waterfall, which hurled him into the cauldron below.

The entrance at the head of the vale is between two magnificent rocks, called Buckbarrow and Goat-scar. At the foot of the former we went to visit a well, famous for the growth of the *Saxifraga Stel-laris*, or *Starry Saxifrage*.

A stony mountain road led us to the inhabited part of the vale. The first dwelling is *Sad-gill*, a most romantic spot, sheltered with trees; with a lofty hill behind, and a murmuring stream before. We next arrived at the only village in the vale, called *Little Londen*;—for what reason it has this name, I could not learn. Our conductor took us to visit his mother-in-law, a friendly cheerful old woman. We sat down to a comfortable repast of bread and butter, and new butter milk, and drank the old woman's health in her own rum and milk, with no common zest. We found ourselves so much at home, that an hour passed away among the bees and flowers before we were aware.

As we descended the vale, Mr. S—— pointed out a place called Kitt Stone, an Old Roman building full of curious carved work, belonging to Flookborough chapel. We passed Longsleddale chapel, where the Rev. Mr. Greenwood discharges the duties of a rural pastor, to the satisfaction of his parishioners.

A little below the chapel, we passed Bosswood Crag, a single stone of enormous size, with a flourishing oak tree upon its top—the young scholar was puzzled to know where the roots procured moisture.

Arrived at the house of Mr. S—, we refreshed ourselves with a little more bread and butter, and received a new supply of rum and milk. Our young scholar enquired if all the cows in Longleddale gave that kind of milk; and suggested the idea of carrying a few churns of such like milk to Kendal every day, thinking that a profitable trade might be opened in that line. Mr. S— was of the same opinion; only they had none to spare, the cows being nearly *dry*.

Among other information respecting the dale, Mr. S— told us that there was not a mechanic of any description—neither a smith, a carpenter, a shoemaker, a grocer, an innkeeper, nor any business, except a tailor, who had not half work. The young scholar enquired how they did without a doctor. “We never want one,” replied our friend, “except for burns and scalds, and our worthy friend, A—, can cure them.” Old Mr. A—, who was smoking his pipe very comfortably, observed, that “they were far too busy to find time to be out of health; and that a doctor would soon be starved to death.”

The evening began to draw on, and we bade farewell to the hospitable inhabitants of this pleasant vale, with a firm resolution to pay them another visit the first opportunity.

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## FAREWELL TO THE LAKES.

There is something gloomy in the idea of quitting for ever those pleasing scenes where I have passed some of the happiest hours of my existence. To

bid adieu forever to the silent glens, and murmuring rills, and rocky mountains and waving woods, and simple peasantry—it is no easy task. I have now for a considerable time kept company with this “ancient brotherhood of hills,” and the goodbye hangs lingering on my tongue as loth to hear itself echoed by the bare blue rock. But it must be. I and those I love must part. Other travellers shall pass the spot where I now stand, and find no trace of my sojourn. The sigh which now floats on the breeze shall ere then have sunk into silence; and the tear drop which now gems the grass at my feet shall have vanished as though it never hung there.

So it is with human life, as my old friend at Mardale Head has often observed. We come as travellers in the wilderness of this world, with the certainty that we must leave it for another and an unknown country. Some few are able to meet with some pleasing spot where they almost imagine they could pass an eternity of delight; but the day of parting arrives, and they quit the favoured spot and all its joys with as much reluctance as the wretch whom fortune doomed to sleep under the shelter of one of these hanging rocks. Uncertainty is the substance of human life; and joy and sorrow are but its lights and shadows. And shall a tear ever bedew the cheeks of him who knows that there is nothing in the world worth weeping for?

Such were the remarks of the Old man of Mardale Head, as I parted with him, on taking my farewell of the Lakes. I could not quit these fairy scenes without visiting the intelligent old man; and again

wandering with him over some of those magic spots, where enthusiasm had seized upon the faculties of my mind, and led my fancy captive.

“We part,” said the old man, “probably never to meet again. This parting puts me in mind of the hour, which fast approaches, when I too must bid farewell to the Lakes. I have, I confess, been an enthusiastic admirer of the rich and varied scenes which heaven has placed before my view; and in my morning adorations to the Giver of every blessing, I never fail to return thanks to Him for having placed me in a situation so congenial to my taste. In my morning walks, I moralize on the phenomena of nature, which present themselves to my view. The magnitude of the hills, leads me to contemplate the power of the Deity—their stability teaches me a lesson on the immutability of their Creator, whose promises are firmer than the solid rocks, which have laughed at storms and tempests for nearly six thousand years.—Sometimes a heavy mist will hang on the mountain’s brow, obscuring the lovely face of nature; which the rising sun will disperse, and leave the landscape in all its beauty and loveliness. I have then been led to reflect on that mist of darkness which was dispelled by the sun of righteousness, who rose with healing on his wings.—I have been also taught to reflect on the transitory nature of human grief. When our prospects are the darkest—when no bright speck illumines the future—and nothing but the mist of despondence obscures the scene of life; then the providential mercy of our heavenly Father, shines

upon us with more than usual splendour, and the joy we then feel is rendered doubly sweet by its contrast with the preceding gloom.—The little lake below us, I compare to the human mind. When the air is still, its surface is smooth; and I see reflected in it, the hills, and trees, and houses, which adorn its banks. Such is the mind in its tranquil state. It catches the hue of every lovely object around it; and we gaze on the serenity of the mind with pleasure—we trust to it with security. The angry man we compare to the lake in a storm. Every lovely image is obliterated. Its waves dash against its boundaries, as if anxious to overleap those limits, which nature has assigned them. We approach it with fear; and prudently avoid trusting ourselves to its mercy.—The little mountain pansy, sometimes, though rarely found among our pastures, tells me that, as the richest of nature's works are thus hid from the eyes of the common observer, we should not condemn the soul which has been nurtured in obscurity; for there the most powerful operations of the Deity, are found to exist in their highest perfection.—The mountains rising one above another, are to me an emblem of the difficulties which attend all human pursuits. When we begin to climb, the summit appears near and easily attainable; but as we proceed, new summits rise above those already passed, and new difficulties present themselves, never dreamt of at starting.—But the greatest, and most important lesson, is taught by the changing season on the umbrageous foliage. Now we see the trees stripped of their beauty; and nothing indicates

a return of that covering we so much admired a few months ago. We know that it will return; but if we had not been taught by experience, we could never have discovered the fact by philosophy. Thus it is with man. He blooms awhile, the admiration of all around: but the accidents or thunderstorms of his prime, scatter his leaves. Or if he escapes these, as I have done, the winter of old age is sure to consign him to the sleep of death. A few more of the autumnal winds of life, perhaps the next, may close the period of my protracted summer, and none will remember that I ever bloomed. I am already become a stranger in my native vale. The companions of my youth have stooped to the tempest, and I must yield as well as they. Those whom I knew, while the warmth and energy of manhood remained, while the affections of my heart were yet capable of clinging round the soul of a brother mortal, have all quitted this sublunary sphere. My breast is now become callous. I am no longer capable of feeling that fond affection, which once thrilled through my heart, at the sight of a friend. I seem like a stranger who has but a few hours to remain in his lodgings, and is careful to form no connections. Yet, though my wasting strength convinces me, that I shall quickly fall like a withered leaf in autumn; I also feel a certainty that I shall blossom again, like the budding bloom of spring. I therefore do not contemplate death like the annihilation of my mental energies; but as a great and mysterious change, far beyond my conception. I think upon this great and important change, till I sink in humble awe at

the feet of that Almighty Being, in whose hands are the destinies of the Universe !”

The old man ceased, and we proceeded to the foot of the hill in silence. The ascent was steep, and he surveyed it awhile, as if to ascertain whether he could climb it or not. At last he pressed my hand, raised his eyes to heaven, as if supplicating for me, that guidance and protection which he was no longer able to afford.

I parted at once with him and the sweet vale of Mardale, for I would not allow my lingering fancy to enjoy another gaze. I wished to turn my eyes within, to trace the wild and rugged landscape there, and rethink the solemn train of thoughts which the old man's parting observations had so powerfully excited.

I do assure you, that I left this delightful region with a sigh ; and looked upon its *vanishing points* with regret. Though I shall probably never again hold communion with its hills, or recline again on the banks of its streams, fond memory will often recal those days of pure and rational enjoyment which I spent among the Lakes.

[The reader has now had before him all, or nearly all Mr. Briggs' Compositions respecting THE LAKES of this District. "The Letters" are given as they appeared in the Lonsdale Magazine ; with the exception of a few very trifling omissions and verbal alterations ; which, from a knowledge of the Author's intentions, as communicated to us in frequent conversations, we deem ourselves warranted in making.... "The Tales of the Lakes," which constituted a leading feature of the last volume of the Lon. Mag., are but nominally connected with that part of the country ; as any person who takes the trouble of examining them, will at once discover. The "Excursion over Harter-fell," and "The Farewell to the Lakes," being, however, exceptions to this observation, are inserted in this publication. The latter article, it is presumed, forms a very appropriate *finale* to the subject.]



# **WESTMORLAND AS IT WAS.**

*From the Rev. Mr. HODGSON's topographical and historical  
Description of this county ;*

**WITH NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS,**

**BY JOHN BRIGGS.**

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## WESTMORLAND AS IT WAS.

ALL the old MANOR HOUSES<sup>1</sup> and other edifices were built for defence against the incursions of the Scotch. The larger houses had areas, or yards, strongly walled about, and garnished with turrets and battlements. Within these inclosures, they shut up their cattle during the night; and when they had notice of an enemy, by firing of beacons<sup>2</sup> and other modes of alarm. Even the farm houses<sup>3</sup> were secured with strong doors and gates, and had small windows<sup>4</sup> crossed with strong bars of iron. And many of them had a cow-house and stable in the lower story, in the manner of the piles of Northumberland.

But the great bulk of dwelling-houses consisted of four rooms on the ground floor, and two on the second story. The front door was covered with a low porch, the entrance from which was called the *freshwood*, or threshold.<sup>5</sup> From this the *hallan*,<sup>6</sup> a passage nearly four feet broad, led to the other side of the building, where, in front, was the back door, on the left side the *down house*<sup>7</sup> door, and on the right the *mell* door<sup>8</sup>. The down house had no second story, and was open to the rafters which were left naked. The partition which divided it from the hallan was generally of wicker work, sometimes of oak staves, or of stone. Here the baking, brewing, washing, and such like, of the wealthier class of yeomanry was performed. Others used it as a receptacle for elding, [*old and dead things—Saxon*] the provincial name for firing, whether wood or turf. With the mechanics, this was the workshop. The mell door opened into the *heck*, a narrow passage six feet long, and leading into the house, from which it is separated by a stone parti-

tion, that screened the wind from the fireside. The house was lighted by two small windows<sup>9</sup> in front, and one behind, and was the common apartment of the family at meals and in the evenings.<sup>10</sup> The back of the chimney was formed by the wall of the middle edifice. The other sides were of wicker work,<sup>11</sup> smeared over with clay and cow dung, or of lath and plaster, commencing at the floor of the loft, six feet wide, and gradually narrowing to the top. Here joints of various kinds of meat were suspended to dry for winter use;<sup>12</sup> and under this smoky dome, which in moist weather was continually shedding a black sooty lee, called the *hallam drop*, sat the family;<sup>13</sup> the women knitting, or spinning wool or flax; the men often carding wool, and the school-boy culling Lilly; while the grandfather, the chronicler of border tales and superstitious legends, related among other things, the freaks of *Hobthrust*,<sup>14</sup> so exquisitely described by Milton:—

Tells how the drudging goblin sweat  
To earn his cream bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail had thrashed the corn,  
That ten day labourers could not end;  
Then lays him down, the lubber fiend,  
And stretched out all the chimney's length  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;  
And cropful out of door he flings,  
Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

The fire was lighted on a hearth<sup>15</sup> slightly raised from the ground. A beam of wood, called the *rannel-balk*<sup>16</sup> ran across the chimney, and from this hung a sooty chain garnished with crooks, suitable for hanging different culinary vessels upon. At the end of the house opposite the fire, was a large oaken closet<sup>17</sup> of different compartments, on which was carved the owner's name, the year in which it was made, endless scrawls, crowns, and other curious devices. This closet was the full height of the house; and had on the right hand of it the door into the pantry or dairy; and on the left the door of the *bower*<sup>18</sup> or chamber, in which

the master or mistress slept, and which was one-third larger than the pantry. The children and servants slept on the loft,<sup>19</sup> which was unceiled, the males at one end, and the females at the other. The sides of these buildings were made of stone; the timber of the roof was supported by strong wooden posts<sup>20</sup> fixed in the ground; and the whole covered with thatch<sup>21</sup> of heath or straw, and in the western mountains with a sort of heavy blue slate. This description answers to the houses of the yeomanry in general: those of the peasantry<sup>22</sup> wanted the down house, and were more rudely built.

The CLOTHING of the men was of the native fleece of the county, homespun, and woven by the village weaver. The wool of a black sheep,<sup>23</sup> slightly mixed with blue and red, was the favourite colour of this cloth, which was very thick and heavy, and of which the coat and waistcoat were made; the breeches, if not of the same, were of leather, generally of buckskin. The shirt was of harden cloth,<sup>24</sup> made of the finest part of hemp, or the coarsest part of flax; and both of these plants were grown for the use of each family, on almost every farm in the county. Itinerant hecklers and ropers went their annual rounds from house to house.<sup>25</sup>—The hemp-ridge in many fields bears its name after its use has been forgotten. The women's apparel was of the finer sorts of the native wool, woven into a kind of serge, dyed of a russet blue, or other colour; and like the men's, made up by the tailor,<sup>26</sup> at the wearer's own fire side. *Clogs*<sup>27</sup> or wooden-soled shoes, still continue in common use, and are well adapted to a mountainous and rainy country.<sup>28</sup>

Besides the large partition closet, the FURNITURE of the house consisted of a long oaken table<sup>29</sup> with a bench on each side of it, where the whole family, master, children, and servants ate together. The richer sort of people had a service of pewter; but amongst the middling and poorer classes, the dinner was eaten off wooden *trenchers*. Hasty pudding and liquids were served up in small wooden vessels called *piggins*, made in the manner of half barrels, and having one

stave longer than the rest for a handle. On one side of the fire was a seat above six feet long, called the *longsettle*.<sup>50</sup> Its back was curiously carved; and its seat formed a chest with two or three divisions, in one of which the economical housewife laid up, in sorted brudles, thread, buttons, and remnants of cloth for mending the family apparel. Along the heck side of the fire was the *sconce*,<sup>51</sup> a sort of fixed bench, under which one night's elding was deposited early every evening. The chairs<sup>52</sup> were of heavy wainscot, with high arms, and carved on the back; but by being narrow and upright,

"-----They pressed against the ribs,  
And bruise'd the side; and elevated high,  
Taught the raised shoulders to invade the ears."

Three footed stools were, however, the most common moveable seats. The bedsteads<sup>53</sup> too were of oak, with carved testers of the same wood; those on the loft were commonly without either testers or hangings. The dresses of the family, meal, malt, and dried meat, were kept in strong clumsy chests,<sup>54</sup> the fronts of which were laboriously ornamented with carved borders, and like that of the furniture, joined together with wooden pins, instead of nails. The latches and bolts of the doors were of wood; but the outer door,<sup>55</sup> studded with large headed nails riveted in the inside. Candles made of peeled rushes,<sup>56</sup> (*juncus conglomeratus*) dipped in the hot fat, procured from frying bacon, were more in use than those made of tallow. The candlestick was a light upright pole, fixed in a log of wood, and perforated with a row of holes up one side, in which a piece of iron, bent at at right angles, and furnished with a socket for holding tallow candles, and a kind of pincers for rushes, was moved upwards and downwards as convenient.

The refinement and general condition of a people are in nothing more apparent than in the kinds and qualities of their Food, and in their method of preparing it. To the rank meals of the Greenlander we attach ideas of stupidity, slowness, and poverty; and the delicate viands of a London

epicure as naturally represent to the mind refined manners, elegance and riches. This county being supposed unfavourable to the growth of wheat, black oats, called *haver*, and a species of barley, called *bere* or *bigg*, were the only grains it produced. Of the haver, bread was made, or a species of pottage, called hasty pudding; this bread being made into thin unleavened cakes,<sup>37</sup> and laid up in chests, within the influence of the fire, has the quality of preserving its sweetness for several months: it is still in common use. The bigg was chiefly made into malt, and each family brewed its own ale; during the hay harvest, the women drank a pleasant and sharp beverage, made by infusing mint or sage into buttermilk whey, and thence called *whey-whig*. Wheaten bread was used on particular occasions. Small loaves of it were given to persons invited to funerals,<sup>38</sup> which they were expected to "take and eat" at home, in religious remembrance of their deceased neighbours; a custom the prototype of which is evidently in the establishment of the eucharist; for in this country it still bears its Saxon name, *Arvel bread*, from *ARFULL*, *full of reverence*, meaning the holy bread used at the communion. A mess made of ale, boiled with fine wheaten bread and figs, sweetened with sugar, and called *fig-sue*,<sup>39</sup> was the dinner for Good-Friday, on which day the boys dragged the bones of horses and other animals about, to the tune of "Trot herring, trot herring, trot herring away." The summer provisions consisted of boiled animal food, and the produce of the dairy. Garden vegetables, except onions and a few savoury herbs used in broth, were little known: but a mess made of the tender leaves of Alpine Bistort,<sup>40</sup> and groats mixed with a small portion of young nettles, the leaves of the great bell flower, and a few blades of chives, all boiled together in a linen bag with the meat, was accounted a great delicacy to eat with veal, in spring. For want of green fodder, the supply of fat cattle failed in the early part of winter; the food of this season, therefore, consisted in a great measure, in dried beef and mutton, and in bacon. Poultry and geese were kept in pens

till about the latter end of February; and in the festive season of Christmas, as many pies, made of flour of wheat, and containing goose, mutton, or sweetmeats, were baked, as served the family for a month or six weeks. Thin half-fed veal made its appearance in March. The fish in the rivers and lakes were never in much esteem. Salmon was in plenty; but in Kendal, as in Newcastle-upon-tyne, the apprentices covenanted in their indentures, that they should not dine upon this or other kinds of fish more than three days in a week. This sort of winter provisions, and the houses being generally built in low situations, and a foot or two within the ground, caused agues to be prevalent here in spring. But the introduction of tea,<sup>41</sup> potatoes, and wheat, and new modes of agriculture, have nearly prevailed over the old system, and agues have disappeared..

A year of dulness and parsimony was always begun and ended with **FEASTING**.<sup>42</sup> From Christmas-Eve to the Twelfth-Day, all labour ceased, except attending to cattle, and the drudging miser, who dared to violate this custom, was punished by being elevated upon a long pole, called the *stang*,<sup>43</sup> and in this state borne through the village amidst the huzzas of his neighbours. This punishment was also inflicted upon adulterers, and those who beat their wives, but in cases where the offender was too powerful to be personally punished, a deputy mounted the stang, and published his neighbour's shame in some such rhyme as this,

“It isn't for my foat et I ride stang,  
But for W. B. who his wife does bang.”

At this time, persons of every condition “made a great supper, and bade many.”<sup>44</sup> Care was taken that none of the party should have more than one engagement at a time. Each family knew, by old custom, its own night, and every night was merry. Gervase Markham's “Skill in Cookery” was sometimes studied on these occasions, and the tables were loaded with various joints of meat, fowls, pies, puddings and tarts; but the minced and goose pies were the



fare of which all that were orthodox to the customs of their forefathers partook. Ale brewed in October was copiously drunk. From the banquet the aged withdrew to the chimney corner, and passed the night in conversation, or at cards on a low "mensa tripes," turned in a lathe. A part of the youths, in odd dresses, masked, and headed by a motley fool, shewed their dexterity in the sword dance, or entertained the party with songs, or rehearsals learnt from their fathers, and the last resemblances of the Corpus Christi, or miracle plays, which were suppressed through the kingdom in the beginning of the reign of James I. After this, the young of both sexes amused themselves with dancing; or, squatting down closely in a circle, played at hunting the slipper, or, casting the names of the beaux into one hat, and those of the belles into another, drew an anxious marriage lottery; the cushion dances always ended the ball. Ale possets, (milk boiled with bread and curdled with ale,) were in esteem at entertainments, and made the breakfast of Sunday morning and of visitors.

At a lying-in<sup>44</sup> the matrons of the *lating*, were regaled with furmity and sweet butter; the latter of which was a compound of sugar and butter boiled together, and seasoned with spices and spirits: this and a new milk cheese, were always provided a few weeks before they were wanted; and, amongst poor people, the expense attending these preparations for each addition to a family was defrayed by a "gathering" amongst the gossips.

Christenings<sup>45</sup> were always celebrated with great jollity; but to marriages<sup>46</sup> all the neighbourhood were *lating*. As the party returned from church, they had always a foot or horse race to the bridal house, when the victor was rewarded with a ribbon from the hands of the bride. After dinner the *jeopard* rebecks "began to sound,"

"To many a youth and many a maid,  
Dancing till the evening shade."

A barn was the ball-room. Hucksters and alehouse keepers fixed booths about the dwelling, and sold liquor

and sweetmeats to the company. The carousal too, was heightened with wrestling and leaping matches, and with foot and horse races; the ladies not unfrequently entered the list, and contended in speed for a piece of fine holland. Near the conclusion of the entertainment, the bride sat in state, and the company cast money or household utensils into her lap. These orgies concluded with the custom of *throwing the stocking*, a custom which refinement has prescribed as indelicate, though it offered no offence to the decorum of the rude simplicity of the people amongst whom it prevailed. It was, however, accessible only to a chosen party. While the new married couple sat upright in bed, with the curtains open only at the foot, the young men attempted to hit the bridegroom, and the young women the bride, by throwing the bride's stockings over their shoulders. Those who were successful in their attempt, went away assured that their marriage was near.

Funerals too were solemnized with feasting. After any one died, visits of condolence were paid by the aged; and the young people constantly watched the corpse till the day of burial, to which the master and mistress of each house in the *lating* were invited. Among the rich, the custom of distributing arvel bread at these times gradually yielded to a sumptuous *arvel dinner*; but a deal of money and provisions was usually given to the poor.

The influx of refinement was, however, the most apparent in its effects upon the SCHOOLS. The tide first rolled back upon the fountains out of which it had originally issued. The predilection for ancient literature and learned professions, which, from its immemorial prevalence, seemed a kind of instinctive propensity among the people of these secluded vales, soon began to yield to the lure of wealth. The discipline of the grammar schools had been severe, the hours of attendance from six in the morning to six in the evening, with the exception of the breakfast hour from eight till nine, and the dinner time from twelve till two. Prayers were read every morning by the master or usher; the roll was

called over every day ; defaulters marked ; and the truant, the idle, and the dull, too often punished with indiscriminate severity. All red letter days were half holidays. The vacations were at Christmas and Pentecost, and seldom for more than a fortnight ; but between these seasons the *barring out* occurred, a riotous proceeding, in which the boys took possession of the school room at an early hour in the morning, and refused the master admittance till he had signed certain rules for the regulation of holidays, and a general pardon for past offences :—to this instrument a bondsman was always demanded. The fray concluded with a feast, which, perhaps, and an idle day, were the chief objects both of the institution and continuance of the custom. At Shrovetide, the master's industry was usually remunerated with a gift in money or provisions, proportioned to his desert, and the circumstances of the donor. This in some schools was called "the cockpenny," a name derived from the master being by ancient usage, and the "barring out" rules, obliged to give the boys a premium to fight cocks for. Happily, however, the cockfighting part of this custom has been long unconnected with the schools, and matches at foot ball, or other games, in which a whole school divides itself into two parties, each headed by its respective captain, established in its stead. The parents were often spectators of these contests. The youths of a neighbourhood, rich and poor, were all instructed together, a circumstance which diffused and kept alive a plain familiarity of intercourse amongst all ranks of people, which inspired the lowest with independence of sentiment, and infused no insolent or unreal consequence into the wealthy. Families that could afford it, sent their sons to one of the Universities ; and the exhibitions to Queen's College, Oxford, and to other Colleges, annually maintained a number of youths, whose frugal habits, industry, and abilities, almost invariably led them to honourable distinction. But the greater number completed their education in the head schools, and about their twentieth year became schoolmas-

ters, in which employment they continued till they were of age to enter into Holy Orders. This class of scholars was dispersed all over England, and mostly spent their time in stipendiary curacies, or in small livings. In this scholastic age the yeoman and the shepherd could enliven their employment or festivities, with recitations from the beauties of Virgil, idyls of Theocritus, or the wars of Troy. But when a shorter and easier way was opened to the introduction of youth into opulent prospects, this learned simplicity began to disappear. Teachers of writing and arithmetic, who had hitherto wandered from village to village, now became necessary appendages to the larger schools; and those of inferior note were soon almost exclusively employed in qualifying youth for the counting house or excise. Many respectable merchants, whose early circumstances compelled them to toil for their daily bread, have been educated in *wight schools*, taught during the winter by a village schoolmaster, a parish clerk, or some industrious mechanic. In short, there seems to have been a long hereditary emulation among the inhabitants of this country to raise their sons beyond the situation of their birth. But then this laudable practice was, till of late, clouded by neglect of their daughters. The education of the females in general consisted merely in learning to read very indifferently; a few were taught to write; and many entirely neglected. Indeed the servile drudgery in which the women were employed, was strongly characteristic of the manners of feudal times. A century has not passed since, in the dales bordering upon Yorkshire, the women often carried dung in hols, a sort of wicker panniers, on their shoulders to the fields, while the men laid in groups on a sunny bank, employed in knitting, and no other way participating in the labours of their wives and daughters, than in filling their loads; and, though this degrading custom has disappeared, it is still far from uncommon to see the "beautiful servant maids of this country toiling in the severe labours of the field, driving the harrows or the ploughs, or sweating at the dung cart!"

## NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

1 “*Manor Houses.*”—Only few specimens of this higher class of rude habitations remain. The most perfect one we know of, is Collinfield, near Kendal. But of this we intend to give a particular description hereafter; and shall, therefore, pass it by for the present. Cark Hall, in Cartmel, is a fine specimen of the old manor house. Most of the ancient court yard is still remaining. It was once a place of no little importance. Indeed, every thing about the building proves it to have been the abode of ancient dignity. But O, how altered now! What a change has taken place since George Fox, the first Quaker, was taken thither to be committed to Lancaster Castle, by its magisterial owner. The hall of Justice is now converted into a receptacle for potatoes. The library, once so famous for its antiquarian treasures, is now equally famous for a fine colony of rats. The elegant windows of the projecting front are now supplied with a few handfuls of *bracken* (fern,) and the court yard, once so trim, now produces some of the most luxuriant wormwood in the parish. Indeed, wormwood seems to have been an attendant on old manor houses, for it is generally found about the places where they have stood. Hampsfield Hall has undoubtedly been a place of this description; and has suffered in the civil wars. Some remains did exist a few years ago, but the dilapidating hand of modern improvement has removed these vestiges of the days that

are passed. The old fire place, about twenty years ago, retained its original form, and marked the taste of former times, when half a neighbourhood could assemble to tell old tales, and drink old ale under the *chimney wing*. The distinguishing characteristic of these buildings, was a high wall in front. As the necessity of fencing against depredations has now vanished, these walls have been removed, and consequently the identity of the real antique left difficult to discover. At Canon Winder, in Cartmel, a fine specimen, however, remains, well worthy of notice. Halsteads, near Kirkby Lonsdale, was one of the Halls, but the late worthy owner, destroyed the wall, among the tasteful improvements of that place. Part of the wall remains at Swarthmoor Hall, near Ulverston. We would direct the curious enquirer to this place, as it contains an excellent specimen of the embrasured window, so often mentioned in Scott's Novels. Low Levens is a good specimen of the old manor houses, so is Clawthrop Hall, near Burton-in-Kendal. Biggins Hall, near Kirkby Lonsdale, is so much dilapidated, that its original construction cannot now be discovered. We should refer it to a date anterior to that of the old manor houses. It has, in all probability, had some connections with the religious buildings, in the days of the Roman Catholics. The house called Hill Top, in Crosthwaite, erected by the late Sir Daniel Fleming, is no bad specimen of the ancient manor houses, being constructed in that style.

<sup>2</sup> “*Beacons*.”—Beacons may be considered as the

Telegraphs of former days. By these the inhabitants of the country contrived to give information of an approaching enemy. The effects of the blazing beacons on the minds of the country people, are beautifully described in the Scotch song of Symon and Janet:—

“She seeing our signals a-blazin,  
 Came rinnin in rivin her hair,  
 O, Symon! the Frenchmen are landit!  
 Gae, look, man, and slip on your shoon!  
 Our signals I see them extendit,  
 Like red-risin blaze o’ the moon.  
 What plague, the French landit! quo’ Symon,  
 An’ clash gaed his pipe to the wa’;  
 Faith, then there’s be loadin and primin,  
 Quo’ he, if they’re landit ava.”

Such, we may suppose, would be the language of the Westmorland farmers, when the “blazing beacons” informed them that the Scotch were prowling the country for prey. At that time they came down upon our peaceful vales in large bodies; these spread themselves into smaller companies, in order to ravage the country more effectually. The first indication would naturally be from Penrith beacon, where the marauders would be observed sculking through Inglewood Forest. From this beacon, all the others on Helvellyn, Highstreet, Crossfell, Ingleborough, Benson Knott, Warton Crag, Clougha, and all the smaller ones, the marks of which we find on every hill top which commands two vales. There has scarcely been five miles without a beacon throughout this hilly country. Many of them still retain the name of beacons as indicative of their original designation. As the alarm spread through the

country, the inhabitants hastened to secure their property by driving the cattle into the lower offices of fenced buildings, and fastening the gates. The poorer cottages, therefore, which had not these securities, fell an easy prey to the plunderers.—How happy ought we to feel now, when the humblest cottager sleeps as securely as his lordly neighbour!

<sup>3</sup> “*Farm Houses.*”—The ancient farm houses are here extremely well described, and numerous specimens are to be found at this day, in all parts of the surrounding country. Many have been altered, and the characteristics destroyed, but plenty remain for the amusement of the antiquary. One of the best specimens we have seen, we observed one evening after descending “the brow of the mighty Helvellyn,” into Glenridden vale. The hour was late, and we doubtful of our road, we, therefore, made enquiry at the first cottage we found, which proved to be one of the genuine Westmorland kind; for the plan was not confined to this county alone, but extended through all the neighbouring country. The house of Mr. Sewart, at the south end of Ambleside, is of this kind. There is a very good one at Smithy Green, about five miles from Lancaster, formerly inhabited by Mrs. Catharine Threlfall. A cottage close to the residence of James Crossfield, Esq. near Cartmel, called Guy’s House, is a good specimen, except that the *heck* is either wholly or partially removed. The Three Dollies in Cartmel, *was* once one of this kind of buildings.

<sup>4</sup> “*Small Windows.*”—The small windows, with



stone munions, at about eight inches distant, were undoubtedly intended to prevent the entrance of robbers; and when they were made wider, iron bars let into the stone, answered the same purpose.

5 "*Fresh-wood* or *Threshold*."—This word did not apply to the entrance, but to a huge piece of old oak, let into the ground, and secured in the walls on each side. This was most commonly called the *Thresh-wood*, in the provincial dialect, and not *Fresh-wood*, as Mr. Hodgson intimates. The inconvenience of this *thresh-wood's* standing five or six inches from the floor, first suggested the idea of laying a stone in its place, even with the entrance. It was upon this *thresh-wood* that cross straws, horse shoes, &c. were laid to prevent the entrance of witches—much importance being attached to the *thresh-wood*.

6 "*The Hallan*."—The hallan is evidently the origin of modern lobby, from which it differed only in being wider, and having a door at each end. In the farm houses the sacks of corn were frequently deposited here, the night before the market day. Here, too, pigs were hung up after killing. Over the joists above the *hallan*, a delightful assemblage of sickles might be observed; and a shelf over the door, with hammers, nails, pincers, and other carpentry tools of the farmer.

7 "*The Down-House*."—This apartment was not always separated from the hallan; but formed one common kitchen with it. In some houses we find a second story over the downhouse. This we

consider as marking the transition from the ancient to the modern plan of building; and such houses may be considered as of more recent construction than the others.

<sup>8</sup> “*Mell-Door.*”—The *mell-door*, it will be observed, entered from the *Hallan*, at the opposite end of the passage from the front door. On opening this door, another passage presented itself. The passage was separated from the house by a partition of old oak, and only seldom of stone, as Mr. Hodgson represents it. This partition was frequently carved and bore the date, and the builder's name; and was denominated the *heck*. In houses of the most ancient date, this *heck* reached to the first beam of the upper story, where a huge octagonal post formed its termination. It was usual to bore an augur hole into this post, and secure a piece of cow hair in the hole by wooden peg, for the purpose of cleaning combs upon. Behind this *heck*, was generally a bench or seat, covered with woolly sheep skins, or with a cushion, which owed its existence to the good housewife's thrift.

<sup>9</sup> “*Windows.*”—One of these windows opened into the middle of the house and was separated into three or four lights by stone munions; or munions of oak wood, secured with bars of iron. The second window in the front, opened from under the *chimney wing*, and seldom exceeded two *lights*, divided by one munion. Here the Bible and Prayer-book might generally be found, along with a few other books of almost equal reputation among our forefathers, viz.

“Tom Hickathrift”—“Jack the giant killer”—and other cottage lore. The garland of the Golden Glove and Sir William Stanley’s Garland, usually kept them company. The window in the back of the house was smaller than the first mentioned one in the front, and often not very far from the *mell-door*—as it must be observed that the *mell-door* and *heck* were always at the back of the house.

<sup>10</sup> “*In the evenings.*”—It must be recollected, that the evenings were the hours of social glee among the rude sons of Westmorland and its neighbourhood. When winter brought the “lang, lang neets,” the neighbours met together by some fireside, according to appointment; varying their houses almost every night. Here the women, young and old, employed themselves with the rock and spindle, and enlivened the dreary evening with many a terrible song of love and murder. The old local tale of the old woman, alludes to this custom of visiting each other’s houses, for the purpose of spinning:—“Wya Matty,” said a young wag, “what Parliament’s gaan et meak a la’ et thear’s to be full moon for three months this winter.”—“Girt falk can due aught,” replied Matty: “then we can gang a rocking every neet.” This *ganging a rocking*, or going with the rock and spindle to the neighbour’s houses was a favourite pastime among our grandmothers, who had not the most distant idea of the more elegant employment of tea drinking, which has now entirely superseded spinning and knitting.

<sup>11</sup> “*Wicker work.*”—The chimney wing was a

spacious place, as the chimney flue descended no lower than the second floor. From its pyramidical construction, the family could gaze on the heavens out of the chimney top, as they sat by the fire. On that side of the fire, next the *heck*, there was usually an oven, serving as the common repository for stockings, and yarn for *darning* stockings. On the opposite side of the fire, near the little windows, was commonly a small cupboard, called the locker, generally with a shelf in it, where all dry articles were kept.

<sup>12</sup> “*For winter use.*”—The capacious chimney wing was mostly well supplied with lumps of beef and bacon, for the family in winter. Dr. Goldsmith alludes to this custom, in his “*Haunch of Venison*,” where he says the Irish have

-----“A Gammon of bacon hung up for a shew,  
But for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,  
They’d as soon think of eating the pan that its fried in.”

Not so the hardy yeomen of Westmorland. They enjoyed good cheer; and considered a well filled chimney as the most elegant furniture with which they could adorn a house. The practice of drying beef for winter use, was occasioned by the want of fresh meat during the winter months; as it was not then customary to slaughter much meat during the winter. So strong, however, are ancient habits, that beef is still dried in this country, even when fresh meat can be obtained at all seasons, though dried beef is allowed to cost double the price of fresh.

<sup>13</sup> “*Sat the family.*”—The large space under the

chimney wing was a truly comfortable place for a winter evening. While the females were busied in spinning and knitting, the elder branches of the family or visitors, amused themselves with the relation of marvellous tales at that time currently believed. The regular *dobbies* of the vicinity never failed to furnish conversation for the cottage fire-side. According to the ancient sages of Westmorland—the oldest and best acquainted with the philosophy of spirits—no spirit could appear before twilight had vanished in the evening, or after it appeared in the morning. On this account the winter nights were peculiarly dangerous, owing to the long revels which *dobbies* could keep at that season. Indeed there was one exception to this. If a man had murdered a woman who was with child to him, she had power to haunt him at all hours; and the Romish priests (who alone had the power of laying spirits) could not lay a spirit of this kind with any certainty, as she generally contrived to break loose long before her stipulated time. What a pity that this superstition should have been exploded. The terror of the gallows has not half the effect. A culprit may hope to escape that, but there was no hope of escaping being haunted. The murderer might elude human justice; but he could not escape the vengeance of the *dobby*. In common cases, however, the priests could “lay” the ghosts; “while ivy was green,” was the usual term. But in very desperate cases, they were laid in the “Red Sea,” which was accomplished with great difficulty and

even danger to the exercist. In this country, the most usual place to confine spirits, was under Haws Bridge, a few miles below Kendal. Many a grim ghost had been chained in that dismal trough. According to the laws of ghosts, they could only seldom appear to more than one person at once. When these dobbies appeared to the eyes, they had not the power of making a noise; and when they saluted the ear, they could not greet the eyes. To this however there was an exception, when a human being spoke to them in the name of the Blessed Trinity. For it is an acknowledged truth, that however wicked the individual might have been in this world, or however light he might have made of the Almighty's name, he would tremble at its very sound, when separated from his earthly covering. —The causes of spirits appearing after death were generally three. Murdered persons came again to haunt their murderers, or to obtain justice by appearing to other persons, likely to see them avenged. In this, however, the spirit seems generally to have taken a very foolish plan, as they mostly appeared to old women, or young men, with old women's hearts.—Persons who had hid any treasure, were doomed to haunt the place where that treasure was hid; as they had made a god of their wealth in this world, the place where their treasure was placed, was to be their heaven after death. If any person could speak to them, and give them an opportunity of confessing where their treasure was hid, they could then rest in peace, but not without.—Those

who died with any heavy crimes on their consciences, which they had not confessed, were also doomed to wander the earth at the midnight hour. These three causes are all that we have been able to discover among our Westmorland hills, where the laws of spirits seem to have been extremely well understood. Those spirits had no power over those who did not molest them; but if insulted, they seem to have been extremely vindictive, and to have felt little compunction in killing the insulters. They had power to assume any form, and to change that as often as they pleased; but they could neither vanish nor change, while a human eye was firmly fixed upon them.—This is the chief of what we have been able to collect respecting ghosts, but witches and wizards seem to have been extremely plentiful in this country at the period to which we allude; and their freaks formed the subject matter for many an evening's chat under the chimney wing. We have not been equally successful in gaining a knowledge of witches, as we have of ghosts. They were always old women, of remarkably ugly features, and cross tempers, who mostly resided alone in some solitary cottage. These beings had the power of doing mischief to those who treated them kindly; but if their intentions were suspected, and the person they were about to witch, could draw blood of them, their power was destroyed for that time. They had no power over any thing with a cross over it; on this account, the farmers' wives in Lancashire, always make a cross on the dough, at night,

to this very day. Butter was formerly printed with a cross, and two cross straws were laid on the threshold : a rowan tree branch also checked their power. The principal feats of witches were to make cows east the calf, overturn carts of hay, turn themselves into hares for the purpose of misleading the hunters, and witching people. It is generally supposed that what was called being witched, was what we now-a-days term epileptic fits.——There was another order of persons, superior to witches and wizards, called *wise men*, or conjurors. These were supposed to have made a compact with the devil, that he was to serve them for a certain number of years, and then to have them body and soul after death. These wise men were such as had spent their lives in the pursuit of science, and had *learned too much* ; for conjuration was supposed to be a science which as naturally followed other parts of learning as compound addition follows simple addition. The wise man possessed wonderful power. He could restore stolen goods, either by fetching back the articles, shewing the thief in a black mirror, or making him walk round the cross on the market day, with the stolen goods on his shoulders. This last however he could not do, if the culprit wore a piece of *green sod* upon his head. When any person applied to the *wise man* for information, it was necessary for him to reach home before midnight, as a storm was the certain consequence of the application, and the applicant ran great risk of being tormented by the devil all the way home. The wise man was com-



pelled to give the devil some living animal, whenever he called on him, as a pledge that he intended to give himself at last. It was usual to consider all schoolmasters as *wise men*, and many an aching heart has the affectionate mother had, lest her darling boy should *learn too far*. At Cockerham school, below Lancaster, the boys in the master's absence, had got to his books, and had raised the devil. He must be employed, or have one of them for his pains. The ready wit of one boy saved them all, for he ordered him to count the seeds on the Windmill hill. This he accomplished instantly; and again demanded employment. The same ready wit ordered him to twist a *thumb syne* (a rope) of sand, and wash it in the Cocker. He could twist the *syne*, but could not wash it in Cocker. Thus the boys escaped; for he returned no more. The broken flag through which he rose, is shewn to this day. This story is firmly believed by half the farmers' wives in that neighbourhood, and by many of the farmers too. We insert it to shew that these superstitions are not so completely exploded, as some philosophers would persuade us. Whoever will search the country with the same attention that we have done, will find hundreds of equally improbable tales *told and believed*. In justice to Westmorland, we must confess that the country between Lancaster and Preston is ten times more superstitious than any part of this county.——Fairies, which were once so plentiful in this country, are completely gone. Even those who believe they once existed, acknowledge

they are now extinct. They were a race of beings between men and spirits. They had marriages and reared children, followed occupations; and particularly churned their own butter. Their habitations were in caves; and they were considered perfectly harmless, capable of being visible or invisible at pleasure; and generally of small stature. We have never been able to learn whether they were immortal or not, or whether they were liable to future rewards or punishments. Information of this kind may be had from books; but that is not our purpose. We are only tracing the opinions which existed in this country, which we have collected from the lips of old folks, independent of what writers may have said on the subject.

<sup>14</sup> “*Hobthrust*” or (as he was more generally called) *Throb-Thrush*, was a being distinct from the fairies. He was a solitary being who resided in Millom, and had his regular range of farm houses. He seems to have been a kind spirit, and willing to do any thing he was required to do. His only reward was a quart of milk porridge in a snipped pot. The servant girls would regularly put the cream in the churn, and say, “I wish Throb would churn that,” and they regularly found it done. Throb’s readiness to fulfil the wishes of his friends was sometimes productive of ludicrous incidents. One evening there was every prospect of rain next day, and a farmer had all his grain out. “I wish,” said he, “I had that grain housed.” The next morning Throb had housed every sheaf, but a fine

stag that had helped him was lying dead at the barn door. The day, however, became extremely fine, and the farmer thought his grain would have been better in the field. "I wish," said he, "that Throb-Thrush was in the mill-dam;" and next morning all the farmer's grain was in the mill-dam. Such were the tales that were told of the Millom Brownie, and as constantly believed. He left the country at last, through the kindness of a tailor, who left him a coat and a hood to keep him warm during the winter. He was heard at night singing at his favourite haunts,

"Thob-thrush has got a new coat and a new hood,  
And he'll never do more good."

From this we conclude, that however excellent he might be as a workman, he was but a very indifferent poet. With this we shall conclude the superstitions of the country, which will in a few years be forgot. It was only by seeking out the old and garrulous in the most romantic spots, that we were enabled to procure these theories. To the careless and superficial, such studies will appear trifling; but to the philosopher, who seeks for a cause to every consequence, these hints will be valuable. How have these superstitions arisen? Whence are they derived? In what do they differ from other countries? And what light do they throw upon the history of the country? What part is Celtic? What Roman? What Heathen? What Christian?—Such are the uses to which they ought to be turned.

15 "*Hearth.*"—The hearth was generally raised a few inches above the floor, and paved. This appears to have been the most ancient fire-place for inferior houses, though a recess in the wall, similar to those of the present day, has universally prevailed in all old castles—see Gleaston Castle, where the fire-place still remains. The ancient hearth seems well adapted for peat and wood fires. It would be impossible to burn roots of trees, and ash tops (the usual winter fire) in a grate. As coals became the general fuel, hearths disappeared; because coals require a greater quantity of fresh air to keep up the combustion, which can only be supplied by a grate.

16 "*Rannel-balk.*"—The rannel-balk was a strong piece of wood crossing the chimney, parallel to the floor of the upper room. From this was suspended a chain, with crooks, which could be raised or lowered from link to link. In the better sort of houses, there was a long crook reaching from the rannel-balk to the fire, called the *ratten-crook*. These fire-places were exceedingly convenient for farmers' kitchens, where large pans were in constant requisition. They were also useful for baking oat cakes upon a *girdle*, which was a circular plate of iron, placed upon a *brandreth*, or iron tripod. This *girdle* was also occasionally suspended from the *ratten-crook* in a *jack-idle*, made to supply the place of the *brandreth*.

17 "*Oaken closets.*"—Many of these closets still remain. They were the usual depositories of the

out cakes, and other eatables which required to be kept dry, and out of the reach of the mice. Those which now remain generally bear dates from 1650 to 1720—30; very few being found of a more ancient date.

<sup>18</sup> “*The bower.*”—The bower was not always on the left of the oak closet, or *bread cupboard*, as it was more generally termed. The rule for making the bower was this:—The pantry, or place for keeping milk and butter was always on the north or cool side of the house, and the bower on the other; so that it might open on the right or left side of the cupboard, as circumstances required.

<sup>19</sup> “*Loft.*”—It was usual for the stairs into the loft to lead from the bower or chamber. That part of the loft into which the stairs opened, was commonly open to the thatch or slate; and a second room opening from that, was ceiled and made comfortable for a *spare bed*.

<sup>20</sup> “*Wooden posts.*”—Mr. Hodgson has made an error here. Those houses which had two rooms above stairs were roofed according the present plan. When the roof was supported by a pair of *principals* resting either on the ground or on huge stones, on each side of the building, there was seldom any loft, except a small place for lumber. In building these ancient houses, the principals were first erected, and bound together with strong wood pegs. The walls were then raised to a proper height, and the whole covered with thatch or slate. In Lancashire, a simple manner of building houses prevailed. The prin-

cipals were erected as above, and the sides of the house constructed of posts let into the ground; strong twigs were wrought in between these posts and covered with a mixture of clay, rotten straw and cow dung. Many of these edifices still remain, particularly in the neighbourhood of Garstang. These houses have no upper rooms, the sleeping apartments being separated from the dwelling-house by a partition, and ceiled over.

21 "*Thatch of heath or straw.*"—Thatching, though once an important trade in this country, is now almost unknown in Westmorland. There are men who can cover a house with straw, but none that can *thatch*. The art is however still understood in the Fylde, in Lancashire. It is there studied as an art; and executed in its original perfection. To prepare the straw, in Lancashire, several carts of wheat straw are laid in a heap beside some pit of water, commonly beside a marl pit. The straw is there regularly watered, in dry weather, every day, till it decays and sinks into a half rotten mass. It is then drawn out straight and tied up in bundles which are set on end, and remain in that position for a length of time. When in a proper state, it is laid upon the buildings, as wet as possible. When the thatching is finished, the ridge and ends of the house are secured with a cement of clay, ~~short~~ straw, and cow dung, well mixed. A well thatched house has an extremely beautiful appearance, when finished. The straw lies perfectly smooth, and no

*spells* or binding rods are visible—the whole roof presenting one uniform mass of interwoven straw.

<sup>22</sup> “*Those of the peasantry.*”—The houses of the peasantry had seldom either down house or hallam. A door in that end where the chimney was, opened behind the heck; thus screening the cold external air from the fire-side. Numbers of these houses still remain in all parts of the county. Many of them evidently, not above a century old.

<sup>23</sup> “*The wool of a black sheep.*”—The specimens we have seen of the *self-grey*, as it was called, was a neat mixture of black and white wool, without either blue or red among it. When very neatly mixed with a small portion of black wool, it made very neat stockings; but for coats, only a very small quantity of white was added.

<sup>24</sup> “*Harden cloth.*”—Harden cloth, such as bales are commonly packed in, rather of an open texture, and very coarse. Shirts of this cloth were apt to make too free with the skin, from their natural inflexibility. To render them a little more tractable and kindly, they were taken to some neighbouring brook; where there was a *batting stone*. The *batting stone* was a large smooth faced stone set in a sloping position; and the shirts being steeped in the water, were laid in folds upon the stone, and beat with a *batting wood*. It is surprising how soft the cloth was rendered by a few operations of this nature; and how much the bleaching was facilitated by the wetting and drying. Such are the alterations and refinements of a few years, that our

very paupers would now despise the dresses worn by our yeomanry a century ago !

<sup>25</sup> “ *From house to house.* ”—It was usual for nearly all trades to go from house to house to work, as well as the ropers and hacklers. The carpenters and tailors in country places still keep up the ancient custom ; and act as the newspapers of their respective districts. Shoemakers and many other trades formerly practised this itinerant manner of working, or as it was provincially termed, *whipping the cat*.

<sup>26</sup> “ *Tailor.* ”—The tailors had formerly a greater variety of work than at present. In addition to men's clothes, they made women's gowns, petticoats, and stays. These articles being made of so much stronger materials than at present, were not considered women's work, but were the peculiar province of the tailor.

<sup>27</sup> “ *Clogs.* ”—These still form an important article of a Westmorland farmer's dress. Indeed, it would be impossible to wade through the wet and dirt of a farm-yard, in winter, without these guards to the feet. It would make a good subject for antiquarian research, to ascertain whether clogs or shoes were the more ancient invention.

<sup>28</sup> “ *Rainy country.* ”—This has been justly deemed a rainy country ; but what proportion the fall of rain in Westmorland may bear to that of flat countries we have never been able to ascertain.

<sup>29</sup> “ *Long oaken table.* ”—The long table was an indispensable piece of furniture in every farm house. Many of these ancient tables still remain, with finely



carved feet and frames. They always stood under the principal window in the house, and were erected on the spot where they were to remain.

<sup>30</sup> “*Long-settle.*”—This was a kind of fixture; and a remarkably comfortable seat it was, snugly sheltered by the chimney wing, and skreened from the winter winds; the younger part of the family claimed the long-settle, as their seat. Here, too, the lovers whiled away the midnight hour, when the rest of the family had retired to sleep.

<sup>31</sup> “*The sconce.*”—The sconce was very often a moveable article, capable of being drawn across the front of the fire, from the corner of the heck; thus shutting the family up, as it were, in a little parlour. In houses of this kind, where the fire was placed against the end wall, the long-settle was set against the heck, and the old hollow armed chair, with its drawers, stood on the other side. But in some houses a partition of stone was drawn along the beam, which separated the chimney wing from the house, leaving a wide entrance to the fire; within this, were benches all around, except where the fire was placed. The sconce was usually a piece of furniture in such houses as these; and when drawn up, formed a place of peculiar warmth and comfort.

<sup>32</sup> “*The chairs.*”—The chairs were of oak, and made to correspond with the other furniture. A set of chairs in those days would have served many generations, as time had no effect upon them.

<sup>33</sup> “*The bedsteads.*”—In some of the very best houses, they were the most extravagant articles of

furniture. There is a bedstead in Dallam Tower, which was brought from Low Levens, of peculiar beauty. The carving is so fine, that Mr. Gillow, of Lancaster, declares it could not now be imitated at a less expense than £500. This will give some idea of the luxury of our forefathers. Only very few specimens remain of these truly antique bedsteads. One or two at Sizergh, one at Dallam Tower, one at Muncaster Hall, and one or two in Lancashire, are all we have heard of.

<sup>34</sup> “*Chests.*”—Only very few of these ancient chests now remain, of the true carved kind. Those that do remain are invaluable. It may be observed that in all these old carvings the endless or runic knot was a particular subject. Some of these runic knots are extremely amusing to trace through all their intricate windings.

<sup>35</sup> “*The outer door.*”—The most ancient out doors are not studded with nails, but with large wooden pegs, about an inch square, cut to a pyramid.

<sup>36</sup> “*Peeled rushes.*”—The peelings of the rushes were made into besoms for sweeping the floors. Even at this day, several poor people in the neighbourhood of the mosses, make a tolerable livelihood by peeling rushes for candles, and making besoms and bears of the peelings.

<sup>37</sup> “*Unleavened cakes.*”—*Clap-bread*, as it is called, has been the prevailing bread in Westmorland from time immemorial. Its name is derived from the method of making it formerly. The bread was made of oat-meal and water, mixed to a paste. The

housewife sat down on the floor, with the *back-board* on her knees. On this board she laid a piece of paste, which she *clapped*, or beat with the hand, till it expanded to a broad thin cake—hence the name of *clap-bread*. This bread is now expanded by a piece of wood, called a *rolling-pin*, which answers all the purposes of *clapping*, and is much readier. The *riddle-bread*, used in Lancashire and Yorkshire, is prepared from oat-meal, leavened by a little sour dough, preserved in the kneading trough from one baking to another. The meal and water are, in this case, mixed thin, and left all night to ferment. Next morning, the dough is poured upon a board, cut by furrows into squares. By a motion similar to riddling corn, the dough is made to expand—hence the name of *riddle-bread*. Bread thus made is spread upon a *cratch*, or a frame of wood, crossed with strings. Here the bread becomes very hard, and will keep almost any length of time. Before eating, it is usually toasted by the fire; and, when well buttered, is remarkably pleasant. A gentleman in Lancashire observes, that the proper quantity of butter, is, the same thickness as the bread.

<sup>36</sup> “*Funerals*.”—Perhaps few subjects could be found more interesting than a description of the manner of conducting funerals in this country. In most parts of Westmorland, the regular ancient system of conducting funerals, was to invite what was called the *bidding*, being a certain extent of houses, considerably less than the township, but which had been called the “*bidding*,” for ages. In very

thinly inhabited places, it was customary to "bid" two at a house; but where the country is more populous, only one was "bidden" at each house. On arriving at the "funeral house," a large table was set out, covered with cheese, wheat bread, and oat cake; ale also, cold or warm, according to the season of the year, was served round to each of the company, and a small wheaten loaf given to carry home. It was also customary for each attendant to touch the corpse. This arose from an old superstition, firmly believed through all the country, that if the murderer touched the person he had murdered, the corpse would begin to bleed; hence all who attended funerals were required to pass this ordeal, to prove that they were innocent of the deceased's death. A few miles below Lancaster, an entirely different form prevails, even at this day. All who are bidden are expected to present the mistress of the house with a shilling each, towards defraying the expense of the funeral. The provision is what they term *white posset*, made of milk, &c. and currants. The posset is served up in very large bowls, generally borrowed for the purpose. This is placed upon a long narrow table, so that three persons on each side of the table can sit to each bowl, and feed themselves with spoons. After the posset, ale is carried round in flagons to the company. At Dalton, in Furness, however, the most singular mode of conducting funerals prevails. A full meal of bread and cheese and ale is provided at the "funeral house;" and after the corpse is interred, the parish

clerk proclaims, at the grave side, that the company must repair to some appointed public house. Arrived there, they sit down by fours together, and each four is served with two quarts of ale. One half of this is paid for by the conductor of the funeral, and the other half by the company. While they are drinking the ale, a waiter goes round with cakes, serving out one to each guest, which he is expected to carry home. Even the passing-bell and tolling vary considerably in the course of a few miles. At Heversham, on the morning of the funeral, each of the three bells is tolled six times for a child, ten times for a woman, and twelve for a man. This is repeated three times; thus, for a child, the first bell tolls six times, the second bell six times, and the third bell six times; then the first bell six times, &c. In the afternoon, the bells toll at intervals till the funeral; tolling six or eight minutes, and resting six or eight minutes, successively. This method of "crossing the bells" is common, we believe, in several other places. In some places, the largest bell tolls every minute its "solemn knell." This has certainly the most solemnity in it.

<sup>39</sup> "*Fig-sue*."—It would formerly have been counted extremely profane, not to have dined, or at least supped upon *fig-sue*, on Good-Friday. This was made of ale, figs, and wheat bread. It may not be amiss to notice that this *fig-sue* is a perfect cure for colds and coughs, if taken at bedtime.

<sup>40</sup> "*Alpine Bistort*."—This plant is commonly called *Easter-ledges*, in this part of the country,

and was the usual herb for what were called herb puddings. Besides the Alpine Bistort (*Polygonum viviparum*) other plants were occasionally used, such as the Mercury, (*Mercurialis perennis*), and the Great Bell flower, (*Campanula Rapunculus*), &c.

<sup>41</sup> “*Tea*.”—It has often been asked how people lived before the introduction of tea. However difficult it might be to resume the ancient regime, we believe that people lived as well in the olden time as they do yet. The breakfast was commonly hasty pudding, with beer, milk or butter. In the afternoons, bread and cheese, with beer or milk. The introduction of tea has made a complete revolution in the constitutions of English people. Our light watery food has banished those inflammatory fevers which formerly raged with such violence; and as human beings are continually liable to disease, another order of maladies has usurped their place. Nervous disorders and apoplexies are much more prevalent; and people now-a-days die of milder diseases than in the days of our fathers.

<sup>41</sup> “*With Feasting*.”—Relics of the Christmas feasts, to a greater or less degree, remain in all parts of the country. In most places, within a few years, the ancient hospitality, though expatriated from the dwellings of the rich, was permitted to creep into the servants’ hall, on Christmas Eve. All the labourers and mechanics of the neighbourhood paid their annual visit to the kitchens of those houses, where they could produce a claim, however weak—such as ever having worked for the master—having

opened a gate for him when hunting—being the son of some person who had been servant to the master's father—being thirty-second cousin to one of the servants—being very kind with some person who was very intimate with the shoeblack's assistant—or in fact, any cause which would get the visitor within the door, at a time when all was gaiety, and no particular attention paid to the bearing of the guests. Then came out the two gallon copper, foaming with brown October, that “drank divinely.” The full horns were handed round with cheerfulness, and “*A Merry Christmas, and a happy New Year,*” invoked upon the heads of all the family, even down to the favourite lapdog, whose treble bark cheered the lone hours of the housekeeper, while the butler attended his master to London. Many was the tale and smutty jest which circled round the old kitchen on this joyous night. And as many of the stories had not been told since the last Christmas Eve, the company was ready to hail them with fresh cheerings.—Early in the morning, every old man who could “rub the hair of the horse over the bowels of the cat,” wandered from house to house, in company with some neighbour, whose Stentorian voice was best caculated to “break the bands of sleep asunder.” The honest inhabitants of the Westmorland cottages were agreeably roused from their dreams of mince pies and “three card lant,” (as loo is called in this country,) by the elegant air of “Hunsup through the wood,” and the homely salute of “Good morning, John Dixon, good morning,

Betty Dixon, and all the rest of your family; I wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy new year." It often happened that while the husband was gone to "open Christmas," in the great man's kitchen, the good wife was plucking geese and preparing *sweet pies* at home; so that the "fiddlers," were often invited into the first taste of the Christmas cheer, in these their nocturnal visitings; and as "daylight began to glent in the sky," the two *minstrels* might be seen toddling towards home with their "skins fu."—In such places as could boast of a set of bells, the brazen music from the church steeple announced that it was Christmas day. At the joyous sound, all the boys within hearing of them quitted their beds, to load the kitchen hearth with a huge fire; the most conspicuous object of which was a huge piece of wood, pompously denominated the "Christmas stock;" and hang on the kettle. After the introduction of tea, it was usual to breakfast upon it that morning, though it was never tasted all the rest of the year. The noise of the preparations, by the boys, roused the master and the female part of the family. In farm houses, the master's first duty was to compliment every cow with a sheaf of corn, and then return to broach the "Christmas drink." This done, the boys and young men sallied out into the villages, singing this very elegant piece of poetry, which Sir Walter Scott has overlooked in collecting his relics;—

"Get up auld wives  
An' byak yer pies,  
A Christmas day in the morn'ing."



The enunciation of this minstrelsy, generally procured a good appetite for *tea and hot buns* which awaited their return. It is only however within a recent period, that the male part of these families was allowed the whole even of that breakfast of tea. A basin of milk porridge, and in some places a basin of sweet broth preceded the tea, one cup of which was considered a great treat. The sweet broth was made from the mutton which had been boiled for the mince pies, and was seasoned with sugar, raisins, currants, cloves, &c.—The breakfast being over, generally by day break, the boys procured a quantity of yew, box, laurel, and other evergreens, with which the girls decorated the windows. The clerk of the church or chapel took care to adorn the candlesticks, the windows, the pulpit, and in some places even the pews in a similar manner. In Westmorland, box and yew were and are considered indispensable, but in some parts of Lancashire where no yew grows and wild box is not cultivated, and stonecrop, (*sedum reflexum*, &c.) is nourished in flowerpots; spruce or Scotch fir is used as an evergreen for adorning both houses and places of worship.—Breakfast over, and the morning work done, the young men, dressed in their “Sunday duds,” went into the fields with their guns; for Christmas day was a great day for field sports. Even long after the introduction of the game laws, the more wealthy part of the community connived at this practice, and allowed their more indigent brethren to enjoy the sports of the field for one day out of three hun-

dred and sixty-five. We believe that in many of the less *civilized* parts of the country, particularly in Lancashire and Cumberland, this custom is not yet abolished. Where the privilege was denied, a custom obtained of shooting at a "white" upon a barn door, for a tea kettle, or other trifling prize. Where the observances of religion are more strictly enforced, that sport is also denied, and the shooting takes place on the following day; and a sober game at whist or loo fills the tedium of Christmas day in the afternoon—so impossible it is to *compel* people to be virtuous.—The custom of giving *Christmas boxes* has been long laid aside. And little of that feasting which took place at Christmas now remains. In some of the more retired parts of the country, however, the ancient custom still continues. Ale, brewed expressly for the season, and uncommonly strong, called "Christmas Drink," is prepared for the occasion. A large quantity of mince pies, are hung up in baskets over the dairy; and every visitor, whether friend or stranger, is invited and treated with a pot of beer and a mince pie. Dances are made at the village inns—public card parties for buns or pears take place at the farm houses. Sometimes these card parties are for a goose, a leg of mutton, or a whole sheep.—This part of our notes, is much more imperfect than we had intended. It was originally our intention to have spent a Christmas in an excursion through what we call a primitive part of the country, previously to our publishing these notes. The track we had chalked out, was,

to pass over Kirkstone and visit Hartshope, Deepdale, Grisedale, Glenridding, and the rest of Patterdale, where we could have fixed our quarters at Mrs. Dobson's of Ullswater head. Having visited most of the farm houses and cottages in this district, at that festive season, we would have taken up our next quarters at Newchurch, and have explored the recesses of Matterdale; then have crossed the water at Hallsteads, and spent a few days in Martindale, and so have returned home. Our increasing avocations have hitherto rendered the execution of this desirable project impossible; but should we ever have the command of a month's leisure at Christmas, we shall certainly avail ourselves of the opportunity to acquire that varied and valuable information which can alone be obtained by such a tour.

<sup>43</sup> "*The Stang*."—The custom of riding the stang, was a punishment for several crimes, which, since its abolition, pass almost unnoticed. The ceremony was, we believe, generally performed by proxy; and was the punishment for men beating their wives, though oftener for women beating their husbands. It was also the punishment for adultery. The last time we witnessed an exhibition of this kind was for this crime. The culprit thus honoured was generally no common offender; for a whole village would seldom unite to punish an innocent person—the sentence was therefore, in most instances, perfectly just. When it was ascertained that one of the villagers had "overstepped the modesty of na-

ture," by breaking the laws of chastity, a night was appointed, in the absence of the moon, for "riding the stang." The person nominated to personate the culprit, (generally the greatest blackguard in the village,) was originally mounted astride of a *pole*; (in the country dialect a stang;) but the pole being a rather slippery situation, as elevated situations generally are, a ladder, a plank, or a hand barrow, was frequently substituted for it. The *stang* was borne on the shoulders of men, from door to door, with a large retinue of men and boys, laughing and shouting. The "rider" stopped before each door, explaining the cause of his appearance, in doggerel rhyme, rather famous for its obscenity than its wit, and concluded by begging money to spend. The perambulation generally concluded at the culprit's door, where (such is conjugal affection!) if it was for the faults of the husband, the wife saluted the crowd with a shower of boiling water, or something worse; and if for the wife's crimes, the husband attacked the assembled multitude with his flail. This was the signal for a concluding huzza and separation. They then repaired to the village inn, to spend the money, and boast of their individual courage and prowess in their contest with the punished party. And the evening was spent in recapitulating all the *stang* *ridings* at which any of the party had ever been present. Nor was this ceremony confined solely to punishing the irregularities of married folks; for we can just recollect seeing a party "ride the stang," for a journeyman skinner at Cartmel, who

had thrashed his sweetheart one Saturday night while he was sitting up with her!—but this was out of the common line of such occurrences!

“*Great supper and bade many.*” — Though this article is entitled “Westmorland as it was,” we have not confined ourselves entirely to this county; but have occasionally rambled into the contiguous parts of the adjoining ones. We shall, therefore, illustrate the manner of making a Christmas feast, as it was practised at Elled, near Lancaster, within these few years; though now, we believe, laid aside, never to be again restored. Some of the parties to whom we shall allude, have passed “that bourne from whence no traveller returns,” others have fallen victims to that change in the times which has pressed so heavily on the agricultural interests, and others have left the country to seek a more genial soil. The main props of ancient British hospitality being thus either dead, expatriated, or ruined, there is little prospect of a new race arising to restore these usages. — These Christmas festivities were carried on at the rate of about three nights a week, it having been arranged by immemorial custom that such individuals should have their feast (or *do*, as it is called in that place,) on such a particular night. At the first house the females assembled about three in the afternoon to drink tea, after which, and settling the affairs of all the new married couples, and deciding whether true love knots, bows or muscle shells, were the neatest trimming for a cap, and expatiating on the fashions then in vogue, they sat down to specu-

lation, that very noisy game; where the curiosity of the Elliel ladies seldom allows them to suffer the cards to remain unexamined till the appointed moment. About seven, the men arrived, and instantly took their seats at the card table. One party crept into a corner to play at penny whist. These were mostly dons whom nobody dared to encounter at any other game. A few of the more noisy, joined the ladies at the speculation and loo table. And a party of choice spirits sat down to a bold run at brag. Meantime "swops of good brown ale" were handed round. The pipe was in great request, and the deal table was often buttered in settling the superiority of Swedish to common turnips, or exposing the *folly* of Mr. B—, of Leach House, for introducing short-horned cows and Southdown sheep. The probable expense of *marling* a five acre field, and the advantages of soot for killing the wire worm, were properly canvassed. This brought on the hour of supper, when the wide spread board groaned beneath the numerous dishes, many of which were such as had graced the Christmas *do* of some great-great-grandfather. The principal dishes on all these occasions, were a roast-goose, with groats or apple sauce—a six ribs of beef—a giblet pie—potatoes roasted in the skins—pyramids of mince pies, and preserved gooseberry tarts—apple pies—veal pies, &c. &c. These, or part of these, having vanished beneath the knives and forks of the assembled farmers, the company again assembled round the card tables. Pipes, and grog (above proof,) were hand-

ed round. The good natured farmer and his wife, with that honest civility which ever characterizes those retired parts of the country, invited the company to make themselves welcome. Many a tale which had shook the sides of the relator's grandfather, was again repeated for the amusement of the present company. As the night wore away, and grog began to prevail, the minstrelsy of "Love in a tub," "Chevy Chace," &c. gratified the ears of the auditors. Towards one o'clock, the winnings and losings of the company were enquired into: when it proved, that though much had been won, only very little had been lost; as nearly all the parties had either won something, or just saved themselves. The necessary congratulations on this fortunate circumstance being exchanged, a glass of "humming grog," *stronger*, it was observed; than the rum itself, was handed to each of the guests, after which they toddled home to dream out the night upon cows and fashions, cards and rum punch. —It is unnecessary to describe other festivals, as they were exactly similar, excepting that some were more splendid than others, according to the circumstances of the parties making the feast. Nor was this circumstance attended with any remarks. The company appeared to enjoy the plainest supper with the same zest as the richest. It happened, however, generally that some little trifles of scandal transpired at these meetings, which kept the township in a flame till the next Christmas. These suppers were continued till each of the parties had treated all the

rest ; and as the companies consisted of about twenty families, it took two months before all was settled. After the married people had thus entertained one another, with a round of feasts, the younger part of the families had another series of similar festivals, though upon a less splendid scale, where dancing formed the most attractive part of the evening's amusements. Such *were* the splendours of Ellel, when the labours of the farmer were prosperous, and the leading toast was

“ Success to the farmer, the fleece, and the flail,  
May the landlord ever flourish, and tenant never fail ! ”

45 “ *Lying-in.* ”—It has not been our fortune to obtain very much of the customs formerly practised on these occasions, though we believe there were some very interesting ones. What we have obtained we shall give. Previous to the time, a quantity of sweet butter was prepared ; for many of the Dalelanders believed that a lying-in woman would never recover, unless she had plenty of sweet butter. It was thus prepared. The butter was melted (not boiled) in a brass pan, till the milk ran to the top, and the salt sunk to the bottom. The milk was then skimmed off, and the butter decanted clear from the salt. A quantity of rum and sugar having been well beat together in a bowl, with a little grated nutmeg, was then mixed with the butter, when all was stirred till the mixture began to cool. Thus prepared, it would keep for any length of time ; and few houses were without a pot of sweet butter at all seasons of the year. On this occasion, or at funerals, a certain



range of families was called "*the laiting*;" the principal females of which were *laited*. So soon as the child was born, its head was washed over with rum. And the midwife took a few scraps of cheese, which *indusio ejus involvebat*. These scraps of cheese, were taken home by the younger females of the company, and called dreaming cheese, being extremely valuable in predicting the future fortune of young females. Before the women departed, they sat down to tea, whatever time of day or night it might be. As soon as the good woman could bear to sit up, the neighbouring women were invited to a second tea party, called the "*wiving*," when they all attended with presents—some brought bread, butter, sugar, wine, or any thing deemed necessary at such a time. A great deal of etiquette was observed on these occasions. It was a great insult if one within the *laiting* was forgot in the general invitation. It was also an insult, if one of them was not invited till after the child was born.

<sup>46</sup> "*Christenings*."—These in all ages have been considered as great festivals; but we have been able to collect no particulars respecting them, peculiar to the country. In general, all the friends and relations of the parties were invited, as well as the sponsors. The clergyman, and often the clerk was a party on these occasions. The evening was spent in drinking and merrymaking. There is somewhere in the county, a manuscript poem, called the *Christening*, the scene of which is laid in the neighbourhood of Orton; and which gives a faithful picture

of the ancient custom of holding Christenings: We have often enquired for a copy of this poem, which is exceedingly well written, but in vain—we have been constantly disappointed in our enquiries.

47 “*Marriages.*”—The “Bridewain,” or “Bidden Wedding,” was not confined to Westmorland alone, but was general throughout all the north of England. Poor blind Stagg, the faithful poet of Wigton, has described one of these scenes in the most natural colours; Anderson of Carlisle, in his Cumberland ballads, does not come far behind him. The Collier Wedding, is another excellent description of the Bridewain. It never prevailed much in Lancashire. The last that took place in that county, was about forty or fifty years ago, at Kirkby Ireleth.—It was usual to invite the whole country far and near, to these weddings; and at the appointed time, preparations were made for a general feast. Each of the company gave something to the bride, who sat with a plate upon her knee to receive the contributions of the company.

“ The breyde now on a copy stual,  
Sits down i'th' fauld a' whith'rin',  
With pewter dibbler on her lap,  
On which her towgher's gath'rin';  
The swoak leyke pez in a keale pot,  
Are yen thro' tother minglin'  
An' crowns an' hauf crowns thik as hail,  
Are i'the dibbler jinglin',  
Reeght fast that day.”

This subscription not only served to clear the expenses of the day, but produced a trifle as an outfit for the new married pair. After the marriage ceremony, they all mounted their horses, and had a race

for a ribbon and a pair of gloves. This generally created considerable mirth. The *race* over and the *gathering* done, the company sat down to dinner, which is well described by Anderson. Stagg says,

" Indeed there was some feckless fwok,  
That luikt to be ovr neyca,  
'At nobbit nibblen peykt an' eat,  
Just leyke as meenny moyee;  
Bit then there was some yetherin' dogs,  
'At ovr the lave laid th' capsteane,  
For some they said eat lumps as big  
As Sammy Liank's lapsteane,  
I'th' barn that day."

Thus being "trigged with solid geer," they retired to the loft to dance. Ale and liquors were handed round, and all drank their fill. To fill up the day, races, wrestling, or any athletic sports were resorted to among the dancing and drinking. It seldom happened among so large a company of "rustics, weel plied wi' drink," that they parted without a battle or two; and it was generally nearly morning before the party was completely broken up.— There was another custom at marriages rather more ancient than this that prevailed in Lancashire and some parts of Cumberland. The Lord of the Manor, in whose jurisdiction the marriage took place, allowed the parties a piece of ground for a house and a garden. All their friends therefore assembled on the wedding day, and the bridegroom having provided a dinner and drink, they set to work and constructed a dwelling for the young couple, of clay and wood; many of these "clay biggins" still remain in the Fylde, in Lancashire. The relatives of the pair furnished them with the most necessary

part of the the furniture, and they were thus enabled to start fair in the world.

Among our memoranda, we find a variety of notes on subjects connected with the ancient state of Westmorland, which do not apply to any part of the foregoing extracts; which we shall therefore condense in the form of *additional notes*.

Had our time permitted, we should have wished to have collected the changes which have taken place in the buildings of Westmorland. This we would have done partly in the following manner:—Belle Isle, on Windermere, was a plain country house of the old fashioned Westmorland kind, and called by the name of Holme House. The present splendid edifice was erected by Mr. English; by whom the plantations were laid out.——Kirkby Lonsdale Workhouse was formerly an old house, famous in the Annals of the County, for having originally been the residence of the Moors, of Kirkby Lonsdale. The old house being in a most wretched state, was pulled down, and the present substantial building erected in its place.——Orrest Head, the property of Mr. John Soulby of Ulverston, was built about 250 years ago, by one of the Browns. Being a young man of goodly aspect, he captivated the heart of a young Catholic lady, to whom the estate belonged, as they were dancing together on the green at Bowness, according to the custom of the times. Having married her, he built the present house, in the form of a cross, in compliment to

her religion. The celebrated Josiah Brown, and Rowley Brown were descendants of this family, and possessors of Orrest Head.—The fine range of stone buildings, occupied by the Bank, &c. in Kirkby Lonsdale, was formerly a heap of miserable wooden houses; which being burned down were replaced by the present edifices, &c. &c.

The improvement in the roads was another particular, for which we should have collected materials, something in this manner:—The great North Road over Shap fells, was formerly passable only for horses, carrying packs. It is, therefore, of only comparatively recent date, that there was a good road at all in Westmorland. Now this county is only surpassed by few. The mail road, when completed, will be excellent. The improvements recently effected between Selside and Shap, are truly astonishing; and prove the greatness of the minds which could suggest such plans. Hills are cut through and valleys levelled up, over wild moors, where nothing but the nimble and hardy shepherds of the north could pass. The new Ulverston road, is scarcely less surprising. Carriages and the heaviest waggons now pass safely over four or five miles of a morass, where, a few years ago, except in very dry weather, the human foot could not tread with security. The excellence of the roads in this county is not attributable to the materials alone, but to a superior method of constructing them; though this latter point is only in its infancy in this county, and is utterly unknown in Lancashire.

The ancient relics of other years which still remain in the county, would form a copious subject for our research; and though many years must have been consumed in the enquiry, the result must have afforded the highest gratification to the lovers of antiquity. The following is a slight sketch :—

*Kendal Church*, peculiar for its having *five aisles*, was given by Ivo de Talebois, the first Baron of Kendal, to the Abbey of St. Mary's, York; and was undoubtedly dedicated to St. Catherine, as appears from records in Sizergh Hall.——*Abbot Hall* belonged, no doubt, to the aforesaid Abbey; and the present structure was built by the late George Wilson, Esq. at an expense of about £8,000.——*Cupper lane* is a corruption of Chapel lane, which led to a Catholic chapel near the head of Well Syke.——*St. Anne's Chapel* stood near Dockray Hall. It was afterwards converted into a dwelling-house, which house is also destroyed.——*All-hallows Chapel* stood at the east end of Stramongate Bridge; but is now converted into a dwelling-house.——*Spittle* was originally a hospital for lepers. It was dedicated to St. Leonard, and belonged to Conishead Priory.——*Kendal Castle*, of which no records remain.——*Castle-low-hill*, an artificial mount to the west of Kendal, said by antiquaries to have been a small Roman station; and, by tradition, to have been raised for attacking the Castle. Its name confirms this tradition.——*Helsington Lathe*, the seat of the ancient family of Bindloss.——*Sizergh*

*Hall*, from time immemorial, the residence of the Stricklands.——*Nutland* was so called from being inhabited by the Nativi or Bondmen of the Barons of Kendal. And a very old chapel, pulled down and rebuilt in the year 1785.——*Watercrock* was one of the principal Roman stations in this country—a most beautiful situation on the banks of the Kent. It is in the centre of a level piece of ground round which the Kent winds in the form of a horse shoe. It may properly be considered the centre of the vale of Kendal; and from this place the surrounding scenery assumes an appearance of beauty not discoverable from any other point. It is without exception the most eligible situation, for a genteel residence, in the neighbourhood of Kendal.——*Watchfield*, an old manor house, close to Kendal, now half buried in fine ancient trees; originally a watch tower.——*Grayrigg Hall* now in ruins, was a strong manor house, of a quadrangular form, belonging to the Duckets.——*Selside Hall*, to the Thornburghs of Hampsfield in Cartmel, contained the chapel; but this, after the Reformation proving disagreeable to the Thornburghs, who were a Catholic family, they gave a piece of ground for the erection of the present chapel.——*Shelsmergh Chapel* was dedicated to St. John the Baptist; and had a stream of water running through it from east to west, which was planked over.——*Burneshead Hall* is a fine old ruin, and formerly belonged to the Burnesheads, Bellinghams, and Braithwaites, successively.——*Burneshead Chapel* was probably dedi-

cated to St. Oswald, as there is a well near it, now called Miller's well which was formerly called St. Oswald's well. The bell, however, was anciently called St. Gregory's.—*Godmend Hall*, in Strickland Roger, is the remains of a small castellated building, where the family of Godmond resided. It was a good building till it was dismantled by Mr. Burn of Orton, its owner, in the last century.—*Uberry Hall*, in Longaledale, was an ancient tower, having walls two yards thick. It belonged to a younger brother of Harrington of Wraysholme, in Cartmel.—*Kentmere Hall*, the birth place of Bernard Gilpin, is an old building with a tower, standing under a vast craggy hill.—*St. Ann's Chapel* was anciently situated at Grassgarth about a quarter of a mile north west from Ings Chapel.—*Crook Hall* belonged to the Philipsons, and was called Twatterdon Hall.—*Dunmail Raise* is a great heap of stones by the road side going from Ambleside to Keswick, erected by Dunmaile, King of Cumberland, to mark the boundary of his kingdom.—*Rydal Hall*, the seat of le Flemings.—*Fold House* in Loughrigg, once the residence of the Bensons.—*Bowness Church*, the east window of which was filled with glass from Furness Abbey.—*Calgarth*, the ancient seat of the Philipsons.—*Helsfell Hall* where the ancestors of Colonel Briggs resided.—*Lady Holme*, an island in Windermere, upon which was anciently a chapel dedicated to the blessed Virgin.—*Troutbeck*, in which was a heap of stones called the Raise; on being opened a chest



of four stones was found in the centre, filled with dead men's bones. There is another, called Woundale Raise, which has never been opened. They are supposed to have been British sepulchres.——*Ambleside* was the Roman station, *Dictia*.——*The Brathwaite* are supposed to have risen at *Ambleside*, and to have their name from the river *Brathay*.——*Borrens* has been a square fort, called *Barranring*, surrounded with a bulwark and a trench.——*Levens* has been a place of some importance from the Conquest.——*Crastorthe Chapel* was founded by *Anselm de Furness* in the reign of *Richard I.* and was granted to the *Priory of Cartmel*, by *Sir William Strickland, kn.*——*Beetham Church* is very ancient; and dedicated to *St. Leoth* or *Lyth*; others say to *St. Lioba* or *Liobgytha*; and others say to *St. Michael*.——*Beetham Hall* has been a strong Castle building, though now in ruins.——*Hazelslack Tower* and *Arnside* are little known and their history is entirely lost.——*Dallam Tower* the seat of the *Wilsons*.——*Farleton Knott* had a beacon lighted upon it during the incursions of the *Scotch*.——*Preston Patrick Hall*, so long the seat of the *Prestons*, is now a farm house, nothing remaining but a few arched rooms.——*Kirkby Lonsdale Bridge*, the history of which is entirely unknown.——*Kirkby Lonsdale Church* is very ancient; and is undoubtedly of *Saxon* Origin. The architecture seems to be such; and we know that it was given to *St. Mary's of York*, by *Ivo de Talebois*.——*Tearnside* or *Tarnside* near *Kirkby Lonsdale*, once

possessed a chapel, which was destroyed about 150 years ago.—*Casterton* had once a chapel at a place called Chapel head close, dedicated perhaps to St. Columbe.—*Rigmaden Hall* once belonged to a family of its own name.—*Middleton Hall*, was long the seat of the Middletons; it was built in the Castle form, though now only a farm house.—*Killington Hall*, now in ruins, was long the seat of the Pickerings.—*Appleby* was once a very large town; and the foundation of its buildings are often ploughed up, at a considerable distance from its present limits.—*Burwise Hall* near Appleby, was once the residence of a family of that name.

To have collected the ancient history and present appearance of these places; as well as those we have omitted in this short sketch of only part of the county, would have been a work of time, though an interesting one, yet it may be collected at some future opportunity.

END OF WESTMORLAND AS IT WAS.

## **LIGHT :**

**REMARKS ON THE NEWTONIAN THEORY OF LIGHT;  
IN WHICH THE UTTER INCONSISTENCY OF THAT  
THEORY IS ATTEMPTED TO BE PROVED.**

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[The philosophical portion of our readers will excuse us for inserting the following Theory, after its appearance in the Lonsdale Magazine. Our idea of it is, that it is extremely interesting on account of its novelty, and the facts and inferences that are chosen and deduced to support it. No man in the world possesses a greater aptness to imagine Theories, than did our late lamented friend JOHN BRIGGS; with less facility to incline him to labour in the practical establishing part. As a philosopher, he might have given birth to some amusing invention—but seldom would, we think, have toiled through the process of experiment to the result of any valuable discovery.]

## ON LIGHT.

Sir Isaac Newton, and nearly all who have written on the subject since his days, have asserted light to be a *material substance*. The design of the present article is, therefore, to expose the inconsistency of this theory; and to prove its impossibility.

The Newtonian theory, which is most generally received, maintains, that "light consists of a vast number of exceedingly small particles shaken off in all directions from the luminous body, with inconceivable velocity, by a repulsive power."

If this theory be true, then is the sun composed of "exceedingly small particles," each of which is endued with a *repelling power*, by which the particles are successively driven off from the luminous body; for if light be driven off "by a repulsive power," the repulsion must be inherent in each particle. The sun, according to this theory, being composed of particles of light, which are driven off by a repulsive power, that repulsive power must exist in each individual particle. If it does not exist in each particle, it cannot exist at all; for there is no other place in which it can reside.

Here then follows the unanswerable query—a query that dashes the whole theory to pieces:—*If each particle of the sun, possesses an inherent re-*

*repelling power, by which each particle is impelled to recede from its neighbouring particle with an inconceivable velocity, why were not all the particles of the sun scattered through the immensity of infinitude, at the moment of the sun's creation? If each particle possess this repelling power, what power has retained those particles of the sun together, which flew from it yesterday?—How has that repelling power laid dormant for nearly six thousand years, only to be called into action yesterday? Those particles which are lying dormant to-day, and which will fly off to-morrow, possess the same repelling power, as those which flew off a thousand years ago; yet they have slept quietly till now; and are only now asserting their right of flying off! How unaccountable is such a theory! If the sun be composed of particles of light; and those particles each possess such a repelling power as Sir Isaac Newton describes, the sun would be dissolved as instantaneously as a barrel of gunpowder, on the application of a lighted match!*

This might perhaps be considered sufficient to destroy the present theory of light; but there is another argument equally powerful, and equally unanswerable, which shall be here produced.

When a lighted candle is introduced into a dark room, if the light consist of particles continually exuding from the luminous body, the light will gradually increase in the room; for the particles emanating from the candle in the first minute will be equal to  $a$ , and since as many particles will be

thrown off in any succeeding minute as in the first, the number of particles in the room, at the end of an hour, will be equal to 60 *a*—that is, the room will be sixty times as light at the end of an hour as it was at the end of a minute. *Such would be the phenomenon of light, was it a material substance. But this is not the case, therefore light is not a substance.*

Again, on the light being extinguished, after burning for a length of time, in a room, the particles of light which had escaped from the candle, and which were floating in the room, would continue to illuminate the room for a considerable time after the candle was extinguished. As the particles of light escaped through the cracks and crannies of the room, the light would decrease, something in the form of a twilight. *This would be the inevitable consequence of light being a substance; but this is not the case; therefore light is not a substance.*

Considering light as a substance, it must pass through solid bodies by its momentum, because it cannot pass through by attraction; for the attractive power which drew the light to the body, would prevent its passing forward. Now if the impetus of light carries it through a piece of glass, why cannot that impetus carry it through a piece of metal of the same thickness; or at least through a piece of wood, which is much more porous than glass. Light will instantly pass through a piece of glass an inch thick, but it never gets through a piece of oak only a line thick. The momentum of any thing else

would pass through the wood in preference to the glass, at equal thickness,—this shows the folly of the idea, that light passes through solid bodies by its momentum.

Henry Brougham, Esq. saw the folly of this, and attempted to account for the phenomenon on the principles of attraction. He says, “the initial velocity of light is sufficient to carry it through the first surface or set of particles; but it is so much diminished, that it is reflected by the repulsive power of the back side of these particles, unless there be others behind at a certain distance, namely, that at which inflection or attraction acts, that is, apparent contact. This attraction renews the impetus of light, and transmits it to another set and so on.” According to Mr Brougham’s account, it appears that light is attracted like nothing else. A row of magnets, for instance, would not have the complacence to attract a piece of steel, and turn it over to one another to be attracted by the whole range, and then send it about its business. Bodies which attract light, however, seem to be of a more accommodating nature; and to act upon the principle of a school-boy game, called *Bite, lug, and throw away!*

To make this mysterious subject more plain, Mr. Brougham adds—“When particles of light pass at a certain distance from any body, a repulsive power drives them off; at a distance a little less, this power becomes attractive; at a still less distance it becomes repulsive as before; always acting in the same direction. These things hold, whatever be the direction



of the particles; but, if, when produced, it passes through the body, then the nearest repulsive force turns the particles back, and the nearest attractive force either transmits them or turns them out of their course, during transmission." Independent of the incomprehensibility of light being attracted at one distance and repelled at another, the student will be struck with the inconsistency of the whole theory. If a piece of glass attracts or repels light at any fixed distance, how can a room be enlightened? For, in approaching the glass, in order to be transmitted, the light will have to pass that very point where it is repelled, and consequently could never reach the glass, on account of the repelling power. Again, if the light could elude the vigilance of this repelling power and enter the glass by the power of attraction, it would remain there; for it is impossible to conceive such a power in the glass, as that which Mr. Brougham has described, where the first particles of glass attract the particles of light, and then suspend their attractive powers in order that the next set of particles of the glass may attract the particles of light, and all the particles of the glass continuing to act upon a principle of this kind, till the particle of light reaches the opposite side, where the attraction of the glass becomes repulsive, and the particles of light are repelled forward.—Such a theory is in direct opposition to the established laws of nature.—If, however, the light escaped all these obstacles, it would be retained by the attractive power which Mr. Brougham describes as

existing at a certain distance from the surface of the glass. *Thus it appears that light cannot pass through a piece of Glass, if it be a substance, without acting entirely contrary to the principles of that very theory which makes it a substance.*

The sensation on the eye, called light, according to the philosophers is occasioned by the particles of light entering the eye. Now if this be the case, an enquirer might naturally ask, *what becomes of all these particles of light thus drunk in by the eye?* The Count de Buffon has very learnedly explained this query. He found that, on shutting his eyes after looking at a white object, the image remaining on his eye, first became violet, then blue, or a mixture of blue and other colours, and last of all red. "So that the impression of white," says Mr. Brougham, in commenting on this subject, "is compounded of all the other rays mixed together. The violet was first obliterated, or weakest; and the red last, or strongest." Sir Isaac Newton, however, differs from Mr. Brougham, and asserts that "the orange and yellow are the most luminous of all the colours, affecting the senses most strongly." It is not however worth while to argue which of these philosophers is farthest wrong, for it is well known that *no part of matter can be extinguished or destroyed.* Therefore, if light be a substance, its particles cannot be extinguished in the eye at all. Hence the dispute whether red or yellow rays are first extinct, is nonsense; since, if they be matter, they can neither of them be ever destroyed. If the particles

of light be substances, and these substances enter the eye, and remain there, how long may it be before the "eye is filled with seeing?"

A few queries will naturally strike the mind of the inquisitive reader, respecting the amazing velocity of light. If light be a substance, and move at the rate of 200,000 miles in a second of time, its momentum must be such as to carry it through the hardest opposing bodies; so that the human frame, on a sunny day, must be like a sieve, by the particles of light passing through it. So far, however, from this being the case, the particles of light with all their momentum, cannot pierce a sheet of tin! How clear a proof is this, that light is not a substance.

The idea that light, being a substance, ought to have a momentum, arising from its amazing velocity, has struck the mind of several philosophers. Hartsocker and Homberg attempted to prove the momentum of light, but the effects which they mistook for this momentum were evidently caused by a stream of heated air produced by the burning glass.

M. Marian next tried to prove the momentum, but he failed. M. du Fay then attempted the experiment, but he also failed. Mr. Michell was the last who tried. He threw the light from a concave mirror two feet diameter upon a small plate of copper, fixed to the end of a needle, suspended in the manner of a compass needle. He was fortunate enough to produce a motion in the plate of copper; but that motion was evidently occasioned by the

expansion of the heated air, which moved the copper. Hence the momentum of light, so necessary to prove it a substance, is yet undiscovered.

If light be a substance, surely some method may be found for fixing it, and rendering it useful in the arts. For instance, when a fine picture is reflected on a sheet of paper in the Camera Obscura, the colours might be fixed, and the picture preserved. *But light not being a substance, the colours cannot be fixed.*

No man ever suspected *sound* to be a substance, though equally as powerful arguments might be produced for the one as the other. Sound being nothing but the undulation of the air, and light being only the reflexion of the luminous body upon the subjects of vision. That LIGHT IS ONLY THE REFLEXION OF THE LUMINOUS BODY, one would think might have been the first and most natural supposition. When a man sees his face in a mirror, he considers it the reflexion of his face, and not so many particles of the face which have flown off to the glass.

The idea, that the cause of vision is the particles of light impinging upon the object, and being thence reflected to the eye, does not explain the nature of vision. For if the light was merely reflected from the object, we should only feel a sensation of light, and not see an image or object. But it is natural to suppose we may gain a view of the object, from its being rendered visible by the luminous object being reflected upon it.

That objects are rendered visible by the image of the luminous body being reflected upon them is evident from this, if we throw coloured lights upon any object, that object will assume the colour of the light thrown upon it. Some very pleasing experiments may be tried in this way, by coloured glasses in a Camera Obscura. On the principle of reflection, the velocity of light may be easily comprehended. It is easy to suppose a long range of looking-glasses, so placed in two rows facing each other, at such distance that they may catch the reflection from each other. Supposing them to be placed in a long lobby, that which stands to the right shall throw its reflection upon that on the left; and that on the left shall throw its reflection upon the second to the right, and so on to the end of the two rows. If a candle be so placed that it will be reflected from one glass to another, through all the line, we shall have an experiment of the velocity of light. However rapidly the light may be reflected through the line, it must take some time; for it cannot be reflected from the second till it has been reflected from the first; nor from the third till it has been reflected from the second; so that it must reach the last *after* it has reached the first. And though these reflections may succeed one another with amazing rapidity, *time* must elapse between the first and the last.

The few hints here thrown out, will, it is trusted, induce the inquisitive reader to reflect a moment, before he places implicit confidence in the generally received theory of light—a *theory which has not one experiment to corroborate it.*



# TALES.





## CAER WERID.

## A BRITISH TALE.

In times long gone by, when these mountains reared their naked heads to the clouds, when their sides were clothed with oak, and their feet were wet with morasses—when the wild cow and the wolf contested the mastership of the unclaimed property—when human feet had never trod these hills or vales—a mighty warrior left his companions in the south, and journeyed hitherward. His followers called him Brig, and themselves Briges,\* because they had *separated* from their brothers. As they traversed the forests towards the north, they met with a beautiful river, at the foot of a gentle hill, well clothed with wood. Brig said to his companions, let us here construct our tents. Here is wood for shelter and fire; and this river and these mountains will supply us with food: and the Briges consented. And they called the beautiful river the *Lon*,† because the water flowed so smoothly.

Then they fixed poles in the ground, and fastened them together with wicker work of branches, and covered them with the green sod from the ground. And Brig said, the old oak trees round our dwellings will shelter us from the storm in winter, and shade us from the sun in summer, we will therefore call it

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\* This word was afterwards Latinized by the Romans, to *Bri-gantes*.

† This word was Latinized by the Romans, to *Alunum*.

CAER WERID, for it is a green town; and it was known by that name till the time of the Romans.\* The Briges continued to pass their lives in hunting the wild deer among the hills, and in fishing in the adjoining river; and as they were not disturbed by wars, they rapidly increased in strength and number.

Their ancient priests or Druids retired farther north, because their solemn rites required the greatest privacy; and the mistletoe, their sacred emblem, abounded more among the northern forests. Besides stones to construct their temples of, were more easily procured among these hills; and being far from the haunts of men, they could indulge in the gloomy contemplation of the vindictive character of the Deity—for they knew him only as a Being capable of revenging every insult offered to his name.

When the Green Town was become very populous, there lived in it a youth of superior strength and agility, who was remarked for being particularly expert with the bow, and so swift that few could outstrip him in the race. At feats of strength or skill, he was ever foremost; and in attacking the wolf, or the wild cow, few possessed so daring a soul. It is an old maxim, with few exceptions, that love is the companion of bravery—and Mudor loved the gentle Ella. They had retired, at an early age, to a grove farther up the river, where stood the image of their god Mogan, which had been purchased of

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\* The Romans altered this name to *Longovicium*...

some Phœnician merchants, along with some iron hatchets, in exchange for the skins of beasts slain in the chase. Before this rude representation of the deity they mutually pledged their vows; and to render those pledges more binding, they each stained a blue sun on their breasts, as a memorial that their faith should be as durable as the light of that luminary. No one felt so proud on hearing the praise of Mador, as Ella did—no one hailed his return from the chase, loaded with spoils, with the warmth of Ella—nor did any one so much admire the elegance of the blue symbols of his prowess and his faith, which were painted on his skin, as did the faithful Ella. Reared in two adjoining cabins, their infant sports had been together. For her he had plunged into the morass to procure the richest and sweetest water lilies; for her he had climbed the tallest oak to gain the cushat eggs; and the scarf of squirrel skins which screened her from the cold, was the produce of his most early adventures in the chase. Thus circumstanced, their hearts were knit together by those ties which bind the savage as well as the civilized; for the heart of the naked Indian who treads the burning sands of the desert, is as warm to the tender impressions of love, as the prince who stretches his limbs on a silken couch, or reposes on a bed of down.

These faithful lovers dreamt of no unkindly fate interfering, when a fever broke out in the Green Town, and swept away a number of its inhabitants. Application was made to the priest of Mogan to

avert the awful visitation by prayer ; but he returned for answer, that the wickedness of the Green Town had offended the Great Invisible, and the fever was sent as a just punishment. The Druids, therefore, who resided in the neighbourhood, made a pilgrimage to one of their largest temples, situated among the mountains, in the midst of a vast forest. The Arch-Druid, having gathered the mistletoe, just as the rising sun licked the dew from its berries, and performed a number of other rites, to obtain an answer from the Great Spirit, informed them, that heaven would not be appeased unless a young virgin of the Green Town was immolated as a sacrifice for the sins of the inhabitants. When this intelligence was announced to the Briges of Caer Werid, the utmost dismay seized on every heart. Parents trembled for their daughters, and the daughters trembled for themselves ; for no one knew on whom the lot would fall.

The Druids of the neighbouring groves assembled together, and cast lots according to their established usage. The lot fell on Ella ! Sad was the heart of Mudor when he heard this ; and vainly did he entreat that some other victim might be selected in her stead. It was the irrevocable decree of heaven, and the priest had not the power to alter it. No one felt the sentence less severely than Ella did. She resigned herself to the will of the deity ; and would not render unavailable the sacrifice by any vain and foolish complaints. Still her affection for Mudor would steal across her mind, and a momen-

tary wish that she might have lived to fulfil her vows, would interrupt her devotional complacency.

The morning arrived when Ella was to be conveyed far into the deserts, among the northern mountains, where heaven would alone be appeased. Mudor at a humble distance, followed the procession of the Druids, and separating himself from the crowd which usually assembled to witness those awful rites of the Druid priests, appeared like one who had no conception of what was passing before him. They at length arrived at the place of sacrifice, which was a gloomy dell in the midst of a forest, near the banks of a river, almost as large as that which washed the edge of Caer Werid, but more rapid, and surrounded by more magnificent scenery. This dell was a curious cavity in the rock, of considerable extent, and rendered almost dark by the overhanging branches of ancient oaks which grew above it. A small circular area, surrounded with large upright stones, was the place of sacrifice. The priests assembled to perform their horrid rites; while the gaping crowd hung in the fissures of the rock on each side, or sat on the branches of the trees, waiting the celebration of the awful ceremony. The bards, with their heads crowned with oak, advanced to the north side of the circle; and after paying obeisance to the sun, they chanted the following hymn :

Being Great, who reign'st alone,  
Veiled in clouds, unseen, unknown,  
Centre of the vast profound,  
Clouds of darkness close thee round !

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Thy nod makes storms and tempests rise,  
 Thy breath makes thunder shake the skies,  
 Thy frown turns noon-day into night,  
 And makes the sun withdraw his light !

Beneath thy anger we expire,  
 The victims of thy vengeful ire ;  
 Destruction rules at thy command,  
 And ruin blackens all the land.

A small cabin of basket work was erected near the western side of the circle, in the lowest part of the dell, with a door opening towards the Druid circle—in this the youthful Ella was to be immolated. She was brought into the circle, a garland of oak leaves was bound round her neck—a chaplet of wild flowers placed on her head—and a piece of misletoe in her hand. Thus adorned, she was led to the centre of the circle, and supported there by two aged priests, while the bards chanted the following invocation to the sun.

#### First Bard.

See, thy destined victim see,  
 Bright, and chaste, and pure as thee,  
 Let this *sinless* virgin please thee,  
*Sinful* man could ne'er appease thee.

#### Second Bard.

Round her brows the wild flowers see,  
 Emblems of thy purity—  
 Touch'd by mortal's finger never ;—  
 Round her breast the oak survey,  
 Which like thee can ne'er decay—  
 Innocence endures forever.

#### Third Bard.

Spirit ! who no birth has known,  
 Springing from thyself alone.  
 We thy living emblem show  
 In thy mystic misletoe :—

Springs and grows without a root—  
 Yields without a flower its fruit—  
 Seeks from earth no mother's care—  
 Lives and blooms, the child of air.

#### Fourth Bard.

Thou dost thy mystic circle trace  
 Along the vaulted blue profound,  
 And, emblematic of thy race,  
 We tread our mystic circle round.

#### All the Bards.

Shine upon us mighty God—  
 Raise this drooping world of ours—  
 Send from thy divine abode,  
 Cheering sun and fruitful showers.

The lovely Ella was then enclosed in the wicker cabin—a quantity of dry withered leaves, and small dry branches were laid all round the cabin ready to set fire to. Every one of the crowd was obliged to furnish at least one stick towards producing a fire to consume the victim. But Mudor stood at a distance, determined rather to incur the vengeance of the Invisible Spirit, than add one particle to the destruction of his adorable Ella. The Arch-Druid took two pieces of wood, and exposing them to the sun, rubbed them together, while all the bards chanted the following verse.

Sun descend in a ray of light,  
 Wrapp'd in thy power and clad in thy might;  
 Come in a red and a fiery stream,  
 Come in a bright and a glowing beam;  
 Come in thy flaming chariot down,  
 Burn the wood in a flame of thy own.

The friction of the two pieces of wood had the desired effect—they took fire. The sticks and leaves

round the cabin which contained the ill-fated Ella, were instantly in a blaze. As the flames arose the Bards chanted, with loud voices, the following verses.

Mighty Sovereign of the skies,  
Accept this virgin sacrifice,  
Let her spotless soul atone  
For wicked actions not her own.  
As to death her spirit stoops,  
As she faints, and as she droops,  
Lay aside thy fiery crown  
And spare, O, spare, her native town !  
She was good, and she was kind,  
And she possess'd a heavenly mind ;  
Wicked man could ne'er atone  
For his sins and crimes alone,  
A purer victim must be found  
To wash the stain away.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Bards stopped short, and raised their hands with astonishment—the crowd shrieked out with fear—and all the rites were suspended ;—for at that moment a flood of water burst out from the fissures of the rock on every side, and came rolling down the dell like a river. The wicker hurdle in which Ella was confined, was instantly surrounded by the flood—the fire was quenched, and she came out unhurt. It is said that a voice was heard by the Arch-Druid of solemn import, intimating that human victims were not acceptable to the deity—that a greater sacrifice was about to be offered—and that the reign of Druidism was at an end. The Arch-Druid turning his face towards the sun for a moment, and then to the other priests, remarked that some mighty change was surely about to take place among them ;



for this was a miracle they could have no conception of. Henceforth, he added, this place shall be called Guylingreave, for it is a stream in the Temple of God!

The assembled Briges returned in consternation to Caer Werid; and the devoted Ella was happily restored to the arms of the overjoyed Mudor, with whom she lived to a good old age; and the rock has occasionally poured forth its stream, ever since.

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### CHARLES WILLIAMS.

Charles Williams was one of those individuals who are "born to blush unseen." It is probable therefore that his name is unknown, and that his merits might have slept in obscurity but for us. We suspect that he has never been heard of before, and it is very likely that he never will again.—Charles had no long line of ancestors whose merits he could impute to himself. His great-grandfather had, to be sure, been the most noted wrestler in his day; and had annually won the belt at Bowness and at Keswick, but his prowess was forgot by all but his immediate descendants; and even his hard earned belts had long since been cut up for repairing cart gear. Though Charles was only the son of a small farmer, yet there was one thing on which the family prided itself—there was a W. W. over the kitchen door which "was a sartan sign," his mother argued,

"at that hoos hed belengd to them sometime lang son."

There was one circumstance which we ought not to omit; particularly as it excited no inconsiderable interest at the time through all the neighbourhood of Kentmere. On the very day—and as far as we could learn, on the very hour—when Charles was born, a huge stone, self-moved, rolled down Wallow Crag into Hawes Water! The old women could and would account for it no other way, than that he was to be *droond*. Mr. Gough—who was then beginning to exhibit the first dawning of that genius which has procured him the esteem and admiration of all true lovers of rational philosophy—would gladly have convinced them that it was nothing but the effects of a thaw which had taken place only a few days before. But they argued, that "thear hed been many a tha afoar, but niver a stean rolled doon Wallow Crag afoar."

Charles, however, grew up to be a boy, just as if this ominous stone had continued to sit secure on the mountain's ridge. But it might be said of him, that "a strange and wayward wight was he." While other boys were ranging through the woods in pursuit of bird nests, Charles would stretch himself on a smoothfaced rock, and pore on the adjacent landscape like one half crazed. To retire into a lonely wood behind his father's, and teach a little brook, which ran through it, to take a thousand fantastic forms, was to Charles the sweetest recreation he could enjoy. The perpetual wings of time had now

spread fifteen or sixteen winters over the vale of Kentmere, since the stone rolled into Hawes Water, and Charles was grown a tall and graceful boy. The little time which his father had spared him to school, had not been misemployed by the active youth; and though he felt a diffidence about entering into conversation, it was generally allowed that when he did unloosen his tongue, he could argue any man in the valley, except the parson who never stooped to hear any body speak but himself, and the schoolmaster who never spoke at all.

One evening about this time, as Charles was returning from an accustomed ramble, where he had been enjoying a view of the mist slowly gathering among the mountain-heads to the north, he was aroused from his reverie by a shrill scream;—a young female had been pursuing a footpath over the adjoining field, and was at that instant closely followed by a neighbour's bull. Charles with the speed of lightning was at the girl's side; and, with a presence of mind oftener found in boys than men, he snatched the umbrella out of her hand, and unfurled it in the enraged animal's face. The astonished beast retreated a few paces—and, according to a standing rule among mad bulls, having been foiled in its first attempt, it did not make a second attack.

Charles with that gallantry, which is a concomitant of generous minds, proposed to see the affrighted maid to her father's dwelling. Maria was a girl whom Charles had known from her infancy; he had played with her at school, but he never before ob-

served that she possessed any thing superior to the other girls of the dale. But this evening, as she hung on his arm and thanked him with such a pair of soft blue eyes, so kindly—as the colour varied so often on her cheek—and her bosom throbbed so agitatedly—he discovered that Maria possessed more charms than *all the valley beside*.

This evening's adventure formed an epoch in the life of Charles Williams. All his actions were now influenced by one all-powerful impulse. Ardent in his admiration of nature's charms—that ardour was now transferred from the *general* beauties of creation to the *particular* beauties of the lovely Maria. Indeed Maria was peculiarly formed to please the fancy and captivate the heart of a youth like Charles. There was a symmetry in her limbs, an elegance in her person, and a simple gracefulness in her motions, which rendered her an agreeable object even to the most indifferent observer. But the charms of her mind were the gems on which he placed the highest value. There was a sombre shade of seriousness, perfectly distinct from melancholy, which none could behold without feeling interested. This seriousness however had nothing in it inimical to that lively joyance which gives so delicious a zest to our youthful days. She even possessed a vivacity that accompanied all her actions, and threw her real character into the distance. Though endued with the keenest sensibility, she appeared all life and gaiety. Wherever she was, she was the soul of the little company—her lively

wit and her smiling beauty procured her attention wherever she shewed herself. This beautiful mixture of the gay and the grave, assumed on some occasions such strange contrasts, that she seemed to be composed of inconsistencies. Often in her little evening rambles with her young companions, after having put them all in good humour with themselves and with one another, by her little flattering railleries, and harmless frolics, she would in an instant bound away from the group with the elastic grace of a mountain nymph—abruptly enter the cottage of some sick or suffering neighbour, with a smile on her countenance, like the angel of comfort charged with blessings—kindly inquire after their various wants and distresses—sooth them with consolatory hopes of better days—offer all those little assistances which old and decaying age accepts so gratefully at the hands of youth—and after mingling a sigh or a tear with theirs, again join her gay companions as though nothing had occurred.

In the innocent society of this fair maiden, Charles passed the sweetest hours of his existence. His former boyish pursuits were renounced. The wind-mill, on a rock at a little distance, though nearly matured, was never completed; the water works in the wood were permitted to run to ruin; even the perpetual motion in the room over the old kitchen, which was in a state of great forwardness, was neglected for a time, and eventually relinquished.

It is supposed, if Charles had never been in love, that he had never been a poet; and, in confirmation

of this idea, we observe that his first productions are of the amatory kind. "Odes to beauty;" "Lines to Maria;" "Acrostics," &c. Among these fragments, we found a little airy piece without a head, but we suppose intended for Maria.

If all the world was made of kisses,  
And all those kisses were made for me,  
And I was made for you, my love,  
How happy we should be!

If all the graces were joined in one,  
And all the wit and beauty too,  
They'd make a maid like you, my love,  
They'd make a maid like you!

Some of his lyric pieces exhibit a strange mixture of philosophy and passion, learning and love.— In the eleventh page of the manuscript before us, we find as curious a specimen of this kind as ever we recollect. It is much interlined, and seems never to have been finished.

#### On Love,

Newton's keen observant eye,  
Found a power pervade creation;  
Ignorant of when or why,  
He fondly called it gravitation.

But 'tis love that binds the spheres—  
Love's the real central forces—  
Wheels them round their varying years,  
Impels them on and shapes their courses.

Nature all abounds in love,  
What is there but feels its power?  
Hear it warbling in the grove!  
See it blooming in the flower!

What's attraction, pray, but love?  
And affinity's the same—  
— — — — —

But the tender passion does not seem to have engrossed all his poetical powers, as we find several pieces both grave and gay on different subjects. One of these we shall select, as it seems to possess some originality, and has been occasioned apparently by that influx of strangers which generally enlivens the lake district during the summer months; some of whom have probably noticed our mountain bard, if we may judge from one of the stanzas.

*The Stranger at the Lakes.*

When summer suns lick up the dew,  
And all the heavens are painted blue,  
'Tis then with smiling cheeks we view,  
The stranger at the Lakes.

When morning tips with gold the boughs,  
And tinges Skiddaw's cloud-kissed brows,  
Then round the lake the boatman rows,  
The stranger at the Lakes.

When grey-robed evening steps serene,  
Across the variegated scene,  
Beside some cascade may be seen,  
The stranger at the Lakes.

Embosomed here, the rustic bard,  
Who oft has thought his fortune hard,  
Is pleased to share the kind regard  
Of strangers at the Lakes.

He whose ideas never stray  
Beyond the parson's gig and gray,  
Stares at the carriage and relay  
Of strangers at the Lakes.

As by his cot the phaeton flies,  
The peasant gapes with mouth and eyes,  
And to his wondering family cries,  
"A stranger at the Lakes!"

Sometimes when brewers' clerks appear,  
And Boniface is short of gear,  
He says, "Kind Sirs, we've had this year  
Few strangers at the Lakes."

At Christmas, Poll, the bar-maid, shews  
Her lustre gown and new kid shoes,  
And says, "I tipped the cash for those,  
From strangers at the Lakes."

But could the post-horse, neighing, say  
What he has suffered night and day,  
'Tis much, I think, if he would pray  
For strangers at the Lakes.

Time, it is said, has wings; but Charles never observed that it even moved, till he found himself in his twentieth year. That love which at first sought only to relieve itself in the society of its object, now began to assume a determined character.——But to any but lovers, the description of love scenes, would be irksome. It will be quite sufficient if we hint at the affair, and leave our fair readers to fill up the outline.—We will only therefore assure them on the best authority—that Charles set out no less than three several times with a resolute determination to declare the full extent of his passion, and solicit the fair hand of Maria. And that as soon as he saw the maid, his purpose "dissolved like the baseless fabric of a vision."—That Charles at length conquered this timidity, and urged his suit with such ardour, that he was heard afterwards to say, he believed that love was like steam, the more it was compressed, the greater was its elasticity.—That Maria received the declaration with all due bashfulness, and promised to be his bride as soon as she had completed her twenty-first year.—That Charles, as is usual on such occasions, flew home on the wings of ecstasy, &c. &c. It seems to have been about



this time that the following birthday ode was written—perhaps while he was suffering under the effects of his own bashfulness.

Maria, this is just the day,  
Some twenty years ago, they say,  
You fill'd your mother's arms ;  
A little puling sprig of love,  
So kindly dropp'd from heaven above,  
To bless me with your charms.

Obeying custom, I intend  
Some little birthday gift to send—  
But stay, what must it be ?  
Of beauty you have quite a share,  
Accomplish'd too, as well as fair,  
And richer far than me.

I would not ever have it said,  
I offer'd trinkets to a maid,  
Which you might scorn to take ;  
I'll offer then no works of art ;  
I'll give to you, love, an *honest heart*—  
Pray, keep it for my sake.

Our correspondent says, he would be happy if he could here conclude his narrative, as Sir Walter Scott does, with a happy marriage ; for however delightful the transition from sorrow to joy may be, the reverse, even in description, has no charms. But poor Charles was doomed to be hurled from the height of his felicity to the lowest depths of despair. The joyful promise had scarcely escaped the lovely lips of Maria, and while her lover was yet giddy with his joy, when the amiable maid was attacked by a severe illness which baffled all the doctor's skill. If intreaties for human or divine aid could have prolonged the existence of the ill-fated Maria, she had not died. Charles was ever at her pillow—his

studies were relinquished—his poetry was neglected—and the dying Maria filled the whole extent of his capacious mind. But all was vain—the grisly monster death had selected her as his victim, and he would not quit his hold;—he was deaf alike to the lamentations of a parent, the regrets of friends, and the distractions of a betrothed lover. Though every succeeding morning showed how great was the havock that disease was making in her tender frame, and the period of her suffering was evidently approaching, Charles still hoped she would soon be well. If she was more than usually debilitated, he observed that the fever had left her, and she only wanted her strength recruiting, and they would then renew their walks. If the hectic flush overspread her cheeks, he hailed it as the sign of returning health. And thus he hoped even against hope—his reason would have convinced him she was dying, if reason had been allowed to speak; but he wished her to live, and he would not stoop to think that she would die.—Thus he fulfilled the remarks of the poet—

“ We join in the fraud and ourselves we deceive,  
What we wish to be true, love bids us believe.”

When at last, the pale hue of death overspread her once blooming cheek, when she turned her languid eye towards her lover and faltered “farewell,” when she closed her faded eyes and expired in prayer;—Charles stood by the bedside, like a being bereft of power and motion. The deepest despair

overwhelmed him—his hopes were blasted—his fond creation of future bliss was in an instant destroyed—and his mind received a shock too powerful for nature to sustain.

From this moment, a smile was never seen to illuminate his features, the most gloomy and secluded places were his favourite haunts. He avoided society as if the breath of man was pestilential; and occupied his time in brooding over his own melancholy. In his manuscripts we find a number of melancholy effusions, which were evidently written about this time; and clearly bespeak a mind bordering on the gloomy verge of insanity. But as they are some of them by far the best pieces in the collection—a proof that poetry and madness are nearly allied—we will select two which tend to illustrate the awful state of the writer's mind.

*The Evening Walk,*

How soothing to the soul, the shade  
Which evening spreads around!  
How bright the dewy gems that braid  
The foliage of the ground.

No sound is heard through ether wide,  
From hill or coppice green,  
Save where the streamlet seems to chide  
The stillness of the scene.

Contagion catches on the soul  
And lulls e'en grief to rest;  
No more contending passions roll  
Along the troubled breast.

I seem a moment to have lost  
The sense of former pain;  
As if my peace had ne'er been cross'd,  
Or joy could spring again.

But ah ! 'tis there, the pang is there !  
 Maria breathes no more !  
 So fond, so constant, kind, and fair,  
 Her reign of love is o'er.

No more through scenes like these shall we  
 Together fondly stray ;  
 Till night itself would seem to me,  
 More genial than the day.

I feel the cold night's gathering gloom,  
 Infect my throbbing breast ;  
 It tells me that the friendly tomb  
 Alone can give me rest.

I then shall sleep the sleep serene,  
 Where she so long has slept ;  
 Nor be the wretch I long have been,  
 Nor weep as I have wept.

### The Church Yard,

Here then my weary head shall rest,  
 Here weep and sigh alone ;  
 And press the marble to my breast,  
 And kiss the senseless stone.

I'm calmer now—a silvery sound  
 Is whispering in my ear ;  
 That tells me this is sacred ground,  
 And she is hovering near.

Celestial stillness reigns around,  
 Serenely beats my breast ;  
 Maria's spirit treads this ground,  
 And hushes me to rest.

I see Maria hovering there—  
 She waves her wings of light ;  
 Angelic music fills the air,  
 And charms the ear of night.

Stay, lovely maiden, longer stay,  
 And bless thy lover's eyes ;  
 And do not soar so fast away  
 To seek thy native skies.

'Tis gone—the lovely vision's gone !  
 And night's dull shades prevail ;  
 Again I feel myself alone,  
 And pour my fruitless wail.

I seem like one who madly raves,  
 Among the silent dead;  
 And start to hear the hollow graves,  
 Re-echo to my tread.

But I shall soon forget my woes,  
 And dry my every tear,  
 And rest as unconcerned as those,  
 Who sleep serenely here.

So far from having a salutary effect upon the mind of Charles, time seems only to have increased the despondency that had enveloped and clouded the reasoning faculties of our poet. We find in a subsequent part of the volume, the following lines, which shew that his mind was giving way under the pressure of acute distress.

Ah! tell me not of busy life—  
 Its bustling folly—joyless strife—  
 Can these dispel my care?  
 No—let me seek some cavern dread,  
 Where not a sound can meet my ear,  
 But groans of death and shrieks of fear—  
 The music of despair.

The blackening storm, the driving rain,  
 Shall cool the fever in my brain,  
 And lull me to repose;  
 Then, when the thunders o'er me roll,  
 And spirits scream and goblins howl,  
 The tempest shall compose my soul,  
 And cheat me to repose.

About six months, our correspondent says, did Charles continue in this deplorable condition, attracting the sympathy of all who beheld him. And often when he passed the cottage doors, where in happier days he had accompanied Maria on her errands of benevolence, the objects of his former bounty would look after him with a sigh, and say, "poor Charles! poor Charles!"

Though he generally spent the day in rambling about the woods and hills, the hour of his return seldom exceeded that of nightfall. One evening however he delayed his return—his parents made every enquiry—but in vain. He had been seen on Harter-fell in the afternoon, but no further tidings could be obtained. Early next morning the melancholy suspicion was confirmed—he was found drowned. It is rumoured in the vale, says our friend, but he will not vouch for its truth, that he was found in the very spot where the stone rolled down when he was born. It appears that he had meditated this act from the following lines, which shall conclude our extracts.

And what is death, that I should dread,  
To mingle with the silent dead?  
'Tis but a pang—and pangs are o'er;  
A throb—and trobbing is no more;  
One struggle—and that one my last;  
A gasp—a groan—and all is past!

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[The foregoing tale made its appearance in the Lonsdale Magazine for October 1820. The Editor, with that finesse so often resorted to in the management of periodicals, introduced it by saying: "A volume of manuscript poems and fragments of different kinds, said to have been written by the late Charles Williams of Kentmere, has been collected and transmitted to us by a kind friend, with a sketch of his life, and a request that we would make what use we thought of these papers.—As several of these poems appear to possess some merit, we have selected a few for this month's publication; and should these be acceptable to our readers, we may perhaps make a further selection another month."  
.....The simple fact is, the principal part of this article, if not the whole of it, was written one night after Mr. Briggs' family had retired to rest. We remember leaving him about ten o'clock, just as he was beginning his work; and next morning he put "Charles Williams" into our hands, as the fruit of his labours.—Oct. 6, 1825.]

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## THOMAS A LYNN :

OR THE CURSE OF ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

I knew Thomas a Lynn very well, said old Matthew. I have heard my mother say that our families were distantly connected ; but Thomas looked upon every poor relation as a claimant upon his purse, and, therefore, was not very eager to trace the consanguinity of the two families. Indeed, it was an argument with Thomas, that relationship constituted no claim ; we were all relations, he observed, and cousins, or nephews, or, indeed, brothers, sisters, parents, or children were but rather nearer relations than the King of France.

Thomas dressed in the coarsest garb, and compelled his family to copy his example. His table was served with the cheapest and plainest of food, which he argued was more conducive to health, than the pic nics of the rich and prodigal. His dwelling was the picture of poverty ; and the very beggar turned away from its door without presuming to ask for charity. He had seven sons, and three daughters, all of whom were educated in this most wretched state.

As might be expected, he did not always stop to enquire whether his conduct was perfectly justifiable in the sight of both God and man ; if the transaction was certain of being attended with gain, it was sufficient for him. The unsuspecting, or the unwary, fell an easy prey to his wiles. He would deceive,

when it was his interest to deceive, and when the appearance of honesty answered his purpose better, he would assume that which was so foreign to his heart. To the poor, the sick, or the afflicted, his bowels never yearned. The widow, or the orphan, were to him unknown. I even remember his refusing to give employment to a man, because he was so very poor, that Thomas was afraid he would not be able to work hard enough ! In letting his estates, he bound down his tenants to the utmost extremity, and in collecting his rents, or any money owing to him, he took advantage of all the laws which could be twisted to favour the cruel, or the oppressive. He was never known to favour any one, whatever might be his distresses. I remember a poor honest man, who having scraped a trifle of money, took one of his farms. The season was a bad one, his family large, and the rent high. He contrived, however, to pay the first half year's rent. In the autumn he laboured hard to improve the farm, was at a great deal of expence ; and, by so frequently getting wet, brought on a pleurisy fever, of which he died about Christmas. Thomas instantly seized the property he had left, and sold him up for the rent. The overplus he never returned to the widow, who soon after died of a broken heart, and her children were put out to the neighbouring farmers, as apprentices by the parish. Another poor man had a house and a small piece of ground attached to it, worth, at that time, about £200. This he mortgaged to Thomas, for £20. The poor man was never able to redeem



the mortgage; and when he died, Thomas persuaded the widow to let him take the place into his hands as a smaller place might serve her better; and he would pay her a rent for it. Thus possessed of the property, Thomas, knowing she had no friends to assist her in a lawsuit, set her at defiance.

But, those actions, though they argued the utmost depravity of heart, and, in the eyes of the Deity, were crimes of the deepest nature, were not equal, in the eyes of men, to what followed. You, however, who have paid attention to the corruptions of our nature, will not feel any surprise at any action committed by a person who is capable of perverting the salutary laws of the country to the destruction of widows, and the oppression of orphans. Other crimes may appear worse in the eyes of human justice, but in the sight of heaven, these are the blackest crimes of which human beings are capable.

It happened one bleak and stormy night, in the beginning of December, that a benighted pedlar called at the house of Thomas a Lynn, and requested shelter from the storm. Thomas hesitated, for humanity never touched his breast. They could not find accommodations for him without putting themselves to great inconvenience. The pedlar, who dreaded the idea of being again thrust out into the storm, assured Thomas that he had plenty of money, and was willing to make him any recompense he might desire. The word money acted like a talisman on the feelings of Thomas, and he pretended

to commiserate the situation of the pedlar; and even ordered his wife to warm a pot of his best beer. Thus warmed and revived, the pedlar entertained the family with a relation of his travels till bedtime, when Thomas showed him to that bed from which he designed him never to rise again. The pedlar was never seen after entering the cottage of Thomas a Lynn, and the wealth he possessed added another mite to his already enormous hoard. Such however is the crime of murder, and so loudly does the innocent blood cry to heaven for vengeance, that all the neighbourhood, by unanimous consent, branded him as a murderer, and avoided him as a serpent that was crossing their path.

But I shall not detail even half the crimes of which I knew him to be guilty. My intention is to show you that the curse of heaven is upon wealth thus acquired; and that the man who seeks by dishonest means to aggrandize his family name, shall quickly have no family name to be aggrandized.

At the death of Thomas a Lynn, he left five of his seven sons grown up to men, besides his three daughters. If any man could look forward to the perpetuation of his name, it was Thomas. His wealth was so immense, that his sons were like little lords—but mark the sequel.

His eldest son, Thomas, the moment he was free from the constraint of his father, purchased a fine hunting horse, and kept a pack of hounds; but the first winter, he broke his neck in galloping over that estate which his father had obtained by seizing upon

the widow's mortgage, and having no issue, his property went to his brothers.

His second son, William, was an amiable young man, and beloved by every one. He was particularly charitable to the poor; and treated with every kindness those who his father had injured. He married an agreeable young lady who brought him two sons, one of whom was drowned in bathing when he was about fifteen, and the other died of the small pox, when he was about three years old, a lovely promising boy.

Richard married, but had no issue whatever.

Henry also married and had an only daughter, who being extremely rich, from the accumulation of all her uncles' property, was looked upon as a very desirable match. She married a very respectable young man; and all the family looked anxiously for her bringing a son to perpetuate the family name, which was then evidently in danger of being lost. She did give birth to a son, who was immediately baptized Thomas a Lynn, after his grandfather. Every attention was paid to the child, who promised fair for life; but, alas! these promises were not realized. In taking an excursion in a sail boat upon the lake, in his seventh year, a sudden gust of wind upset the boat, and every one on board perished. Thus fell the last of the Lynns; for the youngest brother never married. Two of the sisters died old maids; and the third, though she married, died childless. So completely is the family name extinct, that very few people in this part, have the least knowledge

that it ever existed. The property is gone into other families, where it would be difficult to trace. Those large domains which he had scraped together, are squandered among strangers to his blood; and the name of Thomas a Lynn is as though it had never been. The man that doubts the operation of a visible Providence, will attribute such occurrences as these to mere accident. As well might he attribute the regular return of day and night to mere accident. As well might he say the world itself was produced by mere accident. Besides this is not a solitary instance. The inquisitive Christian may see similar occurrences taking place every day; and without the least difficulty perceive that **THE CURSE OF HEAVEN RESTS UPON ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH!**

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### THE BROKEN HEART.

It was in one of those fine evenings in the latter end of September, when the setting sun elicits a thousand brilliant tints from the autumnal foliage, that I had wandered farther among the involutions of the Lake mountains, than I had intended to do when I left the inn. An aggregation of gloomy vapour had already enveloped the summit of Helvellyn, and a blue mist was slowly accumulating on several of the lakes in the vicinity; the western horizon was burnished by the retiring luminary of day; and an awful stillness seemed to dispose the

mind to meditation. At such a moment as this, and surrounded by scenes of such unusual grandeur, it was impossible for any one not to feel the divine influence of devotion mustering at his heart. The Myterious Power which had reared the magnificent scenery around me, and the inevitable doom that was pronounced upon both it and me, were reflections which thronged with solemn but pleasing melancholy to my mind.

I had entered the precincts of a small sequestered church-yard, which stands at the foot of a hill, and was listening to the monotonous voice of a mountain stream, which pursues its invisible track through a cluster of venerable oaks on the northern side of the church-yard. In the midst of my reverie, my attention was arrested by a feeble and subdued sigh close behind me. I instantly turned round, and beheld an old man seated on the grassy mound which covered the remains of perhaps some dear relative. His hands were folded on his breast; and through the dusk of the evening I could observe a pensive melancholy on his countenance. His dress indicated that he was one of the neighbouring peasants; while the fire which glittered in his eye, bespoke him something superior to the mountain shepherds.

I approached the old man with a feeling of sympathy; and, pointing to the grave on which he sat, observed, "that as the grave must soon be our common home, we cannot do better than accommodate our thoughts to our inevitable fate."

Perceiving that he sighed more deeply, I said, "if it be the will of heaven that those whom we love most dearly, and in whose affections we feel proud to possess an interest, should be consigned to the tomb before us, it is kindly meant to teach us the transitory nature of all human enjoyments, and to wean our hearts from earthly objects, and to fix them on the imperishable riches of a better world."

"I could bend with resignation to the will of providence," said the old man; "but it was the hand of a villain that humbled me in the dust, and made me the wretch I am."

"One and twenty years ago," continued he, "I was perhaps the happiest occupant of this peaceful vale. I had then a little farm that supplied me with all the necessaries of life; my wife had been the choice of my early youth, and had blessed me with three healthy and promising children. I felt no wish ungratified.—But, sad reverse! a fever which ravaged the country, deprived me of my wife and two elder children. An infant daughter alone remained; too young to participate in a father's woes, but not too young to administer to my comfort. In her childish but innocent prattle, I found a solace for many a grief. As she grew in years, in beauty, and in virtue, she wound herself more closely round the fibres of my heart; and became a part of my very existence. At an early age, she was capable of conducting the domestic concerns of my little cottage, and my bosom enjoyed a tranquillity which I had once thought was forever fled."

There was no indulgence that I could deny her, no favour that I could refuse to one I loved so affectionately. In an evil hour, she solicited my permission to attend the amusements of a village wake—my heart misgave me, but I could not refuse. I remember with how light a step she returned—what a glowing description she gave of the merry dance, and the assembled crowd. She mentioned but slightly and with a blush, that the Squire's son had paid particular attention to her, and had very kindly conducted her within a few yards of home. A sudden chillness crept over my whole frame at the intelligence. I warned her of the danger of such company, in all the eloquence that a father's fondness could command. I told her that he was only just returned from college, where under pretence of studying useful learning, our fashionable youths only study how they may spend an estate when they get one, and in the interim how they may seduce their neighbours' wives and daughters. She shuddered at the information, and resolved to avoid him as an animal of prey. But, alas! how frail are female resolutions. Maria was constantly left in charge of the house, while I pursued my labour in the field; and Henry Wildman took these opportunities to reiterate his visits. He seemed so innocent, his conversation was so unexceptionable, and his manners were so prepossessing, that she could not believe him to be one of those dangerous youths I had painted in such odious colours. But Maria was deluded by the hypocrisy of her visitor. The vam-

pire only sought to twine himself completely round her affections, that he might devour his prey in security.

“She fell the victim of a villain’s wiles ; but still she cheered herself that he would be faithful to his vows. She could not conceive how one so intelligent could stoop to betray a harmless maid. She thought it impossible that he who had taken so much pains to cultivate her mind, could be base enough to destroy her happiness. I could not be so cruel as to unveil what I was confident would prove the truth. The delusions which constituted her only happiness, I did not dare to remove. But when at last the fatal truth burst on her soul ; and she beheld him the husband of another woman, I trembled for the consequence. But I heard no complaints ; a quiet serenity, broken occasionally by absent musings, alone marked her conduct. A ghastly smile still welcomed me to that cottage where I once had been happy. She endeavoured to conceal from me the grief which had consumed her, till the time nearly approached which was to make her a wretched mother.

“ I remember one evening she met me at the door, and, with that supplicating look which an offending child often assumes to ward aside a parent’s anger, she requested me to accompany her to this churchyard. She spoke little, and her voice was tremulous. ‘ I would gladly,’ she said, ‘ be laid beside my mother, if you do not think me unworthy of such a favour.’— ‘ Maria,’ said I, ‘ do not give way to desponding



thoughts; you are still my daughter, the darling of my aged bosom, the only comfort I can possess on this side of the grave. If all the world should forsake and despise you, still remember you have a father who can drop a veil over female frailties—to me you are still dear.’ It was in vain I sought to cheer her spirits. She had been deceived by the only man in whom she had ever placed confidence; and the stroke had proved too heavy for her. I pressed her to my breast, but I could not soothe her. I kissed away the tear that hung on her cheek, but no smile succeeded. It was but too evident that she was dying of a broken heart—that she had already taken a farewell of the world, and all its false allurements.

“The same moment that gave birth to a still-born infant deprived me of all I held dear in this world, and numbered my hapless Maria with the forgotten tenants of the valley. She was deposited, according to her wish, at her mother’s side. The youths and maidens of all the neighbouring hamlets attended her funeral. It was truly a solemn scene. She had fallen the first victim of *modern refinement* in our neighbourhood. Those who have grown old in the vale of their fathers, wept for the fate of their children—the maidens shuddered lest another destroyer might prowl through the valley—and the youths felt indignant at the thought, that the wolves were already among the flock, that one lovely lamb had been devoured, and they knew not who might succeed.

"But over my mind," said the old man, "neither hopes nor fears had any influence. The villain had stripped me of my only riches—he had struck the prop from under my declining age—he had mingled for me a bitter draught, and compelled me to drink it all the days of my life.

"And this," said he, in a voice rendered powerful by anguish, "this is a land of glorious liberty—this a country whose equal laws are the boast of the world! If I deprive my neighbour of forty shillings, I pay the forfeiture of my life for my crime—but you villain who has murdered the loveliest maid of the vale—who embitters the few remaining days of an old man's life, is allowed to pass unpunished—he rolls about in his carriage, and no one taunts him with his cruelty.

"Young man," said he, in a softer tone, "if you yet feel a love for your fellow-beings—if the love of social peace is not yet dead in your breast—abhor the company of the seducer—shun his steps, as you would shun the poisoned track of a serpent—spurn the human demon from your society—sanction not the crime, by giving countenance to the criminal—never let it be said that you associated with a seducer—do not rank among your list of friends the being who so far degrades his nature, as to seek the ruin of that sex which he was born to protect. Believe me, young man, the villain who values so lightly the happiness of the girl whom he betrays—who sneers at her father's tears—who mocks at the upbraidings of the virtuous—who stifles his own con-

science—and who rejects the laws of his God and the precepts of his religion—would sacrifice his dearest and nearest friend, if his convenience required it. Do not suppose that he can keep any faith—that he will fulfil any engagements—or be bound by any promises.

“ Avoid him too lest you imbibe his principles—*Can a man carry fire in his bosom and not be burnt?* Can you associate with a seducer and not have your own principles of virtue shaken? The only means of withstanding temptation is to flee from it. Therefore hold the seducer in contempt. If you have a sister, spurn the seducer from your door, for he would strip your family of its richest honour.—If you have a daughter, drive the seducer from your dwelling, for he seeks but to crop the flower that you have reared with such tender solicitude.—If you are a member of society at all, despise the seducer, for he is a corrupter of innocence—an enemy to virtue—and a spoiler in the garden of nature.”

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# **THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS.**

**I. ON THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.**

**II. ON THE FOREKNOWLEDGE OF GOD.**

[The following Essays are offered to the public not solely for their originality, but as specimens of Mr. Briggs' argumentative style and penetrating genius. With little leisure to attend to theological disquisitions and subtleties; and still fewer advantages to become familiarly conversant with the different tenets and opinions built thereupon; by the mere force of his intuitive faculties, he was enabled to enter upon their discussion—as indeed upon all others—by a train of thinking and a kind of logic peculiarly and characteristically his own. ~~He was schooled in nothing.~~ Where he was a master—the ground of his authority was all his own. Impressed with these ideas, we hope our readers will view them in a proper and liberal light; and where they cannot agree with him in *matter*—will candidly bestow upon the *manner* the indulgent consideration which we conceive to be its due.”]

## ON THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

Evil, in Scripture, is commonly compared to darkness, and goodness to light. From this we learn that light and good resemble each other; and that evil and darkness, being coupled together, must have parallel properties. Now, darkness, we know, is but the *absence of light*; and, by analogy, *Evil* is but the *absence of Good*.

Too many men both think and write as if there were two opposite principles in the human soul, continually warring with each other, and contending for the mastery. These two opposite principles they denominate GOOD and EVIL. This most unaccountable error has been the father of a number of other errors; for the dispassionate seeker after truth, naturally asks how a Being so perfect as the Deity, could be the author of *both* these principles? To solve this query has been the fruitless labour of centuries. How simple is the *real* Scriptural answer, that there is no such thing as a *principle of Evil*, either in man or spirit,—consequently the Deity is exonerated at once from the charge of implanting that in the human breast, which never had a being.

No man would be so foolish as to say “The Deity created darkness.” He created the light, and wherever *that light* does not shine, *there will darkness* be found. Hence the term darkness does not apply to any entity, or existing being; but is the *name of an idea*, intended to represent the *effect* of the

*absence of light.* The same mode of reasoning will exactly apply to Good and Evil, which has been applied to light and darkness. *Evil* is not a created being, or an existing principle. It is merely the *name* of an *idea* which represents to our minds the *effect* of the *absence of Good*. Good is an entity; an active vigorous principle, but capable, like light, of being excluded from the mind. Evil is the term by which we express the state of the mind when Good is withdrawn.

“If the light which is in thee be darkness,” (that is, if the Good which is in man become evil,) “how great is that darkness!”

It would have been impossible for the Deity to have been the author of Evil; for, since Evil is but the absence of Good, Good could not be present and absent with him, at the same time, which must have been the case, if he was the author. He must have been Good, else whence was the Good derived which is so manifest in all his works? But he could not be Good and destitute of Good, at the same time, which must have been the case, if he was the author of Evil.

Having thus explained the *nature* of Evil, the next inquiry will regard its *origin*. That it was originally inherent in man, is contrary to its nature; for Evil and Good being only the absence or presence of Good, they could not exist together, one must have precedence of the other. If Evil had the precedence, then Evil must have been eternal, and the Deity himself must have been an evil Being—



which is absurd. If Evil be not eternal, then Good must; and, as the Deity must be the essence of Goodness and Perfection, that Goodness must extend through infinitude, because he does; and if Good was present through all the extent of unbounded space, Evil, or the absence of Good, could nowhere exist, for if there had been a place where Good was *not* present, it must have been a place where there was no God, and God could not, in that case, be omnipresent, which is absurd, since it limits the attributes and perfections of the Almighty.

Evil, therefore, has had a *commencement*—but when? Did it emanate from the will of the Deity?

The great characteristic of the Deity must be perfect wisdom; this our reason, without revelation, will tell us. The source of all wisdom must be pure and unclouded, and that source of all wisdom is the great and glorious Being whom we call God. But the Deity, since he is all Goodness, must have made all his creatures *by* his Goodness, and must uphold them *with* his Goodness too. For if he does not uphold them with his goodness, he does not uphold them at all, for he has nothing in his essence but Goodness to uphold them with; and if *he* does not support them they must support *themselves*, which experience tells us they cannot do. If the Deity supports them, they can no more derive Evil from him than they can derive darkness from the sunbeams.

Whatever Evil, therefore, may be in the world, it must have been derived from some source inde-

pendent of the Deity, for the Deity *could not impart* what he *did not possess*.

Neither can the *origin* of Evil have been *derived* from example; for the *first* sinner could have no bad example to copy. It is immaterial to the argument whether the *first* sinner was a man or an angel—Evil could not originate from example or temptation: for there could be neither evil example nor an evil temper, before evil was introduced.

The above are the principal points, in which all controversies have turned, and all parties have agreed to charge the origin of Evil upon the Deity! Impious thought! The just, the perfect, the Almighty, the Eternal God, is to bear the blame of man's disobedience and corruption! Perish the idea!

The pious Christian humbly bends at the feet of his Maker, and confesses himself to be the cause of all the sins he has committed; but he believes that God so formed man at first that he could not avoid Evil, and that the Deity either foresaw (with the Arminian,) or decreed (with the Calvinist,) that his creatures should commit Evil; and there is no real difference between the two. For if God *decreed* that man should sin, it was not in the power of man to avoid the decree; or if God *foresaw* that man would sin, it was equally out of man's power to avoid it. For if man could avoid that sin which God foresaw, then God has *foreseen* what will never come to pass—which is absurd. And if man was so *formed* that he could not avoid sin, then the Being who

*formed* him so, is justly chargeable with his conduct. But it has been before proved that the Deity could not *any way* be the author of Evil, and, therefore, could not be chargeable with man's transgressions. Hence it is clear that God did *not* put it out of man's power to avoid sin.

The Deist, with all his absurdities, is more rational in his conclusions, for he believes that there is no Evil in the world. He has studied the character of the Deity, till he has discovered that Evil can neither directly or indirectly be derived from God; and as he sees no other source whence it can spring, he denies its existence altogether. Could the Deist be convinced that evil could exist without implicating the perfect wisdom of the Almighty, he would renounce his error and become a believer; but this is beyond his reach, and he clings to his doubts. To account for what we call Evil, he considers that we only see a part of the Divine operations, and that when we see the whole, we shall find that what we call Evil is really good. We shall then learn, he says, to call

"All discord, harmony not understood,  
"All partial Evil, universal Good."

The next enquiry, therefore, is to find the origin of Evil, without implicating the Wisdom or Goodness of the Deity, which may be easily done, if we will take a rational and scriptural view of the subject.

In explaining the Origin of Evil, it is immaterial who was the first sinner, since reason convinces us that there *must have been a first sinner*, else there

would have been no sin. The Scriptural account therefore, independently of its divine origin, affords as good a suggestion as any that could be formed, namely, That the first sinner was one of the higher angels, who fell through pride, and carried with him a number of others.

Though human reason never could have discovered this, human reason sees clearly that this must have been the case. It has been already proved that the Deity could not be accessory to the introduction of Evil; and yet we find that Evil is in the world. That this evil existed before the creation, we have strong presumptive proof; but without revelation we could not have ascertained it. How beautifully do the Scriptures lend their aid to clear up those difficulties which human reason finds; and without presenting us with difficulties, they seem to extend our rational powers, and to give us views which, but for them, we never could have had. But whoever the original sinner may have been, will have no effect on the following arguments, as they are only calculated to explain how sin was first introduced, let the first sinner have been whom he may.

Admitting then that one of the higher order of intelligent beings was the first sinner; this inquiry naturally arises:—If that being had never heard of Evil—if that being was perfectly pure—how could he all at once become Evil, seeing there was no Evil in the Universe? To explain this, we must explain how this being was formed, and see if there

was not a capability for Evil, though none existed.

The Almighty, to prove his love to his creatures, did not construct them like machines, so that they could only praise him; but endued them with high and heavenly thoughts, and perfectly *free wills*. These beings had a full controul over their own actions, and hence became accountable to their Maker for the use and abuse of their faculties.—A being without a *free will*, could no more worship his Maker, than a clock or watch could worship the man who made it. Though a machine might be contrived to utter the praises of the person that put it together, he would feel no pleasure in listening to such praises; because the conviction that the machine could not help but utter them, would take away the satisfaction which would have resulted from the sound of *voluntary* thanks. If the Deity could possibly find pleasure in the adorations of a set of machines, to which he had denied the power of refusing that adoration, he would———But stay the impious thought! Those who deny to man a *free will*, are little aware how far they degrade the character of the all-wise, all-perfect God! If they would for a moment stay to reflect on the deductions which must naturally be drawn from such premises, they would spurn the impious idea!

But this subject belongs to a future essay.—And I will at present refer to that period when there was no Evil; for there must have been a time, somewhere in the circling rounds of eternity, when there was not even a germ of wickedness, and when Evil

was unknown. The Devil himself would then be as bright an angel as any under heaven's canopy.

If all the angels in heaven were endowed with *free wills*, they could either comply with the commands of their Maker, or reject them—they could either do good or let it alone. It has been proved before, that *Evil* is but the absence of *Good*; therefore when one of these celestial beings *ceased* to do good, he *began* to do evil. The mere act of ceasing to do right was committing Evil. Having once refused to comply with the mandates of his Maker, he had thence resisted that divine influence which had till then supported him; and he would have ever after nothing to support him but his own strength. As there is no Good but that which emanates from the Deity, and as all created beings possess the Good they do possess as a gift from God, when the angel had, by his own *voluntary* act, refused to accept the freely offered grace, he became Evil; for to refuse the grace of God, is Evil. The sunbeams of the Almighty's favour having been rejected, and consequently withdrawn, the light which the spirit before possessed would become darkness: and when his former light became darkness, "how great would be that darkness!"

His *will* having once resisted the orders of heaven, and become dark or Evil, on that account there remained only total darkness or Evil. The *will* itself would become Evil. Though the *will* was still *free*, being destitute of Good, he could only *will* Evil: for Good was gone, and could not be restored

by any act of his own. Therefore, his *will*, though still *free*, could only choose what *kind* of Evil he would commit. Thus was Evil introduced without the Almighty having planted it in the breast of any one, or having any to plant there. At the first glance, it may appear strange, that a being like Lucifer, who enjoyed all the happiness of which his nature was capable, should have any inclination to disobey the commands of his Maker; but on more serious reflection this surprise will vanish. It will not appear so very astonishing, that among the myriads of happy spirits who inhabited the regions of beatitude—and in the course of innumerable ages—one spirit should be found daring enough to refuse to do good; for when one had opposed the divine command, (whatever that command might be,) others could learn to sin from example.

What has hitherto puzzled some of our most learned Divines, was the question, "Where did Satan find any suggestion to ill?"—If the suggestions were *external*, then there was evil in heaven, and God must have been its author; and if the suggestion was *internal*, arising within his own mind, then there must have been a principle of Evil dwelling in him, which was only kept under restraint by the power of God—and if there was a principle of Evil dwelling in Lucifer, while he was an archangel, then God was equally the author of Evil for having planted it there. This mistake arises merely from considering Evil as a *PRINCIPLE*, independent of Good, and opposed to it; whereas it is only the

ABSENCE of Good—and to cease to do Good, is to do Evil. Exactly consonant with this idea, are the words of our Liturgy:—“*We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us.*”

Some will naturally say, “What could induce Lucifer to leave undone those things which he ought to have done?” There was nothing to induce him to any such thing; for we consider Lucifer as the first sinner, (as some one must have been the first,) and the *first* sinner could have *no* inducement to sin. He had neither example nor temptation to assail him; for Evil, before that, had not so much as a name. His *will* was perfectly *free*; he could do or not do, as he thought fit, without any compulsory power. There was no external agency that necessitated him to his actions; therefore, when any command was laid on him, he could comply with it or refuse. There was nothing to incline him to comply with the commandment but the law of love which habit had tended to strengthen. There was nothing in his nature, however, which prevented him from asserting his own independence, and neglecting to obey the commands of the Deity. *His will was free.* To exercise that will as he was commanded, indicated a voluntary obedience—this was doing Good; but to refuse or neglect that voluntary obedience, was equally easy. He asserted his liberty. He refused to obey the commands of his God;—AND THIS WAS THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.



It sprung entirely from the *free will* of the creature. Nor does it appear so astonishing that *one* among *so many* should, in the long lapse of ages, be found presumptuous enough to try the experiment of exerting his will contrary to the wish of his God.

Lucifer having thus introduced evil into the bosom of heaven, it was necessary, for the good of those angels who fell not by the example of the first apostate, that the inventor of discord should be expelled from the seat he held; and that he should be deprived of those beams of happiness which must eternally emanate from a being whose essence is love. Driven from heaven and the presence of God—deprived of all *external* good, and having voluntarily thrown away the *internal* which had been given him by his Creator, he became a being as destitute of Good as his Maker was of Evil. The thoughts of his heart would be evil continually; and though his *will* was still *free*, it could only be free to do evil, the principle of Good being extinct, he could have no will to act from principles which he did not possess.

From his example and inducement, others might be taught to imitate him; which we see has been the melancholy case. But the Almighty has been more merciful to us human sinners, and has offered us pardon and grace, if we will cease to do evil and learn to do well—a boon which was never held out to Satan.——This I believe to be a just account of the origin of Evil.

*Cartmel, October 10th, 1818.*

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## ON THE FOREKNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

Innumerable are the opinions entertained respecting the knowledge and foreknowledge of God. Some are so stupid as to imagine, that the Almighty can foresee nothing ; others, as foolishly, aver, that, because he can see every present transaction, he can likewise see every future one.

Among those who hold the doctrine of God's unlimited foreknowledge, one party accounts for it with some appearance of rationality ; by maintaining that before the beginning of all things, the Eternal God predestinated every, the most minute action and event ; on which account, he knows what will occur, because he knows what he has decreed.—His decrees being unchangeable—his foreknowledge is perfect.

Another party, with more pretences to reason, but with weaker arguments to defend those pretences, asserts that the Almighty has decreed nothing ; and that his foreknowledge is one of his attributes ; that he is able to foresee all events, without having ordained them, merely by his Almighty power. This they call his foreknowledge, as distinguished from predestination.

These two opinions are not more absurd than false, a position which will appear evident by a candid examination of the subject :—

We read that God created man in his own image. What was that image ? It could not be the shape or form, because a spirit has no shape. It could not

be his habit, because the habits of a corporeal substance must necessarily be different from those of a spiritual one. But by joining the declaration of man's being created in the image of God, to the account, that God "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul," we may fairly infer, that something about man bears a resemblance to the Deity ; and that the soul of man is a real emanation from the Supreme Being ; and farther, if the human soul be an emanation from the Deity, it must bear the image of the being from whom it is derived ; that is, it must partake of the divine nature : consonant with this idea, are Pope's words,

"Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
"Since quicken'd by thy breath."

We must then look for the image of God in some property of the soul. And what are the properties of the soul? The first and most obvious one is reason. 'Tis this which gives man that degree of eminence over all created nature. It is the proper cultivation of this, that makes man approach more nearly to the perfection of his Maker. It is reason that tells him there is a God. It is reason that tells him if there be a God, "He must delight in virtue ; and what he delights in must be happy." But as reason may tell a servant that it is his duty to serve his master ; still it would be necessary that the master should inform the servant in what manner he might render those services most acceptable. Thus it became necessary that the Almighty should

furnish his creatures with a revelation of his will; having previously given them reason to make use of that revelation.

If, then, it be allowed that our reason is the part in which we bear the image of our Maker, our reason, as far as it reaches, will be like his; but it will only be like the shadow to the substance, like the image to the original. Though it may bear a resemblance, it wants power and energy; it will be imperfect; it will frequently wander; it cannot be able to compare effect and causes like that of the Almighty; but it can attempt such things; and it will succeed, when these effects and causes are not very complex. Our reason tells us, that if we touch a pendulum, it will swing: if the Deity touch the springs of the universe, he can foresee what the consequences will be, with as much ease and accuracy as we could foretell the swinging of the pendulum from touching it. Though the knowledge which our Maker possesses, in this respect, be so much superior to what we possess, ours is still the image of it; there is still a resemblance.—We can foretell the production of a third substance, from the mixture of other two. He can instantly foresee the result of all the combinations of matter in all their various modifications and proportions. Still, though our reason be ever so imperfect, though at an infinite distance from that of the Deity—the image is perceptible.

If then our reason be the image of God, what is the reason that we cannot foresee future events as

well as he? The answer is plain : we are incapable of tracing causes to these effects, when they become complicated. Beside we are often ignorant of the causes themselves. Were it possible that any human being could be possessed of a mind, capable of comprehending the nature of all the component parts of the material and immaterial creation :—the effect which these different parts have upon one another :—the consequences of their action and reaction :—the properties which they acquire by composition and decomposition ; by contiguity and separation :—and were this knowledge clear and perfect, universal and unlimited, his perception instantaneous, and his comprehension unbounded :—he would be able to foresee future events ; because from knowing the state of every part of the universe at this moment, he could know what changes were taking place from the operation of one part upon another ; he could see likewise what other changes would be produced by those now taking place ; he could easily comprehend the consequences of all those changes, and the continual new changes which would arise from those preceding changes ; and thus he could calculate the exact successive order of all things, till the total annihilation of all the material world, worn out and destroyed by its own action. And his power of prediction would be the more complete, and the more accurate, the more perfect were his powers of perception, apprehension, and comprehension.

But powers like these constitute what we term

Omniscience, an exclusive attribute of the Deity. Then the Almighty, from his knowledge of all these things, can any moment, with a glance, foresee the train of effects, which will arise out of the present order of things; and this constitutes foreknowledge:

Those who argue against predestination will say, here is a clear explanation of God's foreknowledge, independent of predestination, for God without decreeing any thing, can tell what will come to pass from the effects of material and immaterial changes; or movements of the machine of Creation. Therefore when Adam was first created, from taking a survey of his passions and his appetites, and connecting these with the effects which other things and circumstances would have in exciting or allaying those passions, God foresaw that Adam would fall from the state of innocence in which he had placed him. But, at the same time, he could see from the nature of the human soul, that Adam would repent, on pardon being offered. With as much ease, could he see what varying passions would agitate the hearts of all men, to the end of time. He could likewise see in what situations we should be all placed, and to what temptations we should all be subjected; and whether the portion of grace, which he intended to give to every man, to enlighten him withal, would be sufficient to reclaim him or not; thus he could, from the foundation of the world, foresee who would be reclaimed from their evil ways, and who would not;—who, among those who would be reclaimed, would hold out to the end, and who

would return, like a dog to his vomit. ~~-----~~ Thus will they argue, who maintain that the Almighty can foresee all things. Thus they acquit the God of all mercy, of having any hand or pleasure in the death of the sinner, while they attempt to prove that he could foresee all this evil and good.

But if we take this survey a step farther, we shall find this foreknowledge amounts to an equivalent with predestination. For if the Creator could know, from the arrangement of all things, what consequences would ensue, from that arrangement; to arrange things thus, was to predestinate future events, in the strictest sense of the word. For the Almighty must have known when he made man, that he would not retain his original state, but that he would forfeit his innocence, and, thus, entail misery and wretchedness on his posterity. If, then, the Creator formed him, in such a manner, that the natural consequence of that conformation, could be nothing less than ruin to a large majority of the human race, the Creator is accountable for all the sin and its concomitant misery, which we now see in the world. It will thus be clear that he might have made man in such a manner as would have enabled him to stand secure against the temptations to evil, which would assail him from the invisible powers of darkness. And if he could do this, why did he not? It is said he acted thus, in order to exercise and prove his power. So a tyrant might be excused, who should devote half his subjects to destruction. He might do it to prove his power. But if this de-

structive system of divine providence, proves the power of God, it gives us only a poor proof of his love. It will be argued, I know, that he has shown his love and mercy in sending his Son to die for us men, and our transgressions. But we can hardly allow this to be any proof of love, considering that he had previously rendered us incapable of avoiding those transgressions, and has rendered many of us still incapable of profiting by the pardon and redemption which such a system holds out. Many, we see, are, from the composition of their souls and bodies, unable to accept the boon of pardon. Beside to redeem only a part of mankind, when the Almighty had been the original cause of the whole requiring redemption, is scarcely consistent even with our ideas of moral justice. This many be called human reasoning, but to argue that such a line of conduct in the Supreme Being, was perfectly right, would be very inhuman reasoning, and would make the God of love a capricious tyrant.

It is thus, then, proved that in either case, whether God predestinated the future happiness or misery of all mankind, or foresaw it from the nature which he gave them originally; (which amounts to the same thing as predestination;) he alone is accountable for all the evil which exists. An idea which no person can for a moment entertain who seriously reflects on the goodness of God:—who compares his attributes; who weighs his conduct towards us; and the proofs of love which he has given us.



The true solution of the question then only remains; here all becomes consistent; the Almighty becomes a God of love and mercy; man appears a poor, culpable, miserable object; but God's foreknowledge, with regard to man's eternal state, becomes limited. This may appear like blasphemy to some pious persons; but it is the inevitable consequence of giving man a free will. If God endued man with a free will, that he could choose good and avoid evil, or the contrary, he stands acquitted of man's transgressions. And if God did not give man a free will why did he give him laws? for laws are of no use to any but free agents. It would certainly be below the dignity of a God, to command a man to keep his commandments, to whom he had denied the power. How ridiculous to say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," to one who, he knew, could not believe! But how beautiful does the system of providence appear, when we reflect that man, though from nature he was limited by his passion and propensities in many of his actions, was endued with a free will to accept or reject his own salvation. The Creator gave him a state of virtue, with rules how to retain it; a will free as his own, for it was derived from him, and was a part of his image. This will and freedom man abused; but the glory of God was no less conspicuous on that account; for he might have retained his happy state, had he chosen. There was nothing in his nature that inclined him to vice, for God made him; and a God, whose nature was goodness, could have no bad principle to infuse into man.

The nature of the free agency, with which man was favoured by his Maker, was such, that he could act or forbear to act—he could commit evil or refuse; he could do good or let it alone; without having any bias either way, resident in that will. Though his reason told him he ought to do good, and avoid evil. For if he could not have rejected good or evil, independent of any external power, he could not have free will, and consequently could not have been accountable to his Maker for the abuse of his free will, if he had not possessed it. When the Almighty saw man in that deplorable situation, which was occasioned by the fall, he spoke to him, and promised him a Redeemer, and required him to believe on him, in order to obtain pardon for his transgression; if man had not been free, how foolish to make such a request! He should have influenced him, by his power, to accept what he could not refuse. If man was not free, how foolish to give him laws, which God knew he had not the power to keep! What a capricious, childish being do we make of the omniscient God, when we deny the free will of man!

But if man had a perfectly free will, so that he could act as he thought, how could the Almighty foresee what the result of man's free will would be; for an action before it is committed, is not an action; and thought before the mind gives it being, is a perfect nothing; and if we have power to make those thoughts as we choose, the Deity cannot foresee them, for if the Deity can foresee all our thoughts, before

they arise in our minds, even before we are born, then there must be some secret cause, which renders those thoughts unavoidable, and whatever that cause may be, it is a constraint on our thoughts and actions, and we are not free agents.

But the Scriptures confirm this idea, that God cannot foresee whether we shall be wicked or good; for it says that God repented him that he had made man, or, as it is in the original, he was grieved that he had made man. Now if God was grieved or repented that he had made man, it is evident that he did not foresee all the wickedness they would commit, for it would be folly to be grieved at finding man acting just as he knew he would do, when he made him; had he known what man would do, and disapproved of those doings, he naturally would not have made him. We read again that the wickedness which was practised in the valley of Hinnom, was such as never entered into the mind of God. It was evident he had not foreseen this evil. It is said that God is angry with the wicked every day, but why should he be angry at what he foresaw would take place before he made man? He takes no pleasure in the death of the sinner but had rather he would repent and live; but if he could foresee that so many would not repent and live, would it not be better to destroy them than to be angry with them every day? The parable of the barren fig-tree, is a clear proof that God does not foresee our good or evil. "I will dig and dung about its roots, and if it bear not fruit another year, then let it be

cut down and cast into the fire." Had the Gardener known whether the fig-tree would bear fruit another year, why introduce that condition?

The Almighty can foresee much, but it would be depriving man entirely of his free agency, could the Almighty foresee his future happiness or misery. His power nevertheless is very great, and he can foresee his own actions, and all others, those excepted, which spring from the free will of man.

It will be argued, that if God cannot foresee those things, how can he predict the wicked actions of men? To this I answer that God reserves to himself the power of interposing with his providence, whenever he chooses; but that he has designed those men for eternal torment, on whom he has thought fit to exhibit his power, is what we can by no means tell. And often when he has foretold events, he may have reserved the choosing the agents, till the time should arrive, when he could select such as were best adapted for the purpose. We are confident that whatever he does, is right; and we are equally certain, that he would not do an action himself, which he condemns in us. If he did, what would become of the image of God? or how could he say "be ye perfect, as I am perfect," if the imitation of his actions, was criminal? How could he hold himself up as pattern of moral excellence, if he was in the practice of doing actions, at which the most abandoned would revolt? But he may influence men to do what from our narrow views we may conceive to be wrong: but if he should send those per-

sons to hell, for doing what he compels them to do, where would be his moral justice? or if we should pursue a similar conduct, and compel those who may be under our power to do wrong, and then punish them for it, should we not be acting contrary to the commands which he has given us? But it will be difficult to prove that God ever did influence any man to do wrong. Even in the case of Pharaoh, which bears most strongly on this point, where it says he, "hardened Pharaoh's heart," it may be easily explained, without making God the author of Evil.

God has mercifully sent his Spirit unto all men, "to profit withal:" while Pharaoh was acting under the influence of that Spirit, he consented to let the people go; but as Pharaoh had probably been a very great sinner, and had hitherto rejected all the calls of grace, through the strength of that free will which he possessed; the Almighty was justified in withholding the influence of his grace, from the heart of the sinner; we know that the consequence of withholding the grace of God from the heart of man, would be the most abandoned wickedness; there was then no good in the man, he could not act from principles which he had not: it was thus that the Almighty hardened the heart of Pharaoh. Those who imagine that he infused any evil unto Pharaoh's heart, must be very ignorant of the attributes of God; else they would know, that he had no evil to infuse into the heart of any man.

Many of the prophecies of the Scriptures, which al-

lude to the wicked actions of men, allude to such as were then living; having sinned away their day of grace, God withdraws his Spirit from them, and then their actions will be nothing but a tissue of wickedness. That Judas was decreed from the foundation of the world to be the betrayer of our Saviour, is no where upon record. Some one was to do it, and our Lord selected him for some particular reason, to fulfil the prophecy; for had Judas been decreed to do it, then it would have been an act of necessity, and Judas would have been innocent.

That man is a free agent, Scripture amply testifies; and if he be a free agent, that the Almighty cannot foresee all his actions is equally evident, both from Scripture and reason.——But one thing is evident, that God wishes all our actions to be good, and if we be lost, we shall only have ourselves to blame—we shall be denied even the poor consolation of upbraiding the Deity with rendering us miserable, and leaving us so!

*Cartmel, October 11th, 1818.*

**FUGITIVE PIECES.**

[ The following poetical pieces, selected from disjointed and sometimes almost illegible Manuscripts, we trust will be more satisfactory to the majority of our subscribers, than would be the whole collection published indiscriminately without regard to the merit of any one individual paper. Besides, we have been so presumptuous as to omit two prose articles—one (on Education) because it remains unfinished and therefore only in part interesting, and the other ("the Castle of Truth or a peep into the Soul"—an Interlude) because though dramatically imagined, it is but feebly executed. Our aim is to confer all the credit we can upon the Author, and bestow all the pleasure in our power upon his readers—if we fail, either our judgment or our *matter* is in fault, and not our inclination. If—on the part of the Author—any apology be necessary, we possess it in the certainty that he did not deem any of the succeeding fragments which are now first printed, of sufficient merit to warrant their publication:—if he had, we may be assured, that, during some hurry or indisposition, he would have put them into the hands of the Composer. ]



## FUGITIVE PIECES.

## THE LAST DAY.

Now sober midnight reigns, that solemn hour,  
 When mortals feel sweet sleep's refreshing power.  
 Now silent all :—the breathing gale is still,  
 The foaming ocean, and the babbling rill.  
 Then rolling thunders rouse the stagnant air ;  
 Black clouds arise, and vivid lightnings glare.  
 Man starts—from all the trembling world around,  
 Waked by the golden trump's terrific sound ;  
 The rising dead behold, with aching sight,  
 The awful terrors of this peerless night ;  
 The bloody moon—no more a smiling world,  
 And useless stars to foaming chaos hurled.  
 The reeling sun, with fervid heat, dissolves ;  
 And, belching flames, this bursting globe involves ;  
 The self-accusing, guilty soul invokes  
 The dreadful succour of ignited rocks.  
 Now swells Emanuel's train with crowds divine,  
 Whom dazzling saints, in countless myriads, join.  
 Jehovah sweeps ten thousand worlds aside,  
 And leaves a flaming universal void ;  
 The veil removed, and all creation lost,  
 Heaven's pearly gates, with sparkling gems embossed,  
 Shine glorious o'er the bright angelic host.

Down, far beneath, hell's dismal caverns glare !  
Whose sulph'rous fire and smoke pollute the air.  
The Sov'reign Judge his powerful arm extends,  
Ten thousand leagues the swinging balance bends.  
The book's displayed, the pond'rous seals removed,  
And one small book, the names of those he loved:  
He smiles : the virtuous through the ether spring,  
And loud hosannas to their Saviour sing :  
Celestial robes their spotless limbs embrace,  
Ecstatic raptures beam in ev'ry face ;  
He frowns : but oh ! my wond'ring soul conceal,  
The awful pangs blaspheming wretches feel ;  
Debarred to them each avenue to heaven,  
Without one cheerful hope of being forgiven.  
Suffice to say, the dread tribunals close,  
Eternal pains for these, eternal bliss for those !

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AN ADDRESS

*Spoken by a scholar at the Anniversary of one of the*  
MANCHESTER SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Tho' o'er my heart few summer suns have rolled;  
And graceful language, to my feeble lips,  
Has never yet found way ; yet at my heart,  
I feel a kindly warmth that points to you,  
Ye generous patrons of the infant poor ;  
Not I alone the grateful fervour feel,  
But thousands more pant to express the same,  
Of those your liberal bounty kindly leads,  
From ignorance, immorality, and vice,

To knowledge, virtue, happiness, and heav'n!  
Behold the group which meets your joyous eyes—  
In ev'ry breast 's a heart full charged with thanks,  
Their feeble lips want utterance to express.  
And while you view them, does no conscious joy  
Spring in your breasts and plant an Eden there?  
Does not a sweet emotion touch the soul?  
Does not a something, softly whispering, say  
'Twas kindly done, "to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot;  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breath th' enliv'ning spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast?"—  
When far removed (as probably we must  
Remove) from all the haunts of infant years,  
Then shall we learn to prize those gifts  
That from your bounty we have now received:  
When sweet returning sabbaths give to toil  
The welcome interval of needful ease,  
How will our hearts with gratitude expand,  
When from our little library we select  
That volume, which you taught us to revere,  
To read, to love, to practice and pursue.  
With hands upraised to Him who ever gives  
A sure reward to charitable deeds,  
We will implore his bounteous hand to shower  
His richest blessings on the generous head  
Of each subscriber to the Sunday School.

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## THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

The old maid, who with features of homliest fashion,  
Has attempted in vain to excite the sweet passion,  
To catch the gay youth in the nooze of her halter,  
Half willing, half coy, to be led to the altar ;  
When she finds that the men are too strong for her  
power,  
Like the fox with the grapes, she exclaims, "*They  
are sour !*"

The proud plodding fool, who has racked his inven-  
tion,  
To gain the reversion of place, post, or pension,  
Finds all his chicane and his cunning outwitted,  
And sees some more fortunate suppliant admitted,  
Turns patriot, and rails at the great ones in power ;  
Like the fox with the grapes, he exclaims, "*They  
are sour !*"

The youth who has sighed at the feet of some fair one,  
And called her his jewel, his love, and his dear one,  
Sees his rival preferred, and himself left to languish :  
He finds the best method to smother his anguish,  
Is to rail at the fair sex, make light of their power ;—  
Like the fox with the grapes, he exclaims, "*They  
are sour.*"

The fool who would conscience and liberty barter,  
To have the dear baubles, a Star and a Garter,  
But knows 'tis impossible ever to gain them,  
Since wealth, which he has not, can only attain them ;

He calls them the playthings of fortune and power;—  
Like the fox with the grapes, he exclaims, "*They  
are sour.*"

The wretch who has seen the mayor's dinner, de-  
lighted,  
And to taste of the dainties, would fain be invited,  
But finding he's either unknown or forgotten,  
Sits down to a dinner of turnips and mutton,  
And rails at the lux'ry of others in power;—  
Like the fox with the grapes, he exclaims, "*They  
are sour.*"

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## AN EPITHALAMIUM.

May the sun of affection shine warm on thy heart,  
And the calm of contentment lie there :  
May fortune forbid thee to feel the fell smart  
Of happiness turn'd to despair.

May want and adversity never disturb  
That peaceable mansion, thy breast ;  
Nor the hard hand of jealousy venture to curb  
That freedom thou still hast possessed.

May thy children be num'rous, thy daughter's be fair,  
And prove themselves lovely as thee ;  
Mayst thou view them with pleasure, exempted from  
care,  
Till thy grandchildren swarm round thy knee.

May thy husband, who now is the choice of thy heart,  
 Be always affectionate and kind ;  
 And when death brings his summons, and bids thee  
 depart,  
 Mayst thou meet him with spirits resigned.

---

A FRAGMENT :

*Probably written on contemplating the melancholy fate of the five  
 unfortunate Females, who perished in the conflagration of the  
 Race and Crown Hotel, Kirkby Lonsdale.*

The dream of life, the sleep of death !  
 How very near allied !  
 The weak partition of our breath,  
 Alone the extremes divide.

Those fell without a warning given ;  
 Consumed in health and youth elate !  
 And who can say, indulgent heaven  
 Designs for him a happier fate ?

\* \* \* \*

They saw no danger, felt no fear,  
 Nor thought that death was hovering near,  
 Till sheets of flame around them glowed,  
 And wrapped them in a fiery shroud ;  
 Consigned them to a burning grave,  
 With none to succour, none to save !

Mr. Briggs planned the Monument which is erected in Kirkby  
 Lonsdale church-yard to the memory of these poor girls.

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## HOME.

## I.

Dear brother, inmate of my heart,  
Whose keen observant eye,  
Can through the flimsy veil of art,  
Pure nature's charms descry—  
To you, whose ever gen'rous mind  
My wand'rings will excuse,  
I send (and homely you will find)  
The effusions of my muse.

## II.

When retrospection paints to view,  
Those years to joy consigned ;  
When sweet oblivion kindly threw  
Her mantle o'er the mind ;  
Though absent from each much loved scene,  
By fate compelled to roam,  
And widening oceans roll between,  
Still Crusoe sighs for home.

## III.

Yes, home has charms for every soul—  
The monarch and the slave ;  
From Congo to the icy Pole—  
From childhood to the grave.  
Then rise, my muse, be this our theme,  
From nature never roam ;  
But painting objects as they seem,  
Correctly picture HOME.

## IV.

Sweet infancy—those playful years,  
 When thought nor care annoy—  
 We feel but momentary fears,  
 Or transient gleams of joy !  
 The little thorns that tear our feet,  
 Inflict no lasting wound ;  
 And infant joys, however sweet,  
 Are lost as soon as found.

## V.

Now nature, working uncontrolled,  
 The future man displays ;  
 Which ripening manhood will unfold  
 To view in various ways.  
 But art will oft assistance lend,  
 The human heart to veil ;  
 As belts and braces oft befriend,  
 When potent medicines fail.

## VI.

Then view, at home, the human heart,  
 The infant passions scan ;  
 'Tis now they work, unswayed by art—  
 View now the future man.

\* \* \* \*

## VII.

\* \* \* \*

*( This poem was found on detached pieces of paper—this stanza, and part of the preceding and following ones, are lost. )*



## VIII.

\* \* \* \*

How many a wretch, in tatters dressed,  
Would gild the Historic page ;  
And prove, if not by want depressed,  
The glory of his age.

## IX.

You parents, who have sons to rear,  
And would their genius know,  
Inspect their simplest acts with care—  
'Tis there their talents glow.  
Too oft the parent's flatt'ring view  
Mistakes the opening mind,  
Compels their children to pursue  
What nature ne'er designed.

## X.

Thence he who might a pulpit grace,  
Now trembling deals in war,  
And he who might have ruled the seas,  
Now "blunders at the bar."  
As, parents, now on you depend  
Your children's weal or woe,  
Mark well where inclination tends,  
And bend the pliant bow.

## XI.

The infant heart will still display,  
Some sketch of nature's plan,

FF

From which the skilful parent may  
Erect the future man.

\* \* \* \*

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HOME.

*( Another Fragment—on loose pieces of paper. )*

When the Almighty, to complete his plan,  
As last and best, the Eternal formed the man ;  
With his omniscient glance, surveyed the whole,  
And stamped his image on the human soul.  
He breathed, and reason swelled the expanding mind—  
For instinct was to meaner things confined.  
Yet instinct rules the uncorrupted heart,  
Where nature operates uncontrolled by art ;  
The youthful lover kindling instinct warms,  
And binds him captive to a virgin's charms.  
The maiden feels the instinctive impulse rise,  
And bashful meets her Strephon's fonder eyes.  
'Tis instinct binds us to the friendly home,  
Our solace from the cradle to the tomb.  
Domestic joys, e'en infant hearts beguile,  
Who paint their pleasure in the dimpling smile ;  
Well pleased the mother lulls them in her arms,  
Till downy sleep their feeble powers disarms.  
This home contains what Cæsar sought in vain,  
'Mid conquered kingdoms—conscience free from pain.  
These infant eyes no anxious tears bedim,  
His father's home is all the world to him ;

With grateful heart, and pleasure in his eyes,  
 He meets the hand that all his wants supplies :  
 Ungrateful babes we seek in vain to find—  
 'Tis education warps the human mind.  
 Oh ! happy childhood, scene of every joy——  
 Nay, here, e'en here, will grief and fear annoy !  
 Else whence that shriek, that struggle, or that sigh ?  
 Those lifted hands and cheeks so seldom dry ?  
 'Tis hence, at last, this harrowing truth we gain,  
 That all mankind are born to suffer pain.  
 Yet still, at home, may comfort sweet be found,  
 Where meeting friends the social board surround.  
 The tender mother, anxious to impart  
 The warm instruction to the childish heart,  
 Intrusts her darling to some pedant's care,  
 With strictest charge, the awful twig to spare.

\* \* \* \*

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#### FRAGMENT.

(*Written on a scrap of paper in black-lead.*)

What ! dost thou think, that nature could produce,  
 So fine a creature for no better use ?  
 Thinks't thou, that He who reigns enthroned on high,  
 Who strewed yon spangles o'er the vaulted sky,  
 Who spake—and life upheaving sprung the ground,  
 Who smiled—and beauty scattered graces round ;  
 Can, with indifference, view the Devil man,  
 With sacrilegious hand, disturb his plan ?  
 Deal death and misery round the humbler train,  
 And laugh, exulting at a creature's pain ?

When Wisdom form'd this universal whole,  
 He stamped his image on the human soul ;  
 Appointed Reason's pure, but feeble light  
 To check our Passions, and to lead us right ;  
 But there, see Reason, from her station hurled,  
 And Passion ruling o'er a prostrate world.  
 Else, whence these actions which disgrace the man,  
 And have disgraced him since the world began ?  
 While coachmen, Reason, on the dicky sits,  
 And makes the Passions—horses, feel the bits,  
*These* urge the mental chariot to the race,  
 While *that* directs it with a steady pace.

\* \* \* \*

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#### THE TEAR OF GRATITUDE.

Oh, let the grateful incense rise  
 From off the altar of thine eyes,  
 Nor deem the offering rude ;  
 There is no gem so pure, so bright,  
 So fraught with lustre and with light,  
 As the tear of gratitude.

\* \* \* \*

Though Adam be rough as the rocks of our glen,  
 Though his manners be coarse and rude,  
 I'll forget his exterior, nor think of it then,  
 But rank him the best and most polished of men,  
 Whose eye fills with tears of gratitude.

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## WHEN A BOY.

As the red feathery streaks in the east have dilated  
 At morn, has my youthful heart panted for joy,  
 Believing the gaudy display indicated  
 A sun-shiny day—when a boy.

So oft has the tongue of deception, pretending  
 Its utmost exertions for me to employ,  
 Delighted my soul, with a promised befriending,  
 And cherished young hope—when a boy.

As round our lone cottage the winter storm pelted,  
 No dread of the season my breast could annoy ;  
 Delighted, I played with the snow, till I felt it,  
 I feared not the cold—when a boy.

\* \* \* \*

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## THE DRYAD'S LAMENT

*On the felling of the ancient Oaks in Carmel Parks.*

The last fading tints of the day were retiring,  
 And cloudless and clear shone the moon through  
 the vale ;  
 As I sauntered alone through the Park-wood, re-  
 spiring  
 The breath of the evening flower borne on the gale.

'Twas the hour when the children of folly admire  
 The grandeur and pomp of the splendid saloon ;  
 'Twas the hour when the children of nature retire  
 To muse in the gay solemn beams of the moon.

FF 2

No sound, but the rustling leaf, crossed my reflection,  
No foot, but my own, left its print on the dew ;  
From the stillness around me, I caught the infection,  
And fairy-land rose on my fanciful view.

I saw, or imagined I saw, rise before me  
A troop of young virgins, in mantles of green ;  
Their sweet brunette beauty like magic stole o'er me,  
And gave a new zest to the brilliant scene.

A nymph, more majestic, more grand in appearance,  
Than the Dryads her sisters, stepped slowly across,  
And gracefully beckoning, implored their forbearance  
While thus she so mournfully wailed their loss :

“ Dear sisters,” she sighed, and the dewdrops of  
sadness  
Arose in her eyes, at the sorrowful truth,  
“ How often, alas ! have we chanted, with gladness,  
That here we should live in perpetual youth.

“ In the morn of existence, when stillness and silence  
Would scatter the spangles of dew on our feet,  
Religion protected our shelter from violence,  
And nought but the vesper disturbed our retreat.

“ And now twice three centuries have rolled to that  
ocean  
Whose gloomy wave washes e'en grandeur away ;  
Since first we beheld this young grove with emotion ;  
Or frisked o'er the grass in the moon's silver ray.

“ And no one, till now, has presumed to invade us,  
By avarice urged, or by callousness led,  
But ages have woven these mantles that shade us,  
And formed the green canopy over our head.

“ But now, when the soul-soothing beauties of nature  
Can thrill with delight e’en the breast of the clown,  
This time-tilled haunt of the nymph and the satyr,  
Must feel the rude axe tear its bosom of brown.

“ And we, who have guarded this oak grove from  
danger,  
Must bid its dear branches a lasting farewell,  
And share, though immortal, the fate of the stranger,  
Or pine in the gloom of some briar-tangled dell.

“ But ah ! with a sigh, will our fond recollection  
Recal the sweet hours we have passed in this shade,  
Where the warm hearted lover, beneath our protec-  
tion.  
Has sighed, not in vain, to his favourite maid.

“ How oft has the vot’ry of truth, with emotion,  
Our leaf-sprinkled carpet, with ecstasy trod,  
Till his bosom has glowed with the warmth of de-  
votion—  
For the palace of NATURE ’s the temple of God !

“ Beneath our umbrageous shelter united  
By spirits congenial, would friendship recline,  
And point out the beauties of nature delighted,  
And cherish the mutual passion divine.

“ In the shade of our labyrinth, age would assemble  
To drink the cool breeze, in the heat of the day,  
And impetuous youth make the parents' hearts  
tremble,  
Lest chance should dissolve his frail hold on the  
spray.

“ Who, now, o'er the vot'ry of science, shall hover,  
And still every sound that could burthen the ear?  
Who, now, shall give wings to the sighs of the lover,  
Or mould into dewdrops the heart-easing tear?

“ Or where shall our Poet contemplative wander?  
Where, now, shall his musing feet carelessly stray,  
When his dear native village is stripped of its grandeur,  
And the haunts of his childhood have vanished  
away.

“ In youth, when the nurslings of fortune despised  
him,  
He loved through our shades and their windings  
to stroll,  
For, of all whom he knew, we alone patronized him,  
And cherished the dawns of thought in his  
soul.

“ O, rural simplicity ! where's thy defender?  
Are pity and taste and antiquity dead?  
Yes, ornament bows to the idol of splendour,  
Dear Cartmel, adieu, for thy beauty is fled.”



A sigh of regret left each breast as they vanished,  
Like that, which the bosom of misery rends ;  
I felt for the Dryads, thus wantonly banished,  
And preserved their complaints for the use of my  
friends.

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FASHIONABLE LOVERS.

No lover *now* deserves the name,  
Who talks of Cupid, dart or flame,  
As emblem of his passion ;  
'Tis commerce that employs his care,  
And all who *now* address the fair,  
Must copy from the fashion.

So much does *trade* engross his mind,  
That e'en his similies, we find,  
Are quoted from *this* master ;—  
As *golden* hair, and *diamond* eyes,  
And *ivory* teeth, and lips of *spice*,  
And breasts of *alabaster*.

Like *shopman* will your lover stand,  
With *cane* for *yardwand* in his hand  
And with a bow observe you ;  
And tell you, though a monstrous *bill*  
Your beauty has incurred, yet still  
He would be proud to *serve* you.

A lady's *real estate* is found  
 To be her *value* to a *pound*—  
 Wit, beauty, education,  
 Are reckoned so much *tare and tret*,  
 And still *subtracted* from the *net*,  
 In marriage speculation.

Just so, when land is let to farm,  
 By lease, to tenant, for a term,  
 The *fields* are only stated ;  
 But be the *buildings* what they may,  
 We very seldom find that they  
 Are ever calculated.

The phrase—*for BETTER or for WORSE*,  
 Means now a *full or empty* purse ;  
 For love is never thought on  
 By those who deem it better far  
 To wed ABOVE, than *under par*—  
*A wealthy maid they doat on.*

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STANZAS.

Ah ! do not court the public praise,—  
 There's *poison* in its breath ;  
 Reject the chaplet of its *bays*—  
 'Tis but the wreath of—*death* !

The fame is often dearly *bought*,  
 By wayward mortals *given* ;—  
 The only *honour* worth a thought,  
 Is the applause of HEAVEN !

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## DESULTORY THOUGHTS.

When busy mortals crowd around  
The city, court, and throne ;  
Intent to see, and to be seen,  
To know, and to be known.

I turn away—content I turn,  
To sweet domestic bowers,  
And ponder how I best may spend  
My life's few fleeting hours.

The evening twilight oft I trace,  
Sometimes the dusky dawn ;  
My steps unseen by human race—  
I love to be alone.

I love the intellectual feast  
Shared by the good and wise ;  
Nor less the little temperate meal,  
Simplicity supplies.

I freely join the rustic throng,  
Where decent mirth is known,  
With children's play, but ere 'tis long,  
I wish to be alone.

Sure I would leave my couch by night  
To serve my greatest foe,  
And quit the brightest hour of joy,  
To wipe the tear of woe.

\* \* \* \*

## SWEET SOCIETY.

Begone, ye selfish souls, begone,  
Who live but for yourselves alone !  
And let us quiet be ;  
There want no arguments to prove,  
That man was formed for mutual love,  
And sweet society.

In solitude we ne'er can find  
A joy to fill the boundless mind ;  
No—'tis variety  
That gives the thirsting bosom ease,  
For nought on earth the soul can please,  
Like sweet society.

If fortune, in one golden shower,  
Around our paths profusion pour,  
E'en to satiety,  
We then may sooth a neighbour's fears,  
Or wipe a fellow mortal's tears,  
In sweet society.

Or if misfortune on us frown,  
And press our hearts in sorrow down—  
Whate'er her fiat be,  
We find a balm for every grief,  
In ev'ry woe a sure relief  
In sweet society.

END OF THE REMAINS.

SKETCH  
OF  
THE LIFE  
OF  
**John Briggs.**

CG



## JOHN BRIGGS.

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**T**HE life of so humble an Individual as the subject of the following Memoir, cannot be expected to possess much attraction beyond the circle in which he was personally known; yet those who have been interested with our Author's literary productions, may feel an inclination to learn the leading traits of his character, and the principal incidents which chequered his existence:

" In which there was Obscurity and Fame,  
" The Glory and the Nothing of a Name."

JOHN BRIGGS, the third son of John and Jane Briggs, was born on Christmas Day, 1788, in a small cottage, near the village of Cartmel, Lancashire. Before he was six years old, he was sent to

school about a quarter of a year; but the progress he made was very trifling, as his mother (for whose maternal instruction he manifested great fondness) afterwards taught him the alphabet, &c. His father, noticing in him an uncommon aptitude for learning, frequently read to him, when quite a boy, favourite passages from the few books which were within reach of the family. To these he eagerly listened, and endeavoured to imitate the poetic parts by arranging his own little words into metrical order.

Before the age of nine, at his own request he was initiated into his father's trade, that of basket or swill-making. After his daily task was finished, he amused himself with making children's baskets and artificial flowers from the useless shavings and chips, which had been thrown aside; and as his parents, who had a numerous family to support from an occupation which is never very lucrative, could not afford him money to purchase colours for ornamenting these articles, he contrived to stain them with preparations of his own. Having sold them among the neighbours, with the small sums thus obtained, he was enabled to procure a few books, which after an attentive perusal, were disposed of, and others purchased with the money.

Soon as reason dawned upon his youthful mind, he began to evince that enthusiastic devotion towards the beauties of Creation by which in after life he was so much distinguished. Herbs and flowers parti-



cularly engaged his boyish fancy. With “Culpepper’s English Physician” in his hand as his guide, he frequently ranged far and near in search of different plants; and such was his success in this fascinating pursuit, that—to extract a line from a juvenile poem by his brother Edward, who *en passant* seems to have inherited the family partiality to the muses—

“Himself a botanist he thought.”

Being naturally inclined to privacy, these rambles were generally solitary. A small island, formed by the windings of a powerful stream in the mazes of a stately grove was his favourite seclusion.\* Here, in company with his brothers, he sometimes on the sabbath read portions of the Bible or other religious books; and when he had neglected to attend public worship at the church he would read the liturgy, as an atonement for the omission. So fond was he of this sequestered spot, that he often wished it was his own; and then, in the lightness of his heart, he formed a thousand plans for beautifying it by

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\* His brother Edward in the poetic piece before mentioned, thus alludes to this scene of their blissful hours:—

And still that pleasant Isle I prize,  
Well screened by wood on every side;  
Which now perhaps neglected lies,  
Unseen—or heedless seen by pride.

• • •  
Oft I think—and think with pleasure—  
How this Isle we wandered round;  
Not envying Cavendish’s treasure,  
Save this little spot of ground.

GG 2

excavation, embankment, and cultivation, till in his warm imagination it would appear a little Eden—and he, though confined to its narrow limits, become

“King of infinite space.”

These and myriads of other harmless fancies occupied his youthful mind when whiling away an hour in this peaceful retreat.

About this time he prevailed upon a few neighbouring young men to meet him on the winter nights at his father's house for their mutual instruction. Among these, was a youth named Beck, who, having been educated at the Cartmel Grammar School, was considered the best scholar. In this young man he found a valuable friend, and we have often heard him revert with pleasure to the circumstance.—This person died many years after in America; and our Author concludes a very interesting notice of him in the Lonsdale Magazine with these words:

.....Of the manners of his latter and more happy years, we know but little. But in his youth, he was of a kind friendly disposition. An enthusiast in every thing that presented itself to his mind. Indefatigable in his researches, and deterred by no difficulties. Our Sundays and his were generally spent in company; and at that time our pursuits were nearly similar. And it is amusing to recollect what trifling difficulties would sometimes hinder our progress, and the joy we felt, we remember in particular, when we were able to prove that the square of one was a half. But

He is gone—he has fled from this world of pain—

And the hint may *we* wisely improve!—

We shall meet him no more, till we meet him again,

As friends, in the regions above!—

The task thus self-imposed, became truly delightful. Their ideas by mutual intercourse expanded. Each

night brought with it some new and pleasing discovery, on which they could congratulate each other, before they parted to meditate upon the next subject for their discussion. Thus was laid the foundation of his mathematical and mechanical knowledge.

When he attained his twelfth year, he was attacked by a violent fever. From it his constitution sustained so severe a shock, that he, who had hitherto been healthy and vigorous, became henceforward weak and sickly. Unable therefore, to follow his trade during the regular hours, as a relaxation he devoted a part of the day to self-instruction in reading and writing; and his father assisted him in the study of arithmetic. A strong taste for drawing and painting now manifested itself, from beholding the scenery of some strolling players who were performing in an old barn at Cartmel. These lowly patrons furnished him various colours, with instructions how to prepare and mix them.

When about sixteen years of age, he obtained a slight knowledge of Latin from such books as he could borrow of his acquaintance. This language being considered a superior acquirement by his compeers, he was regarded as a youth of uncommon abilities. The whole of his library at this time consisted of "Fisher's Grammar," "Young man's best companion," "Hawney's Mensuration," "Fisher's Arithmetic," "Culpepper's English Physician," a few old magazines, and a mutilated dictionary.

In October 1808, he entered the married state.

This step involved him in difficulties he had not foreseen, and which he wanted the means of surmounting. It was now high time seriously to consider in what manner he was to obtain a livelihood. After some deliberation, he fixed upon opening a school at Ulverston. Previously, however, to quitting his native village, he got, from a person who had been the captain of a vessel in some instruction, Navigation; a knowledge of which is thought a necessary attainment for a schoolmaster in a maritime district. In a fortnight, he was pronounced complete master of the science. As a recompense for this service, he became the captain's tutor in Algebra.

Without a shilling in his pocket, he now removed to Ulverston, to open his school; and such was his diffidence, that he had many internal struggles before he could summon sufficient resolution to ask of an intimate friend the loan of a guinea. Having had no one to direct his studies, he had hitherto bestowed more time upon the mysteries of figures, than upon the rules of grammar; he now, therefore, from a consciousness of his deficiency, devoted every spare moment to the study of the English language. So intense was his application, that the hours which exhausted nature required for repose, were often spent in the perusal of such books as had been lent to him in the day. His pupils, though sufficiently numerous, were mostly the children of poor parents, who were unable to pay the small

quarterage for which he taught. We shall pass rapidly over this most unpleasant portion of our Friend's existence; as the compassionate reader will probably be satisfied with imagining the privations under which he laboured.

After remaining more than a year at Ulverston, he was animated by learning that Ellet school near Lancaster, was vacant. Elated by the flattery of hope which never forsook him, he became a candidate for the situation. Friendless and a perfect stranger—while his fellow competitors were enjoying a comfortable dinner at the inn, on the day of election—he was taking a solitary walk till the hour of examination arrived. With agitated frame and gloomy forebodings, he stood the fiery ordeal; and never did culprit at the bar more joyfully hear the sound of acquittal, than did our Aspirant after scholastic preferment receive the information that he was regularly and impartially elected.

He entered upon his new situation in February 1810; and though the salary, independent of the quarterage, was trifling—after the struggles he had encountered, thirty or forty pounds a year would be affluence itself! And now—drowning the past in the waters of Lethe—he began to fancy that Fate was weary of persecuting him, and that Fortune had chosen him for her adopted child. The dark cloud, which through life had hung over him, was dissipated, and the unsetting sun of happiness had arisen upon him. But, evanescent as dew was

this gleam of better days! One part of his emoluments should have arisen from teaching a Sunday school, supported by voluntary subscriptions—which after the first year were never collected. A small piece of land belonging to the school, should have been another source of his receipts—but the rent was unjustly withheld, through the intrigues of an inveterate enemy, who wished to instal one of his own relatives in the situation. Besides, during the winter, itinerant teachers took up their quarters at Galgate; and occasionally succeeded in drawing scholars from the established school, which is situate at an inconvenient distance from the village. And in summer the farmers found sufficient employment for their children in the fields. Under these circumstances, finding himself unable to support his family, he relinquished his school in 1814, and betook himself to the business of a swiller.

In 1816 a house was built in Cartmel, by a zealous Methodist; the lower part intended for a school-room during the week-days, and a meeting-house on the Sundays: the upper part for a dwelling. Mr. Briggs, sen. being connected with the Methodists, this place was offered to our Author and accepted, upon condition that, in lieu of rent, he should provide the preacher with hebdomadal refreshment and lodging.

It was about this time that he appeared before the public as an author. A gentleman who resided near Rokeby, having published in a neighbouring news-

paper several political articles (signed "Common Sense," and dated from "Orton Parish,") in which was adopted a train of reasoning opposed to the popular feeling of that period—Mr. Briggs, probably with the design of forcing his way into notice, entered the lists against him; though with scarcely a hope of victory, as his antagonist was an acknowledged scholar. "Common Sense" was very witty upon the occasion, observing that the signature of EGENUS, which his opponent had chosen, was exceedingly appropriate, and very characteristic of his writings—which were *poor* indeed! But, if we may judge from the violence which he afterwards permitted himself to indulge, and from his reluctance to give up the contest at the Editor's commands, we might be led to conclude that in his Goliath-like attempt to crush his humble antagonist, he had met with a signal discomfiture.

It is understood to be upon this controversy that the enemies of our Friend profess to ground the charge which they have so often preferred against him—namely, that he then advocated political principles which he afterwards found it convenient to abandon for the sake of pecuniary gains. It is not necessary to admit, that if he *had* varied his ideas, he would have been so *very* culpable; as men of all ranks and persuasions are seen daily doing the same. And if any one of us would for a moment look back upon ourselves as we were in other years, and acknowledge the wonderful mutations which have taken place

in our own principles, opinions, and prejudices—we should perhaps look with a more tender eye upon the wanderings of our fellow men. But the great difference is this: when a rich man alters his tenets, it is merely an expansion of the mind—the infusion of a new light; but should a poor man go astray, he is a base tergiversator—an apostate for the sake of “filthy lucre.” In the present instance, however, no apology is required; for, though supported by abundance of assertions, it does not appear that any proofs have been brought forward. May not the Reader then be assured that this accusation has been laid solely through malevolent motives? since if any evidence had existed, it would not have been so studiously concealed.

Elated by the favourable manner in which his communications to the Kendal Chronicle were received by his friends, Mr. Briggs was induced to entertain the idea of publishing by subscription a volume of Poems. Proposals were accordingly circulated; and being on Saturdays free from the duties of his school, he usually spent that day in canvassing for subscribers—frequently, with penniless pockets, passing the day almost without food. The result was, that his subscription-list was swelled beyond his most sanguine expectations. In his own words, “he found himself treated with a respect to which his birth and fortune gave him no pretensions; and distinguished in a manner which he is conscious his talents never merited.” But how much so ever



he might feel gratified by this encouragement; the profits arising from this publication, scarcely remunerated him for the expense and fatigue attending it. But his principal object was attained—it brought him into *notice*.

These Poems were printed at Ulverston in 1818, and rank with the neatest specimens of typography which the North of England has produced. They were not subjected to the correction of any literary friend; as is in general necessary, before putting the productions of self-taught persons to the press. Though they may not display any extraordinary flights of the imagination; they are generally allowed to exhibit an ardent affection for the beauties of nature, and a deep knowledge of the human heart, expressed in easy and correct versification. At the conclusion of his preface, under the impression of modest and respectful gratitude to his supporters, he thus writes:

“ These effusions may obtain a limited degree of approbation from those who have kindly introduced them into the world; but when they shall have to rest upon their intrinsic excellence, independent of time and place, they will, in all probability be consigned to the shades of oblivion, where thousands of similar productions are quietly lodged before them.”

The friends of Mr. B. and the possessors of his poems may perhaps pardon us for intruding a few particulars respecting them, as this is the only opportunity we may ever have of so doing.—“ Edward,” the first piece in the volume, though written one afternoon amid the buz and din of his scholars,

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has been thought the best. The succeeding passage is given as illustrative of his train of thought, when his "mind's eye" fell upon himself:

———Though nature scatters, with an equal hand,  
Her blessings, yet, sometimes, a soul appears  
Of still superior mould ; whose brilliance shines  
Like Cynthia 'mid the twinkling gems of night.  
And should the genial sun of wealth or birth,  
Shine on his fortunes, with unclouded ray,  
His fame, far sounding, meets the distant ear  
Of other climes, and nations yet unborn.  
But if misfortune claim him as her child,  
And shroud his ardent mind in poverty,  
He crawls, neglected, through a useless life ;  
The by-word of the vain ; the mock of fools ;  
The wealthy proud one's scorn : or, silent, sits  
And mourns his inability to reach  
The fruit, that science holds before his eye.\*

This poem was composed in memory of a favourite

\* Mr. B. must have been labouring under similar feelings when he penned the following—quoted from his life of Dr. Garnett :—  
...The youth whose bosom is endued with the love of knowledge, pursues his career along the path of science, and figures to himself an ideal temple of fame at its other extremity—the thirst of learning warms his breast—the sublimity of his native country inflames his soul—he longs to escape from the bonds which confine him—and looks around for encouragement in his progress. But—he meets with scorn, or at best with neglect. Those whom fortune has placed at their ease, consider him beneath their notice ; and the plodding herd of mankind, cannot comprehend what his vagaries aim at——

"None count him wondrous wise, for most believe him mad."

After many an unsuccessful struggle—after exhausting the best days of his youth in fruitless attempts to escape into a more genial clime—after discovering that *mind* is the only unsaleable commodity a man can bring to market, he generally retires from the chase in disgust, sinks into a state of gloomy despondency—buries those talents in uselessness which might have served his country—adds another to the number of those who are drooping under disappointed hopes, and who may be found in almost all our villages—pines away a few unhappy years in obscurity—and at last falls, at once his country's honour and disgrace.

brother, who was in the last stage of a consumption when our Author returned from Ellet. He tenderly watched over his sufferings, and kindly administered every relief and comfort in his power—he witnessed his gradual decay—he heard his last groan—

—————“When in the bud,  
 “The bursting bud of life, unpitying death  
 “Dashed from his lips, the cup of earthly hope.”—

“Henry and Margaret,” a very pathetic tale, was founded on fact.—“Windermere” was written in compliment to such of his patrons as resided on its banks; as was “Charity” to eulogize his Cartmel friends.—In the “Poor Man,” the odes to “Poverty,” and to his “Pipe,” he has evidently had himself in the foreground; that to “Poverty” is strikingly descriptive of his own circumstances.—It was to the harsh and ungenerous treatment he experienced at Ellet, and to his sorrow at leaving his neat little cottage there, that the stanzas called “The Farewell,” owed their birth; and it is rather singular that the semi-prophetical part of the last verse should soon afterwards be accomplished:

“Though ’round him sweeps his large domain,  
 “(Enclosures rich with waving grain,)  
 “MISFORTUNE may with grief and pain,  
 “Make him bid it farewell.”

We shall only further mention, that the “Elegy written among the ruins of St. Mary’s Abbey, near Dalton in Furness,” was a favourite of the Author’s, and published with the proposals as a specimen.

Another difficulty now approached. His house and school, as before mentioned, belonged to a member of the Methodist connection. It had been devoutly wished by this zealous Body, that our Friend should become a convert to their persuasion; indeed it has been said, that *this* was one of the conditions upon which he was allowed the privilege of the school-room. Those, however, who were acquainted with his uncompromising disposition, will pause before they believe that he would sacrifice his principles for so paltry a consideration;—more especially when they find him emphatically stating, in the preface to his little volume, “that he has been generally MISREPRESENTED as a dissenter.” This declaration gave great offence to the whole body, and they warned him to quit the dwelling immediately; but he refused to obey this mandate, till he had been served with a regular legal notice. In 1819, he retired to Ayside, a neighbouring village. The short time he remained here, was occupied in land-surveying, &c.

He had for several years thought, that the publication of a monthly Magazine would be interesting to the neighbourhood, and not without emolument to himself. An extract from one of his letters will afford some idea of his sanguine expectations:

.....Believe me, Sir, I never felt a doubt respecting it; the more I reflect upon it the more I am convinced that it will not only succeed, but bring both wealth and honour to its conductors. It is upon too popular a plan to fail. I have.

thought too much about the project to hesitate now. I have no fears. I know I have difficulties to encounter, but I think I can surmount them. "Perseverance, like faith, removes mountains.".....

After duly consulting some friends on his novel project, he published an exceedingly well written prospectus, announcing the intended appearance of "a new periodical publication," under the title of "THE ULVERSTON MAGAZINE, OR ELEGANT REPOSITORY."——What follows will give some account of his progress :

.....The length of time which has elapsed since I first published these proposals, has allowed that warmth which showed itself then in my favour to subside, and it is only beginning to rise again. I have been this week among some very respectable men, who flatter me very much upon the plan ; and tell me that however much difficulty I may find in the commencement, I shall ultimately be successful ; for no great undertaking ever met with perfect encouragement at first. These sentiments were expressed by men whose character and situation in life give weight to their opinions. ....I find more people inclined to encourage me, than those who give their names, but the country has been so long pestered with travelling bookmen, that they dread any thing in the shape of a catalogue. I shall have many subscribers when the work appears, who will not give their names now. ....Those men who pique themselves on their wisdom more than their philanthropy, will see the work before they subscribe ; but I have no reason to complain—those gentlemen whom I can get to see, come forward as well as can be expected.....

Some unforeseen obstacles being however inter-

posed, to prevent its being printed at Ulverston, he concluded arrangements for its being brought out at the Kirkby Lonsdale Press, whence the first number eventually issued on New-year's Day, 1820; its title being changed to "THE LONSDALE MAGAZINE."

That, as Editor, he did not intend his share of the duties to partake much of the nature of a sinecure, will be tolerably evident, from the following paragraph, copied from the draft of an agreement, drawn up by himself, but never executed :

.....That the following be considered as the duties of the Editor: viz.—that he prepare in writing, &c. all the articles for the magazine, and give them to the printer in the order in which they are to be printed—that he shall assist in correcting the press—that he shall attend carefully to the printing department, and give his advice when required—that he shall keep a book with the debtor and creditor of all accounts respecting the magazine—that he shall keep an account of all paper purchased for the magazine—of all money paid to the printer—of all the numbers sent out, and to whom—of all money received, from whom, and when—that he shall get the plates drawn and engraven, and keep an account of the expense—that he shall form and keep up all *necessary* correspondence for the benefit of the magazine—that if it be necessary for him to be any time absent from his office, he shall procure a proper substitute, and pay him out of his own pocket.

No better reasons can be assigned for the establishment of this Work, than are found in the opening of his prospectus :

"The wild diversity of Northern scenery is no doubt favourable to

the cultivation of a literary taste. That regular gradation from the beautiful to the sublime, which every where prevails, can scarcely fail of inspiring the inhabitants with corresponding ideas, and congenial sentiments. Numbers in all probability have felt the vivid inspiration thrill an undefined emotion through their breasts, but no work of this nature being within their reach, and no unusual circumstance occurring to call forth the latent energies of the mind, they felt themselves under the painful necessity of suppressing the rising impulse; and of smothering those sparks of native genius, which fortune itself can seldom extinguish. ....

“As Dr. Watts justly observes, we feel a particular interest in every thing within the immediate sphere of our acquaintance, and we are more closely attached to those objects, with which we have been conversant from our infancy, than to those, which from distance, we may have but seldom seen. Even the cottage in which we were born—the village in which we first breathed—the circuit of our juvenile excursions—all appear to possess charms which we look for in vain, in other (according to our ideas) less favoured situations. And though we may be removed from them in succeeding years, still the ‘mind’s eye’ reverts to those scenes, as to a place enlivened by perpetual sunshine. It is this propensity of the human mind, that gives a **PROVINCIAL MAGAZINE**, such a decided superiority over those of the **METROPOLIS**. How particularly interesting will the pieces be, in a work like the present, where every paragraph is written within the circle of our immediate knowledge—where every reader is either directly or indirectly acquainted with some of the contributors to the monthly bill of mental fare! A considerable degree of interest and curiosity is excited. We feel a pleasure in seeking and obtaining information, relative to those correspondents whose views and opinions most nearly coincide with our own. Men of similar dispositions thus become known to each other. And thus the links which form the great chain of society, are more firmly united. Individual knowledge is improved, and social intercourse is extended.....

“A monthly Magazine may be properly compared to an orderly flower-garden, where all classes of society may spend an hour in rational enjoyment; for where the bouquet is so various, it is presumed, something will be found to gratify the most capricious fancy. It is intended to serve as a stage, on which the sons of genius may exercise their literary powers behind a friendly veil.

Where, whatever may be the peculiar *forte* of the writers, they have an opportunity of making trial of its strength, without subjecting themselves to the ridicule of personal criticism."

Having given the passages themselves, we shall give his reply to the observations of a critical friend, who had been commenting upon them :

.....The first and second paragraphs, you will observe, approach most nearly to the false sublime ; these I would gladly have omitted.....However, when you prune, you must be aware that all those substantives, whose adjectives give you such offence, will look very solitary by themselves ; you should then consider what is to be substituted in their place. You know in writing we often put a *quadrat* word in, not that it adds to the elegance of the piece, but it makes the period of a proper length. In lopping excrescences, we should consider this. Beside if I do not speak well of my own work, who will ? Though the sober part of mankind may despise puffing, fashion has rendered it almost indispensable ; and the sober part of mankind is so very small, that if we write for them only, I might pack all the magazines up in a pocket handkerchief, and carry them about without fatigue.....

It is a well known fact, that of all the many Magazines which the Country has produced, few have survived the limits of the first year ; and that none have been permanently established. With these fatal examples before him, if it may seem surprising that our Editor should have embarked in such an undertaking. The answer is obvious—without laying claim to a degree of talent exceeding that possessed by his predecessors in such adven-



tures, he flattered himself that the intrinsic excellence of the plan, aided by his own indefatigable industry in carrying it into effect, would shield it from that fatality, which had hitherto destroyed all periodicals published out of the Metropolis. Aware that his own unaided exertions would be scarcely adequate to the task, he solicited "the aid of those ladies and gentlemen, whose other pursuits might allow them leisure, and the bent of whose genius might incline them to indulge in the pleasures of literature."

The first number was embellished with a coloured aquatinta of Holker Hall, (Lord George Cavendish's seat,) with a descriptive and historical account, collected with great labour and research. A copy, on extra paper, was transmitted to his Lordship, probably in the pleasing hope of substantial remuneration; but, from some unknown cause, it was never acknowledged. The third number commenced with an account of Lancaster, which was continued for many consecutive months. This article, which caused the Author an incalculable degree of toil, was very accurately compiled; and its gracefulness of style rendered interesting a rather dreary subject.—But it will not be expected that we should enter into the minutiae of the Lonsdale Magazine—during the first year the circulation was very respectable, and perhaps slowly increasing. Our Friend's expectations continued undiminished. Still did he anticipate—not merely subsistence—

but fortune and retirement. So soon as these desirable acquisitions are his—(he writes to his brother)—

.....I will purchase a plot of ground in some delightful part of the lake district, upon which I will erect a comfortable cottage, where you shall reside and cultivate the land; but I must have a room or two, when I choose to visit the lakes. I will also have a few select volumes for my own entertainment, and a boat upon the lake for pleasure.....

In portraying the character of Mr. Briggs, no one can avoid pointing out the facility with which he was continually lulling himself to rest, with the sweet idea of *approaching* "fields for ever green, and skies for ever fair." But none, even of those who knew him best, will suppose, that at the very time the preceding letter was written, his pecuniary affairs were more than usually embarrassed. In this dilemma, knowing not where to look for a helping hand, he received seasonable aid from a gentleman of his native vale. His case also happily became known to a learned and pious Divine in the neighbourhood of Ulverston; from whom he received a liberal present. These disinterested instances of benevolence were emulated by two other gentlemen; the one residing in Ulverston, the other in its vicinity. By these acts of kindness, an indelible feeling of gratitude was implanted in his breast, which continued undiminished till the termination of his life.

About this time, he again writes to his brother in the highest spirits:

..... You will not fail to let your friends know, that each number next year will be embellished with a plate of some gentleman's seat in the district, with descriptions annexed. By this means I hope to secure respectable patronage.....

Thus hope, delusive hope ! still led him on, he could not

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"For a moment think,  
"What meagre profits spring from pen and ink."

1821. The second year's volume of the Magazine was now in progress ; but the aquatintas, from which so much had been expected, were not so very attractive. On the contrary, the expense of the drawings and engravings sunk him into almost unredemptable debt. He constructed a new copper-plate press, of considerable value, in order that he might be enabled to strike off the prints with his own hand. The confinement and exertion attendant upon this avocation were most pernicious to a delicate constitution. He had to labour too almost night and day in preparing matter for the press. Yet such was the unprofitable nature of the concern, that for all these unwearied exertions he did not receive more than the scanty pittance of a common day labourer. When it is further considered, that he was obliged to be absent nearly a fortnight in each month, collecting materials, at a serious expense, it may well be asked, how he contrived to support his family ? To this it is replied, that had it not been for the little Mrs. B. earned by folding and stitching books, they could scarcely have subsisted. The

Editor's own abstinence and economy were most exemplary. On his return from the before mentioned excursions, he would occasionally call upon a friend, when quite exhausted, after having travelled twenty or thirty miles; and acknowledge that his whole day's expenditure had not exceeded a shilling. He felt these privations as a man; yet he bore them as a man. So long as he conceived that the smile of public approbation was not withheld from his *Magazine*, he cheerfully supported his present toil.—in the pleasing anticipation of better days.

Some idea of his affairs may be formed, from the following extract of a letter to a friend, who had solicited pecuniary aid, dated Sep. 29.

.....Nothing would have given me greater pleasure than lending the trifling assistance you require, but I am satisfied so small a sum would not answer your purpose....The wants of a family take a good deal to supply....Before I can have a single guinea at command, I must be worth £50 at least; for I have to live so long before I can get any thing in; and have so much to pay out; that I am deeply in debt, and know not at this moment what way to look. And what is worse, I know not whether my income at the close of the year will cover all my debt. If I was sure of this, I should have a disburthened mind; but pray do not breathe a whisper about it—the world must not know that I am poor. I have just sold seven pounds' worth of books out of my scanty stock, to discharge a debt that presses. Still I live in hopes, that things will balance tolerably well.....

Here, then, is a view of his circumstances, near the end of the second year's publication. The idea of

being in debt weighs heavily upon his spirits; yet he is not quite hopeless. If, at the winding up of the accounts, he could only cover *that*, he would be happy. But another disheartening occurrence was—his partner in the Magazine thought it prudent to withdraw from a concern that as yet afforded so little remuneration. Without capital, it was evidently impossible for Mr. Briggs to take the responsibility upon himself. He therefore applied to a respectable printer in Preston; but before any definite arrangement was made, the Editor of the Kendal Gazette, MR. JOHN KILNER—a young man of great worth and respectable abilities, to whose memory we are glad to have an opportunity of paying a sincere but humble tribute—died; and our Author, who for some weeks previously, during Mr. K's illness, had officiated as Editor *pro tempore*, was appointed to the situation. And thus he attained what for years he had sighed for, as the grand object of his ambition—he was the Conductor of a Newspaper. Immediately after this arrangement, he thus writes from Kirkby Lonsdale to his brother:

.....I am not coming to Preston. I have just completed a very advantageous engagement at Kendal, to conduct the Gazette, and carry on the Magazine there. Want of money would have been a great hindrance to me at Preston, though Mr. ——— made the most advantageous offers possible. But at Kendal I shall have no money to find. I have no doubt from the very liberal manner in which I have been

engaged, that I shall in a year or two be very comfortable. I have taken a house in the most delightful place in Kendal. My great difficulty will be in leaving this town with credit; as I shall be compelled to go to Kendal before I can get my money in; but I must do as well as I can. The Magazine will be much improved another year. The gentlemen, who intend to support me, promise me it shall not be let down for want of money to push it into notice. It is not yet fixed, but I am apprehensive that it will be published in quarterly parts, with rich coloured plates in 12mo; but you will know all at the end of the month. I am confident I shall be better situated at Kendal than I could be at Preston; for without any risk I have a living certain, and that is what I never had before in my life.....

It appears from the preceding, that he suffered himself to indulge in expectations, which were never realized. The negotiation by which the Magazine was to be transferred to the Proprietors of the Gazette, and published by them at their own risque, was never completed. It is to be regretted, that he did not abandon the work, on entering Kendal. A newspaper office, unless upon an extensive scale, is not perhaps the best place in the world for the printing of a magazine. The bringing-out of the two journals interfere one with another. Regularity of appearance is essential to the welfare of both. But when a clash does take place, the latter, as the least important, is postponed. Without for a moment imputing blame to any of the Proprietors—who could, indeed, have no motive to induce them to deceive their Editor—it must be admitted, that

the slovenliness and irregularity with which, from some cause or other, it issued from the Press, could not but be highly detrimental to its interests; and no one will wonder, that its sale considerably decreased; especially as—since the Editor's attention was partly diverted to the Gazette—he found it impossible to pay so much attention to the getting up of copy, as he had hitherto done. He was sometimes under the necessity of admitting articles, written, with the best intentions, by his friends; but neither original in matter, nor happily expressed. He cherished the hope, that the time would arrive, when he might fearlessly reject such communications; but while the system lasted, it was injuring the work in the eye of all men of judgment.—Besides, as Editor of the Magazine, Mr. Briggs was too frequently identified with the Editor of the Gazette. In their coolest moments, few men can totally divest themselves of party prejudices; at the time we are speaking of, the angry passions which the two previous County elections excited, had not subsided; therefore, those who disagreed with him on that point, made it a matter of conscience to use their endeavours to ruin his favourite project, The Magazine—*because, we presume, it did not interfere in political affairs.* How far their success was commensurate with their desires, is not now the question.

To the above causes, collectively, may be attributed the sinking popularity of the Lonsdale Ma-

gazine. And the Reader is of course prepared for what ensued—that the Editor found it expedient to discontinue the Work at the close of the third volume—buried more deeply than ever in debt and difficulties.

The Lonsdale Magazine—when we take into consideration the difficulties under which it sprung into light, and the obstacles which continually obstructed the Editor in executing his plans—must ever be regarded as a meritorious production. Few of its readers are aware of the labour unavoidably attendant upon the compilation of many of the articles; or of the numerous *tomes* which had to be examined for the ascertaining of a single fact. For examples we refer particularly to the various genealogical accounts of families, and histories of places. And yet such parts of the volume are passed over as unworthy of attention, by all, except the chosen few who love to linger over the contemplation of by-gone years.—That portion of the work which by its lightness assisted in relieving the *heavy*, being mostly excursions of the fancy, was of course despatched with greater ease. In the composition of “The Centinel,” he gave wings to his pen. How he succeeded as an Essayist, is not for us to determine; but his endeavours were graciously accepted by a great majority of his subscribers. In light, but keen satire, he touched the foibles and failings of mankind, with the pencil of truth—as, indeed, he could scarcely fail to do; for—as some of his intimate acquaintan-



ces may happen to remember—his sketches were all from the life. Yet so polished were his animadversions, that we have never heard of any one being offended at his freedom. When under the immediate influence of the *furor scribendi*, it might no doubt be very pleasing to be lively and affable; but to be *obliged*, with a continuance, to cause the countenances of his readers to beam with delight, must, we think, have operated as an extinguisher to the pleasure of the task.—The “Letters from the Lakes,” which formed part of the second volume, are admitted on all hands to possess much talent, and have become deservedly popular; yet the materials were collected in two hasty peregrinations—in the course of which he was beholden neither to chaise nor “farmer’s cart,” for conveyance. Neither was the invigorating “rum and milk” in such abundance as he has represented it. The reader will conclude that he fed chiefly on the charms of the country, when he learns, that our Author avoided inns as monsters which would have swallowed the contents of his pocket. He usually started about five in the morning; and proceeded without food, till about noon, when he called at some farm house, and made a little oat cake and a penny-worth of milk, an apology for more sumptuous fare. In his first excursion, he went from Kirkby Lonsdale to Bowness the first day; over the Stake into Borrowdale, to Keswick, on the second; on the third day he travelled over Helvellyn into Patterdale; and he reached Kendal, on

his return home, on the fourth.—Those lively sketches may be in part despoiled of their interest, when the mantle of Fiction in which they were enveloped, is withdrawn; when the shades of “my father,” “my sister,” and “my uncle,” have

——“melted into air, into thin air.”

But the beauty and grandeur of the scenery remain just as they are therein described; the tales are founded on fact, or tradition; and most of the incidents are related as they took place, with that degree of embellishment which the *licentia* of the Author empowered him to employ.—His second journey was equally fleet; the notes and memoranda that he made were scanty; and he had seldom opportunity to fill up the outline that he had hastily drawn, till the Compositor was in actual want of *copy*.\* The hurry in which his articles were written may serve as an excuse for any insipidity that the acute taste of the reader may have perceived; especially as he was often compelled to write when overcome with fatigue, or oppressed with indisposition. He often suffered under grievous head-aches; and we have seen him bear with great fortitude most excruciating attacks of the cholera morbus.

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\* Owing to this hurried manner in which the “Letters from the Lakes” were written and printed, it was the Author’s intention, had he been spared, to have revised and corrected them. But as it is to be regretted that he did not live to do this, they necessarily reappear before the public (with a few trivial omissions, as before mentioned,) with “all their imperfections on their head.”

Mr. Briggs had very singular notions on various subjects regarding the human race. We are anxious to unfold a little of his sentiments and disposition to the Reader: and conceive we cannot do better than give them his own words in the following Fragments. They are short but they are pithy—and carry along with them their own comment. With them we shall conclude our notice of the Lonsdale Magazine.

The great public character struggling under difficulties, is cheered forward by the prospect of an ideal reward.—The poor man is destitute even of this inducement.—The general, when he enters the field of battle, is convinced that if he conquers, he will be received with acclamations, and that his name will be resounded through his native country; and if he falls, his memory will be embalmed by a nation's tears, and even complimented by his enemies.—The common soldier, when he enters the field of battle, is conscious that if he conquer, no part of the honour will attach to him, his name will still remain unknown; and if he fall, he will fall unnoticed and unregretted, and that his body will be flung into the promiscuous heap of the nameless slain.

If the great man be stretched on a bed of sickness, his situation will be echoed round the kingdom, and his fortitude under suffering will furnish admiration for millions.—But if the poor man's energies fail him, if his feeble nerves shrink under the attacks of pain, he excites no one's sympathy, there are none to extol his courage under pain; if one friend condescends to sooth him for an hour, numbers will taunt him with idleness, and insult him with upbraidings.—The great man, under misfortune, is confident that if he discover any indications of weakness or want of spirit, he will be subjected to the public scorn; but if he bear up nobly, he will obtain a nation's homage.—The poor man knows that, let his conduct be what it may, he can never expect to be censured or applauded beyond the village where he lives, or perhaps not farther than his own wretched cottage.

The poor man, then, has no inducement to exercise his fortitude under suffering.—And while the splendid tombs of the wealthy

and the great are inscribed with complimentary details of heroic greatness, and courageous achievements, the peasant, whose life perhaps has been one continued scene of noble action, is numbered with the forgotten, and no one remembers that he ever had a virtue.

Should we not, after viewing the subject in this light, rather be surprised to find any heroism among the inferior ranks of society, than not to find more? The greatest spur to noble deeds is honour; but the poor man receives no honour for his noble deeds; what then prompts him to be honourable? It is the powerful voice of religion in his own breast which makes him what he is—deprive him of that, and our English peasant would be guided by no scruples of honour—he would acknowledge no law but force—he would hear no reason but interest.—Convinced of this, every sincere lover of his country and of man, will encourage habits of virtue and principles of piety, in the manners and hearts of his fellow-men.....

———"I think," said Mr. Dixon, "we may compliment ourselves on the number of our charitable institutions;—we have a Sunday-school, a charity-school, a lying-in charity, an institution for the relief of the infirm, and a discretionary charity for the relief of all who may apply, where small donations are given as the case seems to require;—I give to all these charities, and I cannot see that any thing farther is required. If it be, I am a constant contributor to the Missionary and Bible Societies"—— "I grant," said I, "that these are all very good. But is the money laid out in these charities, calculated to produce the greatest degree of real benefit? In the first place, you deprive yourself of the sweetest pleasure of human life, by deputing to others the distribution of that bounty, which would be the most acceptable if conveyed by your own hands. What could be so pleasant, to a virtuous mind, as to have a little *Discretionary Charity* of your own, to meet all cases of distress? If it was not so extensive in its benefit, it would be more select in its objects. You subscribe to the Missionary Societies; you do well. But how can you justify your conduct to your own conscience? Your village chapel is literally a ruin. Your neighbours and your tenants cannot really attend it through the greatest part of the winter, without endangering their health. It may be meritorious to send ministers to preach to the unenlightened heathen; but it would be equally as,

at least, to enable your friends at home to partake those blessings which you are dispensing to distant regions. But my principal objections are levelled at your public charities. You have not duly reflected on that independent spirit which influences the conduct of an *English Peasant*. Every *honest* Englishman considers himself an important individual in society; and if misfortunes overtake him, he struggles hard and long to maintain that individuality. If he is in distress, he knows that he can be relieved by his parish or by any of your charitable institutions; but while he retains the slightest hope of supporting his independence, he will not stoop to the proffered aid—he will not identify himself with those who have abandoned all hope—he cannot brook the idea of *asking charity*! But according to your system of benevolence, he must do this or perish.—Poverty surrounds him—necessity presses—and at last, with a desperate struggle, he disengages himself from the pride of his nature, and becomes a suppliant to one of your committees. Here he is strictly examined; and is obliged to divulge the extent of that distress which he had hitherto honourably attempted to conceal. Degraded, as he considers himself, he feels the elasticity of his mind give way. The road to the institution, once trod, grows smoother every journey; till *common charity* becomes a *common necessary*. Had the money been expended in *preventing* his poverty, which is now used in *relieving* it, the poor man had perhaps been now successfully providing for a comfortable old age. There is yet another more important consideration. There is the parent's debased offspring! The children enter on the world with a less degree of independence than their parents did. They know that their fathers fed them on a parish allowance, or on public charity, and they feel little hesitation to follow their example. If they feel any scruples of honour, they are only weak and they easily give way:—the next generation will then be less and less scrupulous—till at length there will be no middle rank—rich men and beggars will be the only two distinctions in society.—All this might be prevented, if you would take the trouble to be your own almoner. You might easily ascertain the means of subsistence of your poor neighbours; and if you thought these means too much circumscribed, you could easily throw something in their way—at a little, or perhaps no expense to yourself—which would completely relieve them. If sickness or misfortune overtook them, you could administer such relief as their necessities appeared to demand, in some way that would neither wound their

feelings nor crush their spirit.—Suffer the swallow to flap the ground, he will soon break his wings and disable himself for farther flight; but raise him only a foot above it, and he will soar away without further assistance.—So it is with the poor man, while his spirit remains unbroken; leave him to struggle with his misfortunes, and he will at length become a burden to society; but assist him into a situation where he may earn an honest living, and he will support himself with credit, and set an example of industry and economy to the next generation.”

The following is extracted from a letter written soon after his appointment to his new situation :

.....I may here mention a neat criticism which passes in the office. When we want to throw ridicule on any thing, if there be a word in the sentence that admits of a double or doubtful meaning, we say—“such a word in *italics*.” Example—Some person was saying the first week I was here, “what a good leading article the Chronicle had that week.” “Yes,” replied ———, “and *good* in italics.”.....I shall always receive your *favours* (in real italics) with pleasure. This time they *would* be favours, for though I am scribbling away as if I had purchased half an age of time, I have not been in bed above eight hours these last forty-eight; and must be still closer confined than that, for I have *all* to do for the Magazine, and *nearly all* for the Gazette.

As a specimen of the easy style of our Author's correspondence, we are favoured with the commencement of what he termed “My Journal.” The second chapter never came to hand :

July 26.—Left Kendal at half past five in the the morning, every body predicted a wet day. Wild clouds and a green sky. Took the coach to Orrest Head, fell in with a very pleasant fishing party on the coach, going to spend a few weeks among the mountain streams and tarns. Lament-

ed the disappointment they would feel, as all the fish would naturally creep into shelters to keep out of the wet. As this idea did not seem to disturb them, I said nothing about it. Thinking, that

"Where ignorance is bliss,  
"Tis folly to be wise,"

Nothing material having occurred, I arrived in good time at Orrest Head, called at Mr. Braithwaite's. Not got up. House taken to pieces, in order to improve it by putting a new lining into it. Went to Elleray to call upon Professor Wilson, while Mr. Braithwaite awoke. Opened the gate next the road, (the only gate about the place,) pursued the coach road to the Hall—found the door half open—knocked—no answer.

"'Twas solemn silence all."

Not a dog announced the residence of a living being. Retired and wandered through a most picturesque garden, without either gate or door to it; but with half a score of entrances. Not a soul, but my own, to meditate among its intricacies, and enjoy the beauty of the sun which had just risen on the still and silent landscape, which lay like a rich panorama around me. Every blade and bough silvered with rain drops, brightened by a warm and cheerful morning sun. Windermere smooth as polished silver. Langdale Pikes just rolling the morning's mist from their brows. It was a lovely morning, and the silence which reigned around was delightful. From the garden, returned again to the house, went in, wandered from room to room, found nothing but the footsteps of desolation. Nothing human nestled there.

I then resolved to follow the coach road, lead whither it would. I presently came to an ancient cottage half hid among old spreading trees, and grown grey with age—looked in at the windows—a lady's dress lay in the drawing-room, and a table with candlesticks and glasses stood in the

dining-room—a large quantity of stockings hung by the kitchen fire—tried the door—all was fast. Went back to Orrest Head, and saw Mr. Braithwaite—admired the improvements he was *intending* to make. Returned again to Elleray. A Scotch lass was rubbing the sleep out of her eyes at the kitchen door. Chatted with her—but preferred the wicker seat at the door to the chair within. Went to the garden—chatted with the gardener, who apologized for the rough state of his garden, by remarking, that his master took him to the lake on the fine days, and on the wet ones he could not work in the garden. Supposed I was going to spend the day with Mr. Wilson on the lake, and recommended me in that case to prepare myself by making sure of a good breakfast. Saw the footman, who awoke the Professor a little before nine. Waited for him in the drawing-room, among the scattered fragments of a telescope.

At length the Professor appeared. The moment which for years I had sighed for, was at last arrived—I was standing face to face with the great champion of Blackwood!—But what such a man he was, and how he treated me, remain for the next chapter.....

It will not be desired that we should enter into any discussion of his management of the Kendal Gazette—in which he was employed for the three last years of his life. He was too much inclined to indulge in the pleasures of study, and in the enjoyment of domestic comforts, ever to have become a practised politician. But as political subjects fell directly within his sphere, he wrote upon them, and with his accustomed ease. The Editor of a party Journal stands upon a pinnacle which few, who are aware of its instability, will desire to attain. He can scarcely fail of disobliging his friends, or offending



his foes. If he be mild and moderate—he is lukewarm; if bold and unbending—he is violent and rash. From arguing upon *general* topics, rival Editors too frequently descend to personal abuse. That such was the result in the instance of the two Kendal papers—the friends of each cannot but remember with regret. And the Editors themselves—if we may form an opinion from the eagerness with which they each disclaimed having made the first assault—seem to have apprehended that some apology was requisite. Newspaper squabbles can never answer any purpose, except exciting in the reader a sickly appetite for scandal; for which there is generally too much room—for where is the individual whose life has been so spotless, that an unprincipled adversary can discover no venial follies to magnify into palpable crimes? And it is a practice, “more honoured in the breach than in the observance,” to

“Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,  
“And pile the Pyramid of Calumny!”

However, so far as himself was concerned, our Editor seemed to be impervious to every attack, and to be delighted with the contest. But, when his nearest relative was assailed, we happen to know that it required the utmost persuasions of his friends, to induce him to forego an appeal to the Laws of his country.

From the end of 1822, to the time of his decease, no occurrence took place of sufficient importance to

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occupy our attention. The storms and struggles which he had hitherto had to cope with, seemed to have vanished; but in their consequences he was still involved. His debts pressed heavily upon his mind; and, as we are sorry to learn, from most respectable authority, probably brought on that complaint which hurried him to the grave. But, as regards the enjoyment of "this life's good"—his last days were his best days. When he first obtained the situation, in a letter to his brother, he says :

.....I have long delayed writing.—I wanted to inform you that I had engaged the Editorship of the Gazette as a permanent thing; which I can now assure you of. The former Editor died on Tuesday last, and a full meeting of the Proprietors have confirmed me here, for any thing I know—for life. What a comfortable thing! How long have I been tossed about, but I am come to anchor at last! It will be some time before I can get my affairs so far settled, as to feel quite comfortable; but I am happy in the thought that I cannot want bread again, which I have often done.....

Little did he dream—when, in his fond imagination, he thought he had come so happily to anchor, after so long buffeting the waves of the troubled ocean of life—that his cable would so soon be cut!

It was about the early part of June, 1824, that the shattered state of his constitution became visible. We have handed to us the following sentence from one of his letters:—(Dated June 16th.)

.....I shall be happy to see you, but much fear, if I shall be able to meet you. I have been very ill this week, scarcely

able to get to the office, feel myself better to day, however, and hope I shall be well, but God only knows when.....

From this period his illness became more and more serious. We had the melancholy pleasure of seeing him several times in the course of its progress; and he always seemed to flatter himself that he was better. But we have learned, within these few days, that he was for a considerable time previous to his disease, perfectly aware of the peril of his situation; though—with that clinging to life of which few of us are devoid—he did not wish the world to fancy he was dying. In October he wrote to his brother—

.....Look back upon your past life, and recollect how often in the course of that life, every thing has looked so gloomy, that there appeared no way of escape; yet a way was found and better days shone. These were acts of Providence; and shall that God, who protected unasked, refuse his aid when we humbly solicit it? I, myself, have been very poorly for some time, but am a little better.....

He had some intention of taking part in a controversy on Emancipation, which was raging between the Protestants and Catholics of Preston; on the approach of convalescence. But his complaint gradually gained ground, and he was hourly sinking under a feebleness of the system—the effect, probably (as we are informed by one of his medical attendants) of his sedentary employment. In another letter to his brother, he writes:

.....I am sorry to say, that I am still very poorly—I mend but slowly. I have so far to go to the office, that I get cold and injure myself; yet I must attend to my duties, else the Proprietors may think of getting another. They are very indulgent, and some of them assist me in the books; but I want to be well, to go through my work again myself. My present purpose is to require you to make me a great coat....

Here we have expressions of his anxiety about the discharge of the duties of his situation—the interests of the Gazette were ever near his heart. The Proprietors, with the exception of one or two, who were not perhaps aware of his weak condition, were uniformly kind and indulgent to him. This will appear from his next letter to his brother, which was written only a few days before his death, and was the last he ever wrote—

.....I have just obtained holiday for a month, from the Gazette Office. I again urge you to get me a coat made in as short a time as possible. This I have, will not turn the frost wind, and I want to be walking out, when there is a fine day, as my strength will permit. This order I have from the doctor positively.....

Even here, it would seem, hope has not deserted him. He still flatters himself that a short abstraction from the duties of the office—a few fine days and exercise in a warm top-coat, will restore him to health!

It was not till the Wednesday, four days before his decease, that any immediate danger was appre-

headed. On the morning of that day he intimated, that he had still a great work to perform; and requested that he might not be disturbed in the afternoon by the presence of any one, unless he required it, as he wished to pass some time alone. When the time came, he repeated his wish; and soon after, when all was still and quiet, he was heard very loud and fervent at his devotions. On an interruption, from a fear that in his weak state he might exhaust himself, he stopped, and calmly observed, that *he had not yet finished*. And this was repeated more than once or twice—and he still observed, that *he had not done*. He continued at intervals, after taking a little nourishment, in this state of devotion for several hours; till at length, on being revisited, he said—“I HAVE NOW DONE,”—and his mind seemed easy and composed. From this period, his strength rapidly declined, till about one o'clock in the morning of Sunday the 21st of November, 1824, —when exhausted Nature could no longer support the struggle.

Little remains to be added by way of recapitulation. — Notwithstanding the narrowness of his education, he possessed an ample share of learning and knowledge. In addition to an intimate acquaintance with his Mother Tongue, he was versed a little in the Latin and Greek languages; in French he was more of a proficient. He was skilled in the mysteries of figures. His reading was latterly very extensive. He was a connoisseur in the Fine

arts. He drew when his leisure admitted; and painted many fancy sketches. He constructed, upon an improved plan, a camera-obscura for the exhibition of prints. He etched on copper, and was practised at copperplate printing, for which he manufactured inks of all colours and hues. He discovered a new method of etching on stone, but did not bring it to any great degree of perfection. To evince his impartiality in his devoirs to the sisters, Painting, Poetry, and Music, he taught himself to play very tolerably upon the flute and flageolet—though he scarcely knew one tune from another.

When in company, of which he latterly was rather fond, he could upon occasion speak extemporaneously, at considerable length, and with great effect, though his pronunciation was not very polished. But his great *forte* lay in bright sallies of wit and humour, and in the recital of anecdotes, of which he had an inexhaustible store. After hours spent in study of some abstruse subject, like the unstrung bow in the fable, he would throw the reins of his imagination to the winds, and with “flashes of merriment set the table in a roar.”

Yet it was only in the retired walks of private life—with his friends—in the bosom of his family—that his worth could be properly appreciated. Without descending to the hacknied phrases of monumental eulogy, it may be justly said, that his conduct in all the relative duties of life was blameless. In his breast, the sympathetic glow of friend-

ship and good-will ever found a sanctuary. Indeed he was—to a fault—ever more ready to consult the interests of others, than attend to his own. He was a firm believer in the great truths and doctrines of Christianity; and those who have seen him in the hour of “giddy mirth,” can safely affirm that no sentence ever escaped from his lips, which could be considered as militating against the principles he professed.

Had our friend been patronized in early life by the learned and opulent, he might have been raised by the power of his abilities, to fortune and to fame. And thus by the stimulation of some kind fostering hand, his genius might have found a medium for establishing its own remembrance, in leaving a lasting work behind. This however was not his destiny—in every step that he took through the various stages of a toilsome and weary life he by weeful experience found

“How hard ’s the scholar’s lot, condemned to sail  
“Unpatronized o’er life’s tempestuous wave;  
“Clouds blind his sight, nor blows a friendly gale  
“To waft him to one port, except the grave.”

END OF THE SKETCH.

[The Reader may perhaps require some apology for the errors which, it is feared, have crept into this volume. The long period which intervened between the first issuing of the prospectus and the putting of the work to the press, rendered it necessary, when the publication was finally determined, to use every expedition, in order that the Subscribers might not be a second time disappointed. Hence less attention has been paid to the correction of the proofs than is the usual custom. This explanation may probably be as satisfactory as a formal table of errata. But there is one mistake which we must particularize—it is, that the numbering of the pages in the subsequent list of Subscribers exceeds the real amount; the last page being 408, instead of 404. This error was occasioned by these Names being, for the convenience of the printer, struck off prior to the Memoir. It was anticipated that the Memoir would occupy more space than it has proved to do. Hence arose the mistake of commencing the List with page 401, instead of page 397. We are thus particular, as we should be sorry that any one should suspect us of being guilty of the mean trick of pilfering four pages from the purchaser.—The general apology we have made, is probably especially requisite, for the concluding portion of the volume—the Sketch of Mr. Briggs' life. As the Gentleman who has so kindly furnished that article, resides at a considerable distance from the Printing Office; it was impossible to have the benefit of his aid in correcting the press. However, the reader may rely upon the main facts of our Author's life being faithfully stated; as the information has been conveyed to the Writer of the Memoir, by members of Mr. Briggs' family.]



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